

LANDS AND PEOPLES OF THE WORLD

J.A. HAMMERTON

The Editor of Peoples of
All Nations & Countries of the world



Fifth Volume



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People of Sunny Italy

FOLK WHOSE FORBEARS WERE MAKERS OF HISTORY

When the Romans were at the height of their power Italy was the head and heart of Europe, and during the golden period of the Italian Renaissance, which began in the fifteenth century, it was the centre of the world's new culture. Many relics of the country's former greatness still remain, and strenuous efforts are being made by the people to create what they term a "Third Italy." The Italian peasants are generally cheerful and gay, and know how to squeeze the best out of their simple lives, whether they live in the Plain of Lombardy or in the south. We have read about Rome, Venice and Sicily elsewhere, and in this chapter we shall be taken to some of the other marvellous cities and into the homes of the people of this romantic land.

A BROAD, oblong stretch of land, which is hemmed in by mountains on all sides except the east, where it sinks to the blue waters of the Adriatic Sea, then, running south from this, a narrow peninsula shaped very much like a boot—these two tracts, with the small Istrian peninsula in the north of the Adriatic and with Sicily and Sardinia and a host of lesser islands, make the kingdom of Italy.

The Apennines follow the Ligurian coast, curve round the Gulf of Genoa and run down the whole peninsula like a backbone. In the lands on both sides of this rocky backbone, but more particularly on the western side and in the big plain to the north, are scattered cities of old renown, cities which stand out vividly in the history of the world, for this land of Italy might be termed the birth-place of the culture of modern Europe.

When Greece was the leading power of the world, the southern half of the Italian peninsula contained many Greek colonies. Meanwhile, farther north, a certain Latin

tribe was sending out young colonists who settled on one of the hills overlooking the River Tiber. This settlement became the mighty city of Rome.

When the torch of learning fell from the hand of Greece, Rome picked it up and carried it on, for in conquering Greece Rome seems to have absorbed that nation's love of all things beautiful. In the fourth century the Roman Empire was divided into two portions—the Eastern and the Western Empires.

The Eastern Empire, with its capital at Constantinople, was to last for over a thousand years; the Western Empire broke up under the assaults of barbarians from the north—Goths, Vandals, Huns and Lombards—who, at one time or another, poured through the passes of the mountain barrier to take and hold the wonder city of Rome and to seize the riches of this favoured land.

Though Rome was sacked again and again, her vitality was indestructible, and the city of the Caesars became the centre of a rapidly-spreading new religion—Christianity—and



Kodak Snapshot

A LITTLE DAUGHTER OF ITALY
This child of Naples, beautiful both in feature and expression, is a fitting representative of lovely Italy. Italian women have long been renowned for their beauty.



NAPLES, THE "SIREN CITY," lies, as we see in page 1185, upon the northern shore of a lovely bay, at the southern end of which is Mount Vesuvius' smoking cone. It is a beautiful city in a beautiful position, but it is noisy and, in many parts, squalid. In the great

harbour lie all kinds of vessels—warships, liners, cargo steamers, and pleasure and fishing boats. It is the last that we see here, graceful craft with huge lateen sails that overtop the buildings, craft manned by sailors whose fishing-ground is the blue Mediterranean.



THE CASTLE OF ARCO, from its lofty crag above the River Sarca, once protected from all enemies the town that lies in a half-moon at its base. But more than two hundred years ago the French destroyed it, and since then only its ruins crown the peak. The ancient town of Arco, among the olive groves, prospered well enough without its protection, however, and is now, owing to its sheltered position, a thriving winter resort. Were it not for Mount Brione in the distance we should see the lovely Lake Garda.

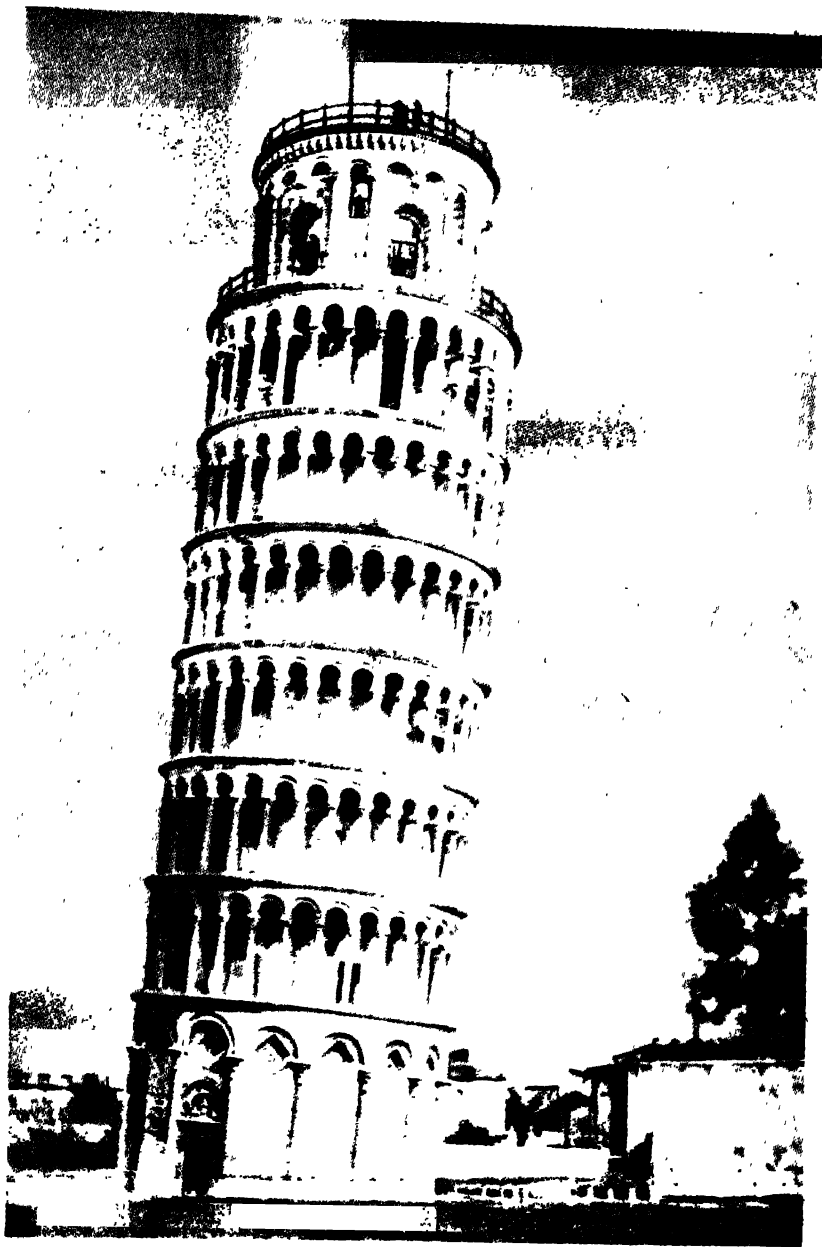


LEISURELY, LUMBERING OX-WAGON THAT IS USED ON THE LEVEL ROADS OF THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA
Once upon a time many prosperous cities occupied the wide plain known as the Campagna di Roma. Many people dwelt therein, and the fertile ground yielded abundantly under the hands of the peasant farmers. Then, long ago, their small farms were replaced by large estates, and that started the ruin of the district. The land was neglected; mosquitoes bred in marshes no longer drained, and they brought malaria. The cities now lie in ruins, and the population is fever-stricken. An olive grove, such as this, is a rare sight.



MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF AN ISTRIAN VILLAGE ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH

The peninsula of Istria, at the north end of the Adriatic Sea, is rather mountainous, and its mountains are mostly clad in forests that provide the material for many ships. Much of this is planted with vines for Istria is famous for its wine. The peasants—farmers, foresters, shepherds and fishermen—are not all Italians, by any means ; some are Yugo-Slavs and some Austrians, for Istria was Austrian until 1919.



THE LEANING TOWER of Pisa, the cathedral's bell-tower, is famous, not for its beauty nor for the tone of its seven bells, but because it is $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet out of the perpendicular.



THE DUOMO, the cathedral of S. Maria del Fiore, in Florence, is the fourth largest church in Europe. The square campanile is considered to be the finest of its kind.



SOURCE OF THE RAW MATERIAL FOR MANY A WORK OF ART

The marble quarries of Carrara have been famous from the days of the ancient Romans, and have since then provided stone for many lovely buildings and many beautiful sculptures. The marble blocks, obtained by blasting, are roughly squared and dragged over the white debris by means of ropes and wooden rollers to the waiting ox-carts.

the Bishop of Rome, as Pope, became the spiritual ruler of all Christendom. As the Church grew wealthy it fostered learning and the arts, and when Constantinople fell in 1453 and its scholars fled from the Turks, it was Italy that welcomed them and was foremost in that revival of learning known as the Renaissance.

During the centuries the country was parcelled out between various rulers. A gift of land from Pepin, the King of the Franks and the father of Charlemagne, to the Pope was the beginning of the Papal States, which were situated in central Italy and included the city of Rome. Naples and most of southern Italy, with Sicily, became "The Kingdom of the Two Sicilies," and so on. Many cities, with their surrounding lands, became little republics, and when not fighting invaders, they fought each other. They were not united into the kingdom of Italy until 1871.

Considering the almost constant fighting, it is a wonder that medieval Italy found time for anything else. Yet the fact remains that her architects have given us some of the finest cathedrals and palaces in the world, her poets rank amongst the "immortals," and her artists have left a wealth of wonderful pictures and statues.

There are many types among the people. The Italian with olive skin and very dark hair and eyes is found in the south, but going north we find a sprinkling of other types. The red-gold or auburn-haired beauties of Tuscany and Venice are famous, and north of the Apennines it is easy to see that the people, both in appearance and character, have a good deal of the blood of the fairer and more energetic northern invaders in their veins.

The northern portion of Italy is a vast plain, usually known as the Plain of



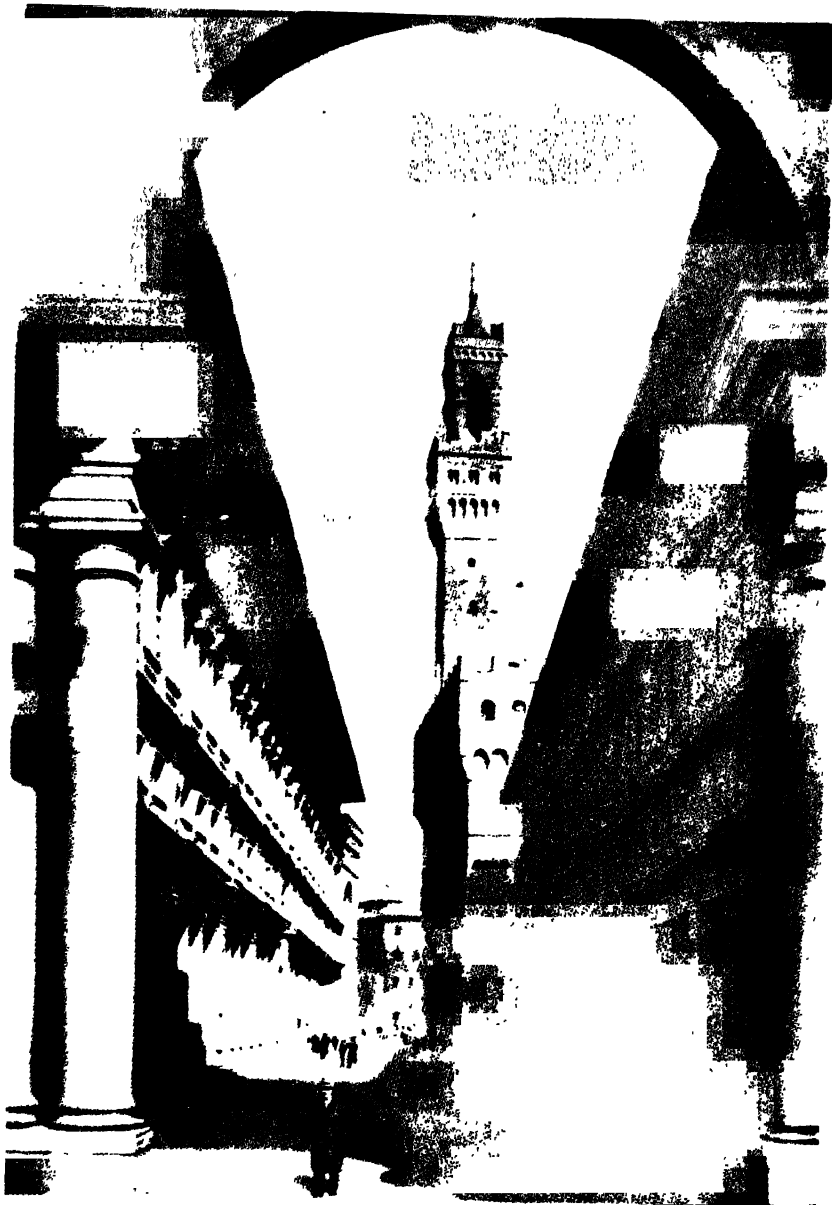
GLIMPSE OF TRIESTE AT THE HEAD OF THE ADRIATIC SEA

The great port of Trieste has not been Italian very long, though it was originally a Roman colony. It came under Austrian rule in 1382, but after the Great War it was given to Italy. The new part of the city lies on the level ground around the enormous harbour: the old town, with its winding, narrow streets, climbs up steep Castle Hill.

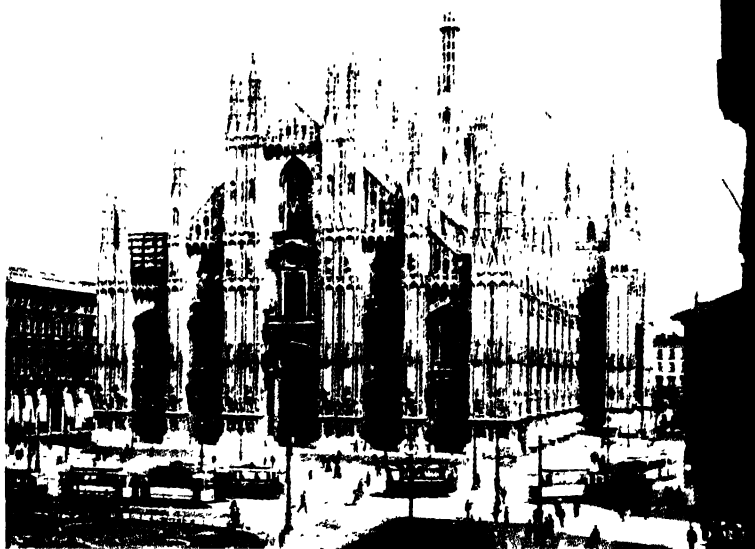


Nicholls

IN OLD SAN REMO, backed by a semi-circle of hills and faced by a bay of the Ligurian Sea, tall, narrow houses crowd together along narrow alleys, steep lanes and flights of rude steps. The arches that span the thoroughfares are designed for support in case of earthquakes. Modern San Remo, a typical Riviera town, sprawls along the sea-shore.



THE SLENDER TOWER of the Palazzo Vecchio, the battlemented town hall of Florence, is seen here from the banks of the River Arno. On either side of the quiet street that leads to it are the dignified arcaded buildings that compose the Palazzo degli Uffizi, which now houses a famous picture gallery, a library, the post office and the Archives of Tuscany.



MILAN'S CATHEDRAL WITH ITS FOREST OF MARBLE PINNACLES
 The cathedral of Milan, the capital of Lombardy, is one of the wonders of the world, with its white marble traceries, pinnacles and flying buttresses, and its thousands of statues. It was started in 1386, but was not finished until 1815. Milan has always been one of Italy's most important towns, even as far back as the third century B.C.

Lombardy, through which, from west to east, flows Italy's biggest river, the Po, with its numerous tributaries. This plain is covered with fields of maize and wheat, with vineyards and mulberry trees. From the plain rise fair cities, with stately castles, cathedrals and towering campanili.

Milan, the most important city of the plain, is a thriving commercial centre. Its lofty cathedral, adorned with turrets and pinnacles and over 4,000 statues, is like a mountain of marble. Indeed, the design for it is supposed to have been suggested by the appearance of Monte Rosa away to the north.

In a former monastery, adjoining another church in Milan, is what, in spite of being terribly faded, is one of the world's greatest pictures—"The Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci, the famous painter and sculptor. Italy gave us the opera, and at Milan Mozart

produced his first opera when he was a boy of fourteen.

Monza, a few miles from Milan, is connected with the history of Theodolinda, a Bavarian princess who, in the sixth century, became the wife of a Lombard king. This lady was to the Lombards what Bertha, Ethelbert's queen, was to the Saxons, and for her missionary zeal Pope Gregory the Great sent her a most precious relic—a thin circlet of iron, made, so it was claimed, from one of the nails used at the Crucifixion. This iron band, set in a circle of gold and jewels, is the famous Iron Crown of Lombardy. Charlemagne, Frederick Barbarossa, Charles V. and Napoleon I. have all worn it. It is kept at Monza, in the cathedral where Theodolinda is buried.

The Lombardy Plain is rich in interesting cities. Mantua, near which the poet Virgil was born, appears to rise from a



THIS STREET OF BORDIGHERA WAS NOT DESIGNED FOR VEHICLES
In olden days, towns were built, for safety's sake, in the most inaccessible places. That is why the ancient quarter of a town so often scrambles up a hillside, and the new part spreads over level ground at its foot. Bordighera, on the Riviera coast, is such a town. Needless to say, this narrow, arched, stepped street is in the old quarter.



RIVA, ON LAKE GARDA, is a pretty and drowsy little town, sheltered by the steep mountains around it not only from cold winds but also from the hot afternoon sun. It stands at the north-westernmost point of the lake which lies before it, narrow and enclosed by

precipitous walls, like a Norwegian fjord. In the south, Lake Garda widens and its banks are low. The azure waters are rarely as still as those of the other Italian lakes, and when a sudden squall races down from the north it becomes almost as rough as an angry sea.



WHITE WALLS OF SORRENTO rise, from amid orange and lemon groves, on precipitous cliffs above the Bay of Naples. It faces the north, and even in summer the heat is tempered; it is therefore a popular resort all the year round. An old town—the Surrentum

of the Romans—it was an important trading centre in the Middle Ages, though it has not many relics of those bygone days. Torquato Tasso, the poet, was born here in 1544, but his house has been swallowed up by the sea. Here we see the town from the Capo di Monti.

PEOPLE OF SUNNY ITALY

lake, because the River Mincio spreads out and completely encircles it. Piacenza, C. emona, Bologna, Parma, Modena and many other Lombard cities were Roman colonies planted here when the people of the plain were Gauls.

A Former Capital of Italy

Cremona was the home of three generations of the Amati family and of their pupil Stradivari, who about two centuries and a half ago made violins that have never been equalled. Near the Adriatic lies Ravenna, formerly, like Venice, situated by the side of a lagoon. This city for a time took the place of Rome as Italy's capital. It is extraordinarily rich in churches, which are famous for their pictures in mosaic.

As the plain rises towards the snow-clad Alps of the north and west, we find the lower slopes of the hills covered with vineyards. Here and there are fruit orchards and rich pastures, then forests of chestnut, and, higher up, pine trees. Here are beautiful lakes, each formed by the widening of some tributary of the Po as it rushes down from the snows to join the main river. These lakes are among the most romantically beautiful spots in Italy, and by their shores, as in the time of the ancient Romans, wealthy people have built their villas.

Simple Life in the Hill Villages

Life in the upland villages is very simple. The peasant tends his vines, makes wood into charcoal and, like his brother of the plain, lives mainly on polenta. This is maize meal, cooked with salt and water until it becomes a thick, yellow mass. Cut into slabs, it is eaten as bread or is crumbled into soup. Sometimes it is fashioned into flat cakes and cooked on the hearth. In some form or other polenta, with thin soup in which are vegetables and scraps of meat, forms the staple food of the working classes of the north, varied occasionally with eggs and cheese, and with fish on fast-days.

At one time of the year the village housewives are very busy, for in every

cottage an attic is reserved for the rearing of silkworms. Here, with a fire always going to keep the air at the right temperature, the little caterpillars are spread out on frames covered with mulberry leaves. As their size and appetite increase, the mother, father and all the children are kept busy supplying the worms with fresh leaves, for they must be fed constantly, and no rest can be taken till the yellow cocoons are all finished and sold, to keep busy the silk looms of the cities. Italy is one of the greatest silk-producing countries of the world.

Another big source of income is the wine industry, and here the vine-growing peasants have a great enemy to combat—hailstorms, which, coming with startling suddenness, may strip the grapes from the vines and destroy the year's harvest in half an hour. Lately the practice has been adopted of firing cannon at the dark clouds that precede a hailstorm; in this way the vines are often saved, as the clouds precipitate snow and sleet instead of hail.

Olive-Clad Hills and Green Valleys

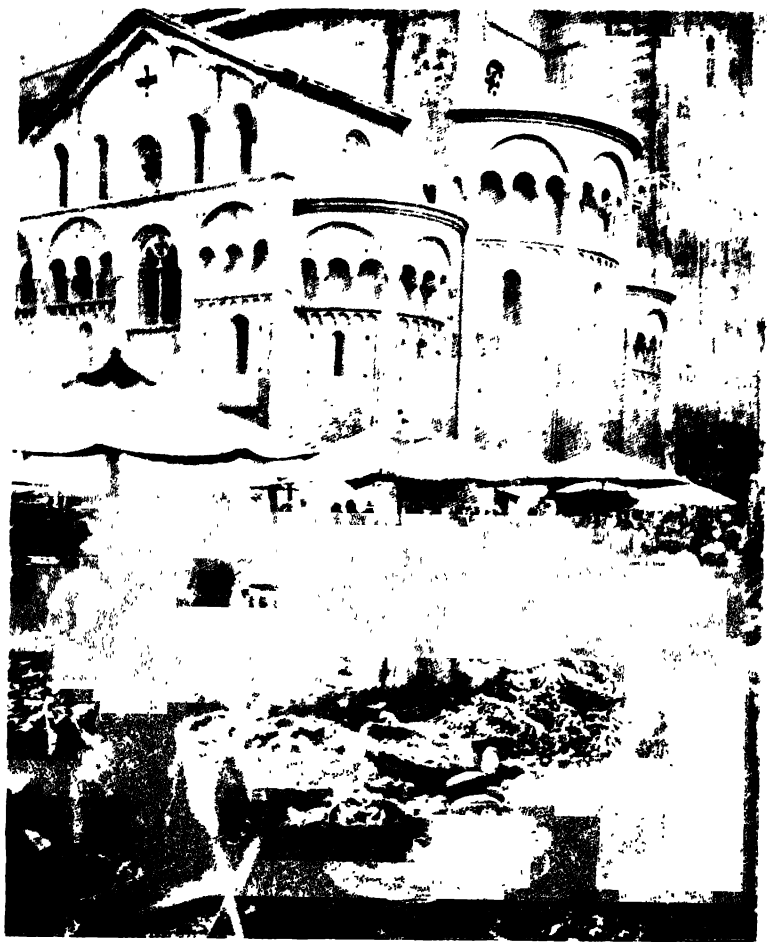
During winter the northern plain is very cold, for bitter winds sweep down from the Alps, and on the south the Apennines keep off the warm air of the Mediterranean. South of the Apennines, along the coast from just east of Mentone to Spezia, is the Italian Riviera, with its pleasure resorts of San Remo and Bordighera.

So fine is the climate and so fertile the soil that oranges, lemons, olives and other fruits thrive well, and the mountains are cultivated in terraces to a considerable height. Genoa, which is on the coast, has a long history as a seaport and commercial town of world-wide importance. Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of the New World, was a Genoese mariner.

West of the Apennines and in the northern half of the peninsula lie two fascinating provinces, Tuscany and Umbria, to which flock the artists of the world, for here the land is a picture. Man has done his best to add to its beauty, for well nigh every town, no



THIS OLD FISHERMAN, in a green woolen stocking-cap, dwells in Salerno when he is not sailing the seas in search of little sardines or anchovies or great tunny-fish. Salerno is in south Italy on a beautiful gulf to which it has given its name, and is not far from Naples and Mount Vesuvius. It is a delightful old town, lying beneath a hill crowned by the ruins of a castle.



BUSY BARGAINING BENEATH THE WALLS OF MODENA'S CATHEDRAL
 Modena, in north Italy, has, like most Italian cities, a long history—it was founded about 215 B.C.—and an eventful one. Its great cathedral, started in 1099, is almost in the centre of the town, and every week a market is held in its precincts, where an extraordinary variety of fruits and vegetables is sold, also grain, meat and wines.

matter how small, that graces the olive-clad hills of Tuscany or is tucked away in the green valleys or on the mountain slopes of Umbria, is rich in artistic treasures.

The River Arno flows through Tuscany, and on its banks, a few miles from the sea, lies Pisa, once a great maritime republic that rivalled Genoa and Venice. It was a

powerful city with brave citizens, but it was faced with overwhelming odds, for it was midway between two powerful enemies, Genoa and Florence. The Pisans were defeated by the Genoese in a naval battle in 1284, and in 1509 the possession of the city passed to Florence.

The magnificent cathedral of black and white marble was built to commemorate a



McLennan

YOUNG METAL-WARE MERCHANT IN THE ALPINE TOWN OF AOSTA
Aosta, a little town surrounded by walls, built by the ancient Romans, and with many other relics of those ancient warriors, lies in a beautiful valley of the Italian Alps, not very far from Mont Blanc. To this dark shop come the peasant folk for saucepans and strainers and buckets, great copper cauldrons for cheese-making and cow-bells.

naval victory. Near by is the cemetery known as the Campo Santo, a beautiful cloister surrounding a greensward. It was built on fifty-three shiploads of earth brought from Mt. Calvary by a certain archbishop, so that the proud Pisans might lie in the holiest of ground.

About fifty miles up the Arno lies Florence—"the flower of cities and city

of flowers"—which was the intellectual and artistic centre of Italy for more than two centuries. In its dark, narrow streets, where the palaces of the nobles are like grim fortresses, history has been made. Here the two factions of Guelph and Ghibelline fought out their quarrels. It was through his taking part in such a fight that one famous Ghibelline, Dante,

26714



THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA, that vast, dreary plain that stretches around Rome between the mountains and the sea, is the home of these bright-faced, gaily-clad boys. The malaria that is the scourge of the district in the summer does not seem to have affected their spirits, but then they probably move up to the mountains in May.



Kodak Snapshot

A DAUGHTER OF ABRUZZI, this laughter-loving girl comes from a land of forest and pasture, snow-capped mountain and deep fertile valley. In olden times its inaccessibility made the district important, for it was then Naples' natural protector on the north. The result is that now it is one of the most backward departments of Italy.



IN THE VIA SAN GIUSEPPE, A THOROUGH STREET OF OLD SAN REMO
This street in the old quarter of San Remo is so narrow, and the houses are so tall, that little light can enter through the small windows, and the rooms must be dark and ill-ventilated. Yet mother and grandmother are hale and cheerful, and baby sleeps the sleep of the healthy. But then San Remo is a famous health resort.

greatest of all Italian poets save Virgil, was banished from his native Florence.

The cathedral is a stately building of marble. Beside it rises the most beautiful campanile in Italy, a peerless thing of delicate tracery. It is called "The Shepherd's Tower," because its architect, Giotto, was a ten-year-old shepherd lad minding his flocks when the artist,

Cimabue, found him drawing a picture of a lamb on a flat stone. Cimabue took the boy to Florence and had him taught art.

Many Italian cathedrals have beside them a building called the baptistery. This was needed during the centuries when baptism took place only three times a year and everybody in the diocese was baptised by the bishop. The Baptistery



FAIR-SKINNED NATIVES OF THE MOUNTAINOUS NORTHERN FRONTIER
 The Val de Cogne, among the Alps of north Italy, is not very far from Switzerland, and it is not unusual to find peasants there who are fair and look Teutonic rather than Latin. The women wear collars of beads and of lace and keep their aprons pinned up all the week, only letting them down on Sunday.

at Florence is famous on account of two of its bronze doors, that Michelangelo said were "fit for the gates of Paradise." The making of these doors occupied a celebrated goldsmith for fifty years.

In the older streets may be seen little shrines—sacred pictures in a frame with a lamp always burning before them—reminders of the ancient practice of praying

at the street corners. Here, too, we may see the sick carried to hospital on a litter borne by men who wear black robes and curious pointed hoods which conceal their faces. These men are the "Brothers of Mercy." The members are of all classes, and a certain number are always on duty that they may be ready to help the sick and injured or to carry the dead to burial.



THE ISOLA SAN GIULIO lies, like the enchanted island of a fairy tale, in the still, turquoise waters of a little lake. The church upon it is very old, for it is said to have been founded in the fourth century by S. Julius, who came here to convert the inhabitants of the shores of Lake Orta. In the foreground are the roofs of Orta town.



WASHERWOMEN of Omegna, a small town at the northern end of Lake Orta, kneel upon their back doorsteps and wash their clothes in the Nigulia, a stream that does not feed, but drains, the lake. This waterway soon joins the River Strona, which flows into Lake Maggiore, and so water from the small lake is always being poured into the large one.



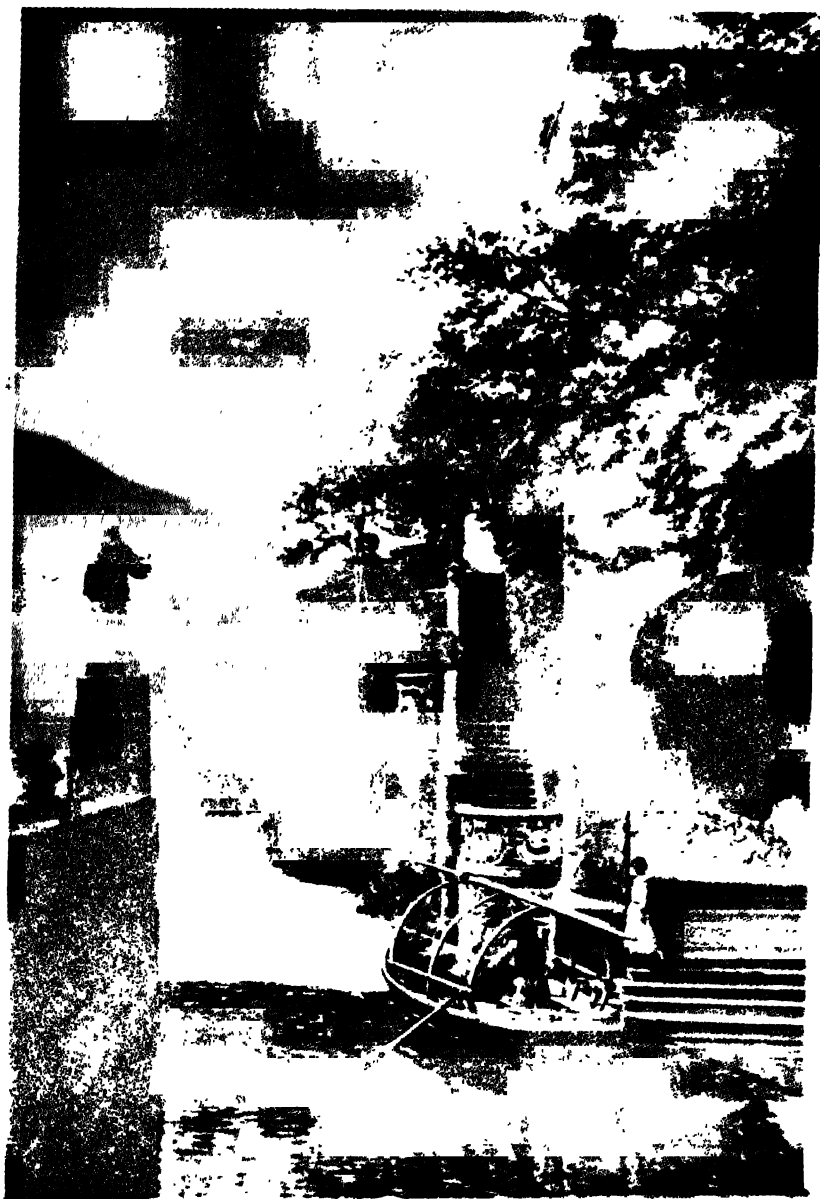
FISHERMEN'S QUARTER AT SORRENTO AND A FEW FISHERFOLK

The fishermen of Sorrento bring their laden boats to the west end of the town to the Marina Grande, or large harbour. Most of Sorrento, as we see in page 1743, is built on the cliff-tops high above the sea, but here room has been found for a few humble houses at the harbour's edge, below the sheer wall of limestone.



OLD, WALLED TIVOLI ABOVE ITS THUNDERING CASCADES

Tivoli has been famous for its beauty for many, many years. It was a popular summer resort of the Romans—it is only 25 miles from Rome—who built temples here and beautiful villas. Even the Emperors Augustus and Hadrian had dwellings here. Below Tivoli the River Anio, issuing from a ravine, falls in many streams for a distance of 350 feet.



LOVELY LAKE COMO is surely the most beautiful of lakes. Between its blue waters and the forest-clad mountains that rise so steeply from its shores lie many humble villages among vineyards and flowery gardens, and many a stately palace, with its flight of steps to the water. This is the water-front of the Villa Balbianello.



McLellan
ACROSS LAKE MAGGIORE, from the woods above Arona, we can see the old castle of the Visconti above the little town of Angera. In 1439 this castle became the property of the Counts of Borromeo. On the west side of the lake, near Arona, is a colossal bronze and copper statue of S. Carlo Borromeo, Cardinal-Archbishop of Milan, 1538-84.



ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER RECINA WHERE, AT FIUME, IT FLOWS BENEATH MONTE CALVARIO
The great port of Fiume, which lies on the Adriatic Sea east of the Istrian peninsula, used to be in Austria-Hungary. Then after the Great War, Italy and Yugo-Slavia both laid claim to it, and the soldier-poet, Gabriele d'Annunzio, took it for Italy and ruled it for over a year, entirely against the will of his country. At last, in 1920, it was made an independent state. It did not remain so long, however, for Italy took it again in 1924, giving Yugo-Slavia other land in exchange. Fiume was called St. Vitus in Flumine in the Middle Ages.



WHERE OIL AND WINE WERE BOUGHT AND SOLD IN OLD POMPEII

From Pompeii, now being cleared of the volcanic ash beneath which it has lain buried for eighteen centuries and more, we can gain a very good idea of the lives that people led in A.D. 79. We see the narrow, paved streets, the shops and taverns, dwelling-houses, theatres and temples. There are even posters in red letters on the walls.

The carnival in Florence lasts from Christmas to Lent and is a time of merry-making. Florentine children do not hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve, but at the Epiphany, or Twelfth Day, which is the children's festival, they put their shoes out overnight, hoping that "La Befana," an old woman who in the Italian nursery takes the place of Santa Claus, will fill them with presents.

On Easter Eve there comes "The Feast of the Dove," which has been celebrated in Florence for eight centuries. From early morning the peasants flock in from the country and join the crowd of townspeople in front of the cathedral. Then appears a huge wooden car festooned with fireworks and drawn by four milk-white oxen whose horns are tipped with gold. It halts in front of the cathedral, within which Mass is being celebrated.

When the Archbishop comes to the words, "Glory to God in the Highest," he releases a little, white, artificial dove

which, carrying a light in its mouth, slides along a wire from the High Altar through the open door to the car. The dove is greeted with tremendous shouts of welcome, and the people watch anxiously to see whether it will succeed in setting alight the fireworks. If so, the explosions that follow will be a matter for thanks and blessings, for the Tuscan peasant firmly believes that, according as the light succeeds or fails, so will the harvest of the year be bountiful or poor.

We have little time to spend in Umbria, but one spot must not be passed. It is the town of Assisi, where seven hundred years ago that gentle man, S. Francis, gave up all for the love of God and his fellow creatures. He gathered together a little band of men vowed to poverty, and sent them out as preaching friars to work among the poor and wretched. These are the Franciscans, or Grey Friars.

Over the Apennines to the east lie the Marches, the granary of ancient Rome,



THE AMPHITHEATRE at Pola, a port of Istria, is a relic of the ancient Romans, and could seat 25,000 people. The Venetians, who took the town in 1148, used its stone seats as building material. Taken by Austria in 1815, Pola became, thanks to its fine harbour an important naval station, just as it had been in the days of the Romans.

PEOPLE OF SUNNY ITALY

which is still mainly an agricultural district. North of these is the strange little republic of San Marino, about which we have read in another chapter.

In the Apennines themselves, especially in the upland valleys of Abruzzi, lie the coldest parts of Italy—sometimes in winter the villages are cut off from each other for months by deep snow. Naturally, the hill folk differ from the people of the sunny plains; they cling to the old ways, and, where the ground is level enough for ploughing, they use the same form of plough as did their Roman ancestors. The hillsides are clothed with Spanish chestnut trees, which are very important to the people, for in these districts chestnuts, dried and ground and made into flat cakes, largely take the place of bread.

Land of Fruitfulness and Desolation

The story of Rome has been told elsewhere, and we must pass the Imperial City, noting only the big lighthouse on the Janiculum that flashes its signals in the national colours of red, white and green. It was a present from the Italians living in the Argentine to commemorate the fiftieth birthday of "United Italy."

On the coast, about half-way between Rome and Naples, lies Terracina, and here southern Italy may be said to begin. Thence right round the coast to the Adriatic runs a series of bays where blue sky and bluer sea and golden sunshine are well nigh everlasting, and groves of fruit trees alternate with vast stretches of land which have been abandoned and are now left desolate.

All along here, before Rome had risen to power, ran a series of Greek city-states, strong and prosperous, standing in fertile country that was highly cultivated. When the Carthaginians fought the Romans for the mastery of the world, most of these cities, especially those in the far south, sided with the Carthaginians, and were destroyed by the victorious Romans. Then the land went uncultivated, the rivers silted up and overflowed, and malaria completed the ruin. For instance, Paestum, once a city

famous for its temples and for its roses and violets, is to-day only a mighty ruin in a wilderness.

But if man's handiwork is behindhand in southern Italy, Nature's is to the fore; neither green and gold Lombardy nor beauteous Tuscany can vie with the richness of colouring and the delightful climate of Naples and of the surrounding country.

Pleasure Resorts of the Romans

The Romans were quick to note the natural beauties of this district. On the island of Capri, which is near the southern extremity of the Bay of Naples and to which everybody goes to visit the Blue Grotto and to see the effect of yellow sunlight filtering through azure water, the Emperor Tiberius spent the last ten years of his life and built no less than twelve palaces.

Baiae, nestling in the northern corner of the bay, was a fashionable bathing-resort of Roman society, and all the coast is rich in remains of ancient villas. Pompeii was one of these pleasure resorts, and from its ruins we can reconstruct much of the life of the ancient Romans.

There are many beautiful buildings in Naples, but in a large part of the city the people are unpleasantly crowded together. Even in the new buildings that the city is providing for the working classes, a family may be crowded into a couple of rooms, and frequently hens or even turkeys share the apartments. To the poor Neapolitan the house is merely a place in which to sleep; his real life is lived in the streets, which are full of life and bustle.

Life in the Streets of Naples

Early in the morning the milkman comes along and drives his goats up four or five flights of steps, and there and then milks them into the jugs. Cows are milked in the street, the customers from the upper floors letting down the necessary receptacle in a basket.

The streets are full of stalls heaped with flowers and brightly coloured fruits' and vegetables. Here, too, food of all sorts is cooked and eaten, hot from the pot, in the



STRAW-PLAITER OF FIESOLE WORKING AT HER WOODEN LOOM

By means of a simple loom this woman is making lace out of straw! For, like most other inhabitants of Fiesole, she is a straw-plaiter. Fiesole is a delightful place, built on a hill above Florence, and possesses many relics of days long gone by. A villa near by was once the favourite residence of Lorenzo the Magnificent, ruler of Florence.

PEOPLE OF SUNNY ITALY

streets. Macaroni takes the place of the polenta of the north, and snail soup, roast chestnuts, starfish, sea-urchins, octopus tentacles and all kinds of queer things appear on the menu, and the air is richly scented with the all-pervading odour of unrefined oil and garlic, which seems inseparable from the south of Spain and Italy.

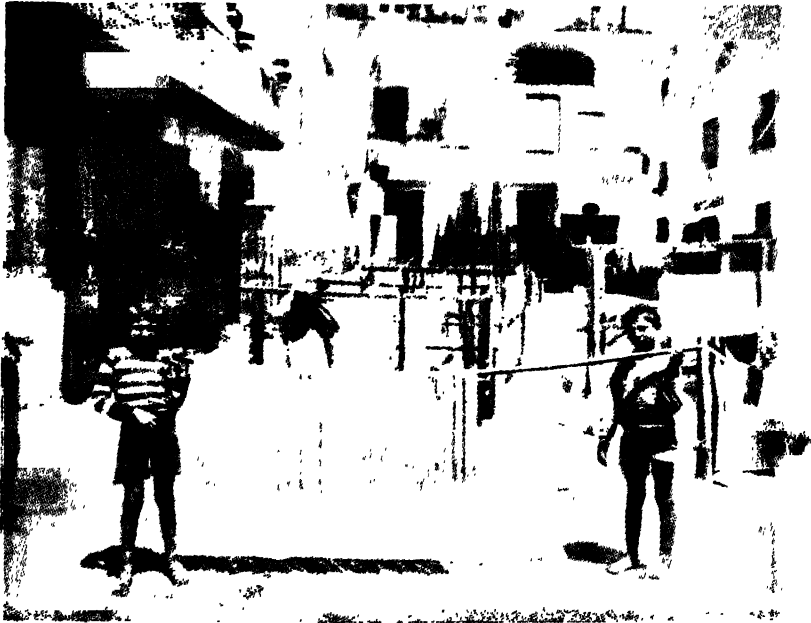
They are a handsome, vivacious, merry people, these children of the Sunny South, fond of colour in their clothes and their surroundings, not energetic perhaps, but happy, musical, light-hearted, excitable and easily moved to laughter or anger. They take tickets in a lottery and play their games, quite indifferent to the ever-present menace of smoking Vesuvius.

The Italians are good horsemen, but horse-racing is not a favourite pastime. Football is a relic of the Great War, when

they learnt it from their allies, and there are various other ball games, including one in which the ball, like a shuttlecock, is not allowed to touch the ground.

In the streets of Italy, as in England, we come across "Punch and Judy" shows, and are reminded that "Punch"—or "Punchinello," to give the gentleman his rightful name—was born in Italy, perhaps near Naples, whence he has travelled to France and England.

The people of Italy are not crowded so closely together in manufacturing towns as are the inhabitants of more highly industrialised countries. Most of the people, on the contrary are employed in tilling the soil, which is just as well, for when the Italian leaves the country for the town he undergoes a change which is unfortunately for the worse.



Galloway

YOUTHFUL HELPERS IN A FACTORY OF SUNNY AMALFI

In Amalfi, a lovely little seaport on the Gulf of Salerno, we can see many beautiful many ancient and many curious things. This is surely one of the curious sights. It is the drying-ground of a macaroni factory, where long ropes of wheaten paste are hanging in the sun. Macaroni is one of the chief foods of the Italian peasant.



CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTED WELL-HEAD AT BANYO IN THE GRASSLANDS OF THE ADAMAWA HIGHLANDS
The Adamawa district contains great tracts of upland savanna, which afford excellent pasturage for the herds of cattle kept by the tribesmen, who are chiefly Fulas. The cement and rough stone work round this much-frequented well was constructed by the Germans, for the time many of the native cattle, such as we see here, were exported.

In the Heart of Africa

AMONG THE CANNIBALS AND PYGMIES OF THE CONGO

The Congo, Africa's second longest river, flows through the dark heart of Africa and, with its mighty tributaries, taps the vast territories of the French and Belgian Congo and Angola, Portugal's largest colony. Forests, where all is dim and damp, cover huge portions of the Congo lands, and some of the most savage and primitive people in the world are to be found in these mysterious regions. In some places we shall be following the trails blazed by two famous explorers, Livingstone and Stanley, who tore the veil of mystery that had hidden the face of the Congo regions from the eyes of civilized man. The Congo kept many of its secrets for centuries, and it is possible that some of them have not yet been revealed. Its basin is one of the richest regions in the world, but it will probably be many years before the white man can obtain the treasures that are hidden there.

IN the year 1484 a little fleet of galleons was cruising along the west coast of Africa. The huge sails were emblazoned with large red crosses, and from the mastheads fluttered the banner of Portugal. For many months the fleet had sailed slowly along that low coast, with its lines of palm trees and with the white surf breaking ceaselessly upon the yellow sand. The swampy mangrove thickets at the mouths of the Niger were passed; the vast Cameroon's volcano was sighted and the Equator was crossed. Then the mouth of a wide river opened out before the adventurers.

From the natives, the Portuguese learned that the river was called the "Kongo," and that the country just to the south of it was ruled by a great chief called M'wani Kongo ("Lord of the Kongo people"). So the Portuguese got into communication with this African monarch, began to trade with him, and eventually established a Jesuit Mission among his people.

Savage Guardians of the Interior

The Portuguese did not go very far up the river. Little more than a hundred miles from the mouth they found rapids that barred their progress, and more than once, as the years passed, little expeditions that tried to penetrate into the great interior were attacked by savage tribes and forced to retreat. So it came about that, although the mouth of the "Kongo" was marked on maps, virtually nothing was known of the river itself.

Three years after Livingstone's death the famous Welsh explorer H. M. Stanley, after exploring Lakes Victoria and Tanganyika, struck a river, that the natives called the Lualaba, at a point where it was about 1,400 yards wide. A great desire came upon him to follow this big river and to find out whither it flowed. He thought that it might possibly be the head waters of the Nile.

Beginning of a Great Adventure

Embarking in canoes with a large company of carriers, Stanley and his white companion started on the great adventure. Often they had to land to obtain food, and frequently cataracts compelled them to hack their way through the dense bush on the banks, carrying their canoes with them or towing them as best they could. Savage warriors attacked them with flights of arrows. More than once the little expedition was attacked by fleets of large well-manned war canoes.

For some weeks Stanley found the river flowing steadily northward, in a way that seemed to prove it to be the Nile. Seven large cataracts were negotiated and numerous other difficulties were overcome. Then the river took a great sweep to the west. Landing one day among a riverside tribe that proved to be friendly, Stanley asked what they called the river, and the answer was startling: "Heutu ya Kongo!" Then the explorer realized that he was voyaging down the main stream of the mighty Congo.



American Museum of Natural History

FORESTS ABOUT THE WELLE RIVER, CONGO

in tracking game through the dark, swampy forests. Their chief weapon is the bow and arrow. They are nomadic people and make their encampments of round shelters wherever game is plentiful. The Batwa are usually a yellowish-brown in colour and rather thin.

PYGMY ARCHERS WHO HUNT IN THE VAST

The pygmies, or Batwa, are the most backward people of the Belgian Congo and are found in various parts of the country. The average height of the men is about 4 ft. 6 ins., and that of the women 4 ft. Their sole occupation is hunting and they are extraordinarily skilful



CHILDREN OF THE FRENCH CAMEROON LEARN A USEFUL TRADE

In order to spread civilization among the hitherto backward natives of the colony, the French authorities encourage families to have their children trained in some profitable trade. This little group of young negroes is being taught how to spin cotton, which has long been cultivated and promises to be a source of great prosperity.

It took his little flotilla of canoes more than seven months to paddle down that magnificent waterway through the primeval forest. In places it broadened out into an almost lake-like expanse; numerous islands dotted its surface; riverside villages of basket-work huts were constantly passed. At last, on August 9th, 1877, the expedition reached the port of Boma, about seventy miles from the point where the mighty river empties itself into the Atlantic. The great secret of the Congo was then revealed.

A year later, Leopold, King of the Belgians, formed an association for the fuller exploration of the Congo and its tributaries, and for the opening up of the vast basin to commerce and civilization. It was proposed to make roads and railways, to place small steamers on the river, to found trading-stations and bring the tribes into peaceful relationship with white men and with one another.

The Congo is one of the largest rivers in the world, its length being some 3,000

miles. Its basin covers such a vast area, that, if it could be laid upon Europe with its mouth in Spain, its sources would be far away in Asia Minor, its northern tributaries would be in Scotland and Scandinavia and its southern tributaries in Italy, Corsica, Sardinia and Greece. This vast region is believed to have a population of about ten millions. To secure peace and to help trade no fewer than 450 treaties were made with independent chiefs. As trade developed the main products proved to be palm oil and palm kernels, rubber, ivory and vegetable fibres.

At first King Leopold's association was international, but as years passed the Belgian influence increased and at last the "Congo Free State" became solely Belgian territory.

Who are the people of the Congo? Let us journey up the mighty river for, say, a thousand miles, and visit one of their villages. The banks of the river are covered with dense forests; vegetation flourishes with tropical luxuriance.



ARMOUR OF MAGIC WAR-PAINT SHIELDS THESE WARRIORS

When these warriors of the Belgian Congo prepare for a tribal fight they do not put their trust solely in their shields and weapons, but daub themselves with magic paint that has been charmed by their magicians. Unfortunately, if the enemy use stronger magic, the paint is no protection at all. The blade of the spear is notched like that of a saw.



WITCH DOCTOR OF A VILLAGE IN THE BELGIAN CONGO

In many villages the witch doctor is the real chief, and rules his subjects by fear. He is usually a good deal more intelligent than the people whom he deceives with his conjuring tricks, hypnotism and feigned trances. He sells spells and advice to the simple and ignorant folk, and rids himself of his enemies by means of subtle poisons



THE SUPREME CHIEF OF RUANDA, EASTERN CONGO, ADMINISTERING JUSTICE

Though Ruanda is in Belgian territory, the king still hears cases at his court. Here he is seated before the entrance to the royal enclosure, which is a maze of palisaded houses and gardens. The king belongs to the Watusi tribe, which is the ruling class in Ruanda. The is the last and greatest of the kingdoms ruled by negro monarchs.

Here and there villages peep out from amid the green foliage. Our little steamer blows her whistle as she approaches a village, and in a moment we see dusky figures gathering on the beach.

Several dug-out canoes put out to meet us, but there is now no shower of arrows, for the former warriors have become peaceable fisher-folk, and among the riverside people cannibalism has almost disappeared—though it is still practised by some of the tribes along the tributaries.

Our steamer slows down, drops its anchor and we go ashore. The people crowd around us, moved by curiosity. The day has long passed when they feared the white man and thought him a god, but a chance visit never fails to create excitement. They wear very little clothing and their chocolate-brown bodies are tattooed. They have their front teeth filed to points, like the teeth of a saw, and their tribal marks are cut on their faces.

These marks are cut deeply in the flesh of the cheeks and forehead with a sharp iron instrument; it is a very painful process and not infrequently causes blood-poisoning or lockjaw. The strange designs on their bodies are done in a similar way, and, to make the marks permanent, the process has often to be repeated.

On every hand we notice evidences that this is a fishing-village; large and small "dug-outs" are drawn up on the beach, and the fishing-nets, attached to wooden frames, are drying in the sun. Fish-traps, too, made of split bamboo or of the cane called rattan, are in evidence. From one big dug-out the day's catch of fish is just being landed and carried up to the village market.

Beyond the beach is the village, with its two long rows of low huts built facing each other to form a street. The lower



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MAN OF THE NIAM-NIAM CARVING IVORY

Formerly the Niam-Niam tribe was one of the fiercest in the Belgian Congo, but under the Belgians they have given up man-hunting. They are very skilful at carving, as we can see by the work of this man.

end opens on to the shore, but the upper end is closed to enable the villagers to defend themselves in case they are attacked by neighbouring tribes, for behind the village is the vast forest that extends for hundreds of miles.

The huts are oblong, and are made of bamboo and thatch. It is very interesting to watch the people building a hut. First a framework is erected, long bamboo poles being driven into the ground and lashed together with cross-pieces and fibre. Then the big, thatched roof of dry palm leaves is added, and lastly the framework walls are covered with coconut matting. Most of the huts have only one room, and the furniture consists of a few bits of matting on the floor, a stool or two—made of bamboo or cut from a block of wood—and a number of gourds and earthenware vessels.

Near the houses a space has been cleared in the forest to make gardens



FOUR UMBRELLAS GUARD THE STRANGELY ORNAMENTED GRAVE OF A CHIEF IN ANGOLA

Many strange sights are to be seen in Portugal's West African colony, but surely none stranger than this. A chief is buried with elaborate ceremonies after his body has been enveloped in as many yards of cloth as can be afforded—should the man have been wealthy, two there. Formerly, slaves were also killed when their owners died. The natives believe that the dead will still require their belongings, so the grave is covered with all kinds of odds and ends, which must be "killed" before they are placed there.



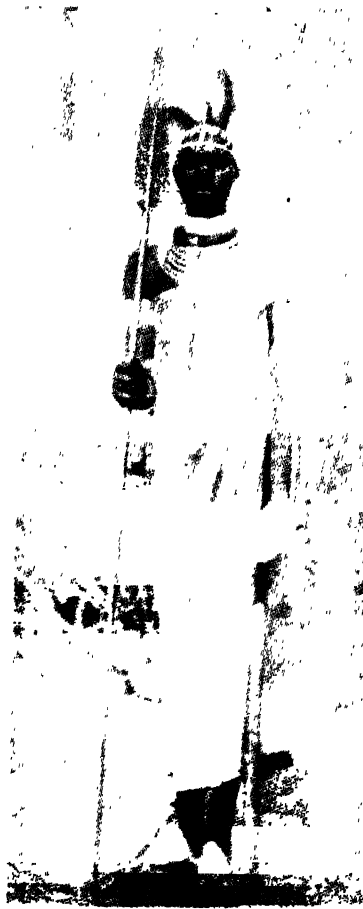
THEAT DWELLINGS OF A TRIBE OF CANNIBALS WHO LIVE ON THE EDGE OF THE CONGO BASIN. The huts are much better made than the homes of most negroes. and the other as a bedroom. The homes of the natives vary considerably from one part of the Belgian Congo to another, according to the material available and to the climate. In the foreground is a fibre ropes being used to secure them. Some of the huts are divided by a partition into two apartments, one of which serves as a kitchen wooden instrument which is used for signalling to other villages.

IN THE HEART OF AFRICA

in which the people grow their yams, cassava and other vegetables; and there is a plantation of banana trees, their broad, bright green leaves contrasting strongly with those of the mango trees and the palms. The women cultivate the gardens and carry the produce to the village, using big funnel-shaped baskets of split bamboo which they carry on their backs. They hoe the ground and gather in the produce, and their task is not a little dangerous, for as a woman stoops to her work it is no uncommon thing for a leopard from the forest to spring upon her.

One strange custom is that the boys, while still quite young, leave home and join in building a hut and begin housekeeping for themselves. They provide themselves with food by catching fish, trapping birds, squirrels and monkeys, and they stretch strings from the trees to catch bats. One of their chief delights is ratting, and many a nice plump rat finds its way into their cooking pot. Large hairy caterpillars, ants and big beetles are also considered dainty morsels.

There are two people in the village we must certainly visit—the chief and the witch doctor—indeed, they will probably



WARRIOR SUBJECT OF FRANCE

This tall native of the French Congo lands, with his long, broad-bladed spear, is a born warrior. Fighting is the greatest pleasure of the wild tribesmen of this region.

be among the crowd of people that comes to the beach to greet us when we land. We exchange greetings, and then the chief leads us to his dwelling or the public "palaver house," where he holds a reception in our honour.

Two or three European camp-chairs are brought out of the dark recesses of some hut and placed for us, while the chief takes his seat on a stool or in a hammock. We again exchange greetings, tell the chief why we have come to his village and make him a little present—possibly a hatchet, a piece of cloth or even an alarm clock. In return, he gives us some bananas, eggs, yams, coconuts, a couple of chickens or perhaps a goat.

The other important man is the witch-doctor. He is the priest of the village, and scarcely less powerful than the chief himself. The people fear him because they believe that he has power to command the evil spirits that are everywhere. He sells them

charms to protect them from wild beasts, snakes, sickness, evil spirits and evil men.

The people also think that he can inflict all manner of evil upon them, that he can bring dreadful diseases upon the village or cause a man to die. He is usually a cunning rogue, able to mix

IN THE HEART OF AFRICA

powerful poisons and is certainly a man to be greatly feared.

The Congo basin is inhabited by very many tribes, quite different from one another and speaking different languages. Some villages are not at all like the one we have described and the customs vary in the different parts. The general features,

however, are usually very much the same. In some parts the villages consist of one long street, often several miles in length. In some places, when a great chief dies, a number of his wives and slaves are buried with him, so that he may have them to work for him in the spirit world to which he has gone.



RIVER OF ANGOLA SPANNED BY A FLIMSY BRIDGE OF CREEPERS

When the natives of Angola wish to build a bridge, they go into the forest and cut down some of the creepers that are to be found on all sides. From these they make the bridge, which is suspended from tree-trunks on either bank. It is not easy to pass over one of these bridges, as the footway is narrow and uneven.



NATIVES FISHING WITH BASKETS IN THE RAPIDS OF THE UBANGI RIVER AT BANZVILLE

The Ubangi River is a tributary of the mighty Congo, and much of it is navigable. Canoes and river-steamers ply to and fro on its placid surface, carrying the vegetable and mineral wealth of forests, plantations and mines to the towns from which it will be exported. At the rapids, however, the rapids make the river impassable for shipping, although the natives appreciate them very much indeed. They fix several wide-mouthed, tapering baskets across the rapids, and so trap the fish that attempt to swim downstream.

IN THE HEART OF AFRICA

For centuries there were rumours that a race of very small black people existed in the heart of Africa, and many old travellers and historians mentioned these dwarfs. In modern times, several explorers heard of them in various parts of the Continent. Then, in 1887, Stanley, while passing through a vast forest between the Congo and Lake Albert, found considerable numbers of these little people. Some of them were only thirty-three inches in height, and none was more than four feet six inches.

These forest dwarfs, or pygmies as they are often called, dwell in villages of small grass huts shaped like bee-hives. Stanley found one village of ninety-two huts—probably inhabited by ninety-two families. The pygmies were very shy, and always deserted their villages as Stanley's men approached; but from time to time a few were captured and examined. They were so small that the explorer often thought his scouts had caught some children, until it was evident that they were full-grown men and women. Thus another secret of the Congo was revealed.

The vast basin of the Congo does not all belong to Belgium. More than thirty years before Stanley unveiled the secrets of the river, the French had settlements on the Gabun River, some five hundred miles north of the mouth of the Congo. As the years passed, distinguished French explorers opened up the whole of the Gabun River and its tributaries, thus extending French influence until it reached the northern bank of the Congo itself and its largest tributary, the Ubangi.

The northern bank of the Congo from below Stanley Pool to the Ubangi, a distance of four hundred miles, belongs to France.



NATIVE WIRELESS IN ANGOLA

Here we see the *mondo*, or message-drum, used in the Zombo highlands. By beating upon this wooden instrument the natives can send messages in code for long distances. News travels very rapidly by this means.

Thence the whole northern bank of the Ubangi is French to the borders of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. Thus almost all the northern tributaries of the Congo flow through French territory.

While many northern tributaries of the Congo water French possessions, some of the southern tributaries rise in Portuguese soil. In the fifteenth century, when the mariners and soldier-adventurers of Portugal found that the way up the main river was blocked by rapids, they turned their attention to the country immediately to the south—the dominions of that King



MATADI, IN THE BELGIAN CONGO, A BUSY PORT AT WHICH OCEAN-GOING STEAMERS CAN CALL

Although seventy miles from the ocean, Matadi ranks as a seaport, since it lies on the River Congo, up which ocean-going ships come directly to its wharves. The voyage is difficult, for the river is shallow in places and elsewhere very swift. A railway runs inland from Matadi and Leopoldville, through which oil is pumped to the former.



YOUTHS OF ANGOLA /WEARING MASKS AND QUAINT COSTUMES

In most African tribes the initiation of young men who have "come of age" into the full rights of manhood is accompanied by much elaborate ceremony. In Angola, or Portuguese West Africa, the youths who take part in the rites of initiation wear white masks that are skilfully carven, but hideous, and ruffs and skirts of frayed leaves.

of Kongo already mentioned. Long years of commerce and exploration, of conquest and colonization have resulted in the establishment of Portuguese rule over a vast tract of country known as Angola. It has a coastline of 1,000 miles and extends inland for more than 1,500 miles. Its total area is estimated at 484,000 square miles and its population at well over 4,000,000. It is Portugal's largest foreign possession.

Most of Angola is well watered and is covered with the same luxurious tropical vegetation as the rest of the Congo basin. Yams, tobacco, cotton, rice, indigo and sugar grow well, but owing to Portuguese mismanagement this huge territory is very largely undeveloped. There are very few white people at present in the colony.

In both the French and the Portuguese Congo possessions the natives are of the same race as are those of the Belgian

territories. They all belong to the great Bantu family, and are black-skinned and largely uncivilized. Their villages, their customs and manner of life strongly resemble those of the main Congo tribes.

In the past, both Angola and the French Congo territories were notorious for their connexion with the slave traffic, and it took many years to suppress that evil.

Loanda was a Portuguese settlement as early as 1578; to-day it is the capital of Angola. It was here that Livingstone reached the coast after his first journey across Africa. The port has a fine but somewhat antiquated harbour. Brazza-ville is the capital of the French Middle Congo colony. Both towns are the starting place of railways running up country. All the Congo countries are rich in natural resources, and it remains to be seen what the white man will make of the almost measureless opportunities that lie before him in these wonderful regions.



PARIS SEEN FROM THE MUCH DECORATED ROOF OF NOTRE DAME
 From this vantage point, near one of the many hideous gargoyles that adorn Notre Dame, we look westwards across the city to the slender Eiffel Tower. To the left of it we see the spire of S. Germain-des-Près, the most ancient church in Paris; and, to the left again, the dome of the Hôtel des Invalides, where Napoleon I. is buried.

A City of Enchantment

PARIS A CAPITAL THAT CHARMS THE WORLD

The Parisians claim that their city is the mind of France. The whole country, they say, looks to the capital for guidance in all important matters of national life; and certainly, as a centre of government, learning, science and the arts, Paris exercises a very decisive influence in all French affairs. To its schools and colleges students come from every part of the land, and, indeed—so great is the reputation of Paris—from all over the world. There is much else that attracts us to Paris, however, as we shall read in this chapter, for it is a very gay and very beautiful city, with a long and eventful history.

PARIS has a very powerful fascination that is all its own. Its very name carries a suggestion of romance. When we hear it, we think of the Three Musketeers, of wars and sieges of the past, of gaiety and dazzling splendour. When we go there, it may disappoint us a little at first—but only at first. Whether we visit the old, beautiful Paris, with its grey buildings and air of courtliness, or the new, gay Paris, with its theatres and shops and tourists, we usually fall in love with the city. If we do not, then we are altogether lacking in imagination.

Paris may be described as a city of the world, and not merely of France. People of every continent, race and nation visit it almost as a duty. It has been said that if we want to meet anybody whose whereabouts we do not know, we have only to wait at some central point in Paris and that, sooner or later, our friend will come to our waiting place.

A City of Infinite Variety

What makes Paris a magnet to draw people from all over the earth? Perhaps its charm lies in the fact that it is a city of infinite variety. It has innumerable aspects, and each contrasts sharply with some other. Paris is not only the seat of the French government and a vast and very strong fortress, but also one of the gayest of cities. It contains the vilest of slums and the loveliest of parks and gardens, the meanest of insanitary houses (although they are happily becoming more and more uncommon) and the most splendid of palaces. It is a great manufacturing town, a centre of education and of art and a vast museum of history.

The gaiety of Paris is one of its chief attractions, although, of course, by no means the greatest. Nor is the gaiety confined to tourists, as so many English visitors declare. The Parisians work as hard as most people, but they enjoy themselves even more wholeheartedly. On a summer morning the floating swimming-baths that are moored to the banks of the Seine are filled with clerks and shop attendants having a plunge before going to work. The crowds that arrive from the suburbs seem very much more merry than similar English crowds.

Scene of Tragic Fame

We shall not follow the busy people to their offices, shops and factories, as conditions there are not very different from those existing in any other great city. Instead, we may join a party of sight-seers and stroll along those wide, very pleasant streets known as the Grands (Great) Boulevards. We notice immediately the gay little kiosks, at which we can buy newspapers and magazines of every kind. They stand near the edge of the pavement, like large pillar-boxes.

We begin our walk at the Madeleine, a very beautiful church, from whose steps we can see the vast Place de la Concorde, with its fountains and Egyptian obelisk. A very lovely square it is to-day—one of the finest in the world—although English visitors unaccustomed to the speed of Parisian taxis might wish that it contained more refuges for timid walkers! The history of the Place is, however, darkened by tragedy. Here the guillotine, under whose knife perished King Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette and hundreds of



GRIM PRISON THAT HAS PLAYED ITS PART IN HISTORY

The Conciergerie is part of the Palace of Justice, and is, perhaps, the most famous prison in the world. Here were confined Queen Marie Antoinette, Robespierre and many other great figures of the French Revolution. The bell of the square tower in the foreground sounded to warn people of the Massacre of S. Bartholomew in



McLeish

GAUNT IRON FRAMEWORK OF THE GIGANTIC EIFFEL TOWER

It is difficult to understand why the art-loving Parisians allowed the ugly and very conspicuous Eiffel Tower to be erected in their beautiful city. It is 984 feet high and is used for broadcasting. Visitors can ascend to any of its platforms or to the top by lifts. Here we are looking at the Tower across the River Seine, from the Trocadéro Park.



BETWEEN TWO ARMS OF THE SEINE, THE ISLE OF THE CITY—

The boat-shaped Isle of the City, which we see here from an aeroplane, is the oldest part of Paris. At the near end of the island is the Palace of Justice, a great, almost square block of buildings. Among them is the Sainte Chapelle, described in page 1789, which we recognize by its high, narrow form, its gleaming roof and its little slender spire.



-ON WHICH ARE MANY OF THE FAMOUS BUILDINGS OF PARIS
To the left of the Sainte Chapelle is the Conciergerie (see page 1782). Beyond the Palace of Justice, to the left, is the Tribunal of Commerce, and beyond that a huge hospital, the Hôtel Dieu, which was founded about A.D. 660. In the right background, with an empty white square in front of it, is the magnificent medieval cathedral of Notre Dame.



ARCH RAISED BY NAPOLEON I. IN THE PLACE DU CARROUSEL TO COMMEMORATE HIS VICTORIES

This Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel is a model of the Arch of Severus at Rome. On it are a bronze chariot-group, statues of soldiers of Napoleon's armies and carvings representing great events in his victorious career. The arch was once the principal entrance to the courtyard of the Tuileries, a great pleasure-palace of the kings of France that was burnt in the nineteenth century. The gardens of the Tuileries are still in existence, however, and we can still enter them by passing under the arch. On the right is a part of the Louvre.



1787
MONUMENT COMMEMORATING THE MILITARY GLORY OF FRANCE E.N.A.

The Arc de Triomphe has a wonderful position in the Place de l'Etoile, on the summit of a little hill at the western end of the long avenue of the Champs Elysées. It was originally built to celebrate the victories of the armies of France under Napoleon I. The tomb of the French Unknown Warrior of the Great War is beneath the mighty arch.

humbler victims, was set up during the French Revolution.

Having proceeded along the Boulevard de la Madeleine, we come to the Boulevard des Italiens; and here (if such things can interest us when we have a great city to explore) we see those elegant crowds that set the fashions in dress for the Western world. How many cafés we pass, and how crowded they all are! In front of each, little tables and chairs are set on the pavement under an awning. We presently come to the Boulevard Montmartre, and, if we are wise, we shall climb Montmartre Hill to view Paris from the huge, modern church of the Sacré Coeur.

Having seen the city from this magnificent viewpoint, we return once more to the boulevards, and make our way to the Porte S. Denis. This is a very elaborate triumphal arch erected to commemorate the victories of Louis XIV., le Roi Soleil—the Sun King. It is on the site of one of the old gates of Paris. It was a very important gate, for through it the French kings made their first entry into their capital after their accession to the throne, and through it they were borne again

when their remains were taken to the royal burial-place in the church of S. Denis.

When evening falls and Paris is jewelled with twinkling lights, we might follow our tourists again and visit one of the many theatres or the great Opera House, where we should enjoy opera marvellously produced. Instead, however, let us go to one of the less fashionable cafés, where we can sit among real Parisians. Here we see whole families listening to a band, while they drink coffee or fruit syrups, or groups of friends who come to the same tables night after night to talk and play games. Or we might go to a haunt of artists to hear poets recite their own verses and musicians sing their own praises. Wherever we go, Paris will enchant us.

We have said already that it is a great centre of education and of art. Its university, the Sorbonne, was a famous place of learning before either Oxford or Cambridge was founded, and is still attended by very many foreign students. The district in which it is, on the left, or southern, bank of the Seine, is known as the Students', or the Latin, Quarter. As



LOOKING EASTWARDS ALONG THE AVENUE OF THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES TO THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE. A straight, tree-fringed thoroughfare over a mile long, the Avenue of the Champs-Élysées runs from the Arc de Triomphe to the wide, beautiful Place de la Concorde, beyond which are the gardens of the Tuileries and the Louvre. On both sides of a stretch of the avenue coloured puppets perform the most absurd and diverting plays.

A CITY OF ENCHANTMENT

we wander through its narrow, old streets, lined with bookshops and queer, dingy restaurants, we can be sure that we are walking in the footsteps of scholars, scientists and writers whose names are known in every civilized land.

Almost as famous as the Sorbonne is the School of Fine Arts. There are probably more artists in Paris than in any other city in the world, and, if we were to inquire, we should find that many of the great painters and sculptors of every nation have received some of their training here. Paris, however, is not only the home of living artists, it is also a museum of art.

Treasures of Art in a King's Palace

On the opposite side of the Seine to that of the Latin Quarter is the Louvre, which houses one of the finest art collections in the world. Apart from the treasures that it contains, the Louvre is one of the most interesting buildings in Paris. A palace of the French kings in the days before France became a republic, it is magnificent and stately and graceful beyond imagination. It is much more beautiful than the other buildings of the city that were once royal residences—the Luxembourg Palace, the Palais Royal (Royal Palace) or the Palace of the Elysée, where the French President now lives. As we turn from the busy streets into the quiet court of the Louvre, we cannot but be moved by the grandeur that surrounds us.

There is only one building in Paris that equals the Louvre in magnificence and that is the cathedral of Notre Dame. It stands on an island in the middle of the Seine, and we can see its two rather squat towers from distant parts of the city. We do not, however, realize its majesty until we approach it. Then we not only appreciate its massiveness and architectural beauty, but see the wonderful carvings that everywhere adorn it. However often we may have visited the cathedral, we always enter its vast, dim interior with reverence. From one of the towers of Notre Dame

we see on our right front, when we look westwards, the Palace of Justice, the rather grim exterior of which conceals an exquisite jewel—the Sainte Chapelle, an old church that many good judges consider one of the most perfect in existence. On our left front we notice, in the distance, the great, golden dome of the Invalides gleaming in the sun.

Long and Romantic History of Paris

Beneath this dome is the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon I. Owing to the colour of the glass in the windows, the vast chamber always seems to be flooded with warm, mellow light, no matter how grey the skies may be. In a kind of open vault stands a huge, red sarcophagus, very impressive in its simplicity, and in this were placed the bones of the Emperor.

Something of the fascination of Paris is due to her long and romantic history. It has been said, wittily and wisely, that "the history of Paris is the history of France." This does not only mean that we can understand the history of the country better by studying that of the capital, but also that Paris has played a very important part in making the history of the country. Because of its river it was an important town at an early date, and in Roman days—it was then called Lutetia—it was comparatively civilized and prosperous.

A Capital for 1400 Years

The founder of the French monarchy, Clovis the Frank, made it his chief city in 508. Except for a short period during the fifteenth century, when the English held it, Paris has been the capital of France ever since. In the Middle Ages, its university brought it fame and its trade brought it wealth; then the cathedral of Notre Dame was built. But its magnificence dates from the period of the Renaissance, when the Hôtel de Cluny was built and the Louvre begun. Later, under Louis XIV., who built the palace of Versailles, a few miles from the city, Paris became the centre of civilization. It was in Paris that nearly all the

A CITY OF ENCHANTMENT

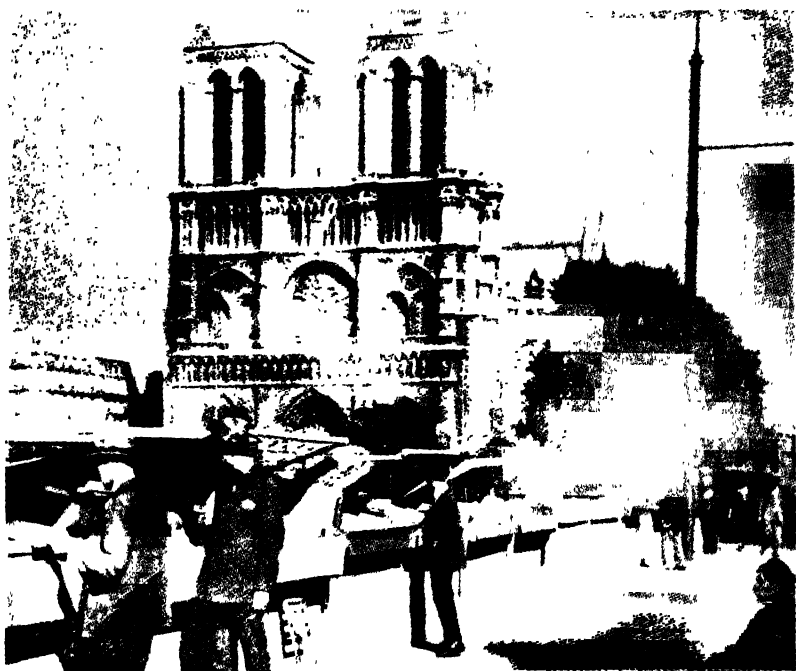
great events of the French Revolution took place. If we visit the city on the 14th of July we find it hung with flags, and everybody makes merry. This holiday commemorates the capture by the Paris mobs of the Bastille, the grim prison that was a symbol to the French people of the tyranny under which they suffered. The building was completely destroyed, but we can visit its site—the present Place of the Bastille.

Napoleon I. did much to beautify his capital, building the Arc de Triomphe as a monument to France's military glory. Under this great arch is the grave of the French Unknown Warrior. After the defeat of the Emperor at Waterloo, Paris was humiliated by the entrance into it of the victorious British and Prussians.

It soon recovered, however, and under Napoleon III. it became very gay and prosperous. In 1870 it was besieged by the Prussian armies, and resisted fiercely.

Even after it had surrendered in 1871, the troubles of Paris were not at an end. The Communists attempted to seize the city, and for two months waged war in the streets. The damage that they did to buildings was irreparable. The suppression of these rebels brought peace to the city, however, and although it was shelled and bombed by the Germans during the Great War, it was not seriously harmed.

Once again Paris is at peace and is recovering all its gaiety. Its charm is as compelling as ever; whoever doubts it has only to visit the city to be converted and to become its lover.



Galloway

RIVERSIDE BOOKSTALLS HAUNTED BY BARGAIN SEEKERS

On the left bank of the River Seine, from the Pont Double, near Notre Dame, to the Quai d'Orsay, very many dealers in second-hand books have their little stalls fixed to the stone parapet overlooking the river. Great bargains may often be found at them.

Behind the stalls shown here we see the front of Notre Dame, with its two towers.

What Other People Eat

COOKERY AND COOKS FROM FAR AND NEAR

All living things must eat and drink or they will die, but no animal eats so great a variety of food—is so omnivorous—as Man! As we shall read in this chapter, the food of a man in one part of the world is quite different from that of a man in another. We, for instance, should not like the raw blubber of which the Eskimo is so fond, nor the rice, flavoured with spiders and tadpoles, of the Malagasy. Man, unlike all other animals, prefers his food to be cooked, and this chapter will tell us of the many ways in which he does this.

IF we hear complaints about the difficulty of finding good cooks in countries like Great Britain, where inventors have done so much to help the cook by producing marvellous things in the way of cooking appliances, we may wonder how it is that people who are less fortunately placed are able to prepare anything that they can eat. Yet in less favoured countries we often find that the cookery is almost invariably satisfactory and that all cooks are clever! The methods followed may be primitive, but the results are all that can be desired.

An example of this is the story told by a very old lady who, during her early married life, went to live in Texas, which was then a region of vast wheatfields and ranches. She found there but one kind of cooking vessel—an iron pot with a deep lid, which had to be buried in hot ashes with more embers heaped over it. When first she saw this she said that she despaired of ever producing a good loaf or a well-roasted joint, but she soon had to admit that in some singular way this method of cooking brought out the flavour of the flour or meat as no other method she had known had ever done.

A "Pie" with a Crust of Clay

Another simple mode of cooking is that of the hunter who builds a big bonfire to obtain a thick bed of red-hot ashes and embers. While waiting for that to burn, he makes a paste of wet clay to encase his food. He takes care to let out the blood, but does not trouble to remove the feathers or fur. As soon as the fire has burnt through, he buries this clay "pie" in the embers and leaves it for an hour, or perhaps two. When the ball of clay is broken open

the feathers or fur come away with it, leaving the flesh of the bird or animal perfectly cooked.

There is still another way followed by simple folk who live very much in the open air. They pave their cooking-place with smooth, flat stones, or beat the ground until it is very hard and smooth. Here they build a fire, and when it has burnt out they sweep the place clean, lay the dough or the meat on the hot stones or ground, cover it thickly, first with leaves then with the hot ashes, and leave it to bake.

Crude Methods in Modern Kitchens

Foresters and charcoal-burners were the first to discover how well an iron basket containing hot embers served for grilling and frying, and in many a French and Italian kitchen to-day a brazier is preferred by the skilled cook to either a gas or even an electric apparatus. In the Italian kitchen there is generally an old man or woman who helps to keep the embers red-hot by blowing the bellows. The French "chef," too, will often prefer to use "*les braises*," as the basket is called, when he wants to make a really good omelette. Thus in the most modern cities there is something left of the primitive, and we are not, therefore, surprised to learn that the Russian peasants sometimes build a fire in a hole in the ground to bake bread.

In the Caucasus, one of the greatest delicacies is meat grilled over a hot charcoal fire. The meat is very freshly-killed and is cut into cubes, which are placed on an iron skewer. The skewer is held over the red-hot embers until the meat is sufficiently cooked.

In Hungary a very popular dish is *gulya*. This consists of beef or mutton



INDIANS OF BENGAL USE BANANA LEAVES AS PLATES

Knives and forks and plates are dispensed with by the peasants in India. They put their curry and rice upon a leaf and squat before it, conveying the food to their mouths with the right hand. They have only two meals a day, one in the morning and another in the evening. The Hindus eat no meat, in accordance with their religion.



CUSTOMERS GATHERED AT AN OPEN-AIR RESTAURANT IN NAPLES

People who patronise this restaurant must either eat out of their hands or wait till one of the few plates is not in use. Many of the Italian dishes are flavoured with garlic, which having a very strong, onion-like smell and taste, makes them rather unpalatable to many people who are unaccustomed to such methods of cooking.



LITTLE BOWLS OF RICE APPEAR AT ALL MEALS IN SIAM

With the Siamese, as with nearly all Eastern races, rice is the staple food, and a bowl or two of it will form a meal. The rice these people are eating is probably yellowish in colour, as it will not be so clean as the rice we know. As a rule, the grain is simply boiled in water and then heaped up into the bowls.



COOKS BUSY PREPARING FOOD FOR AN HAWAIIAN BANQUET

One of the favourite dishes at a feast in the Hawaiian Islands is a pig roasted whole. The pig is cooked by being placed on stones, which are made red-hot by a fire in an earth oven. The Hawaiians are very fond of luaus, which, as we read in page 1066, are feasts to which each guest contributes some kind of food.



KOREAN FAMILY READY TO DO AMPLE JUSTICE TO THE MARVELOUS FEAST BEFORE THEM. Though the family is very large, only gigantic appetites will enable them to make any impression upon the piles of sweetmeats, fruits and nuts that have been placed before them. A Korean feast lasts throughout the day, so the participants have an opportunity to recover their appetites for a fresh onslaught upon the viands. Usually the food of the Koreans is plain. The principal item of diet is rice. A popular dish called kimche consists of cabbages mixed with red pepper, oysters, oil and garlic, the mixture being kept for two months.



SOVOT FAMILY OF SIBERIA WATCHING THE SIMMERING POT UPON THE HEARTH

The Soyots, who are a mixed people with much Mongol blood, inhabit the Sayansk Mountains in southern Siberia. They are great hunters and fishers, and they own vast herds of horses and reindeer. Their dwellings, which are known as yurtas, have an open hearth in the middle of the floor and immediately beneath the smoke-hole in the roof. Upon this hearth the women do all the cooking. In the photograph a stew is being prepared, and when it is ready they will dip their hands into the pot and take out any morsel they fancy.



TAKING A MEAL IN A SPOTLESSLY CLEAN JAPANESE INN

Before the "nesan," or waitress, is a wooden tub of rice, and upon the low table and the trays may be some delicacies such as boiled fish, sweet potatoes, shrimps, water-melon, rice cakes, and beans and prunes in sugar. Pale tea will also be served as a matter of course. High tables are seldom found in Japan, and cushions serve as chairs.

cut into cubes, with fried bacon and onions added and a flavouring of caraway seeds, spices and paprika, or red pepper. The mixture is put into a pot and stewed slowly. When it is nearly cooked, raw potatoes, cut into cubes, are put in and the stewing is continued. A little salt is added with the potatoes, but not before.

What surprises us most of all when we go abroad, especially among the people of European countries, is the extraordinarily simple fare that satisfies most of them. It is only on feast days that we find extravagance or variety. A

Spaniard, for instance, even of quite high rank, has his morning cup of chocolate, with a morsel of dry bread and a glass of water at eight. At about one o'clock he takes his heaviest meal, which consists of broth with vegetables, very like the Frenchman's "bouillon," followed by another dish of vegetables and fruit. A cup of coffee is drunk in the afternoon, and supper consists of cooked vegetables, lettuce salads, cheese and fruit.

In Italy, too, meals are quite simple affairs among the workers. A group of labourers, for instance, will squat

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE EAT

down and share a loaf of dry, dark-looking bread, a piece of cheese and a flagon of wine. If some fruit is to be had, well and good ; if not, an onion or a bit of garlic, or a few ripe olives will serve as a relish.

As a rule the peasants get very little fresh milk or fresh meat. Their bread is

made chiefly of rye flour, which is sometimes varied with maize or barley. In some parts of France the people live for months on chestnuts, eating them as vegetables or grinding them into flour for bread. In the lands of southern Europe olive oil often takes the place of butter. The hard, unleavened bread-cake, so



INDIAN OF BRAZIL SQUEEZING THE POISON FROM HER FOOD. The root of the manioc, or cassava plant, contains prussic acid, which is a deadly poison. In order to get rid of the poison, the pulped roots are put into a grass cylinder, one end of which is attached to a movable pole. The girl is moving the pole up and down, which causes the cylinder to contract and expand, so squeezing out the poisonous juice.



SIMPLE VILLAGE-OVEN USED BY THE GREEK PEASANT WOMEN

Peasant women in Greece have to make and bake their own bread, so every village has its oven. These ovens are shaped like huge ant-hills and are made of clay. The children watch the fire and the batch of loaves to see that they do not burn. The women cannot all use the oven at once, but have to await their turn.

much liked in Spain, is very poor compared with the large, round disks that are baked by the thousand, wrapped in paper and cartons and stored by the Swedish housewife. Formerly she baked her own, but nowadays all bread is baked in special factories or bakeries, where the most hygienic conditions are assured.

A great contrast with this dry, hard bread is furnished by rice, which is the daily fare of most Asiatic peoples. In China, Japan, Korea and Siam the people live almost wholly on rice.

Rice is nourishing but most monotonous, and to help to relieve its monotony

many devices have been employed. In China they use fish, meat, poultry and various spices as condiments. In Siam the people make a curious sauce called "namphrik," which is made with red peppers, shrimps, prawns, garlic and onions, salt, water and lemon juice. This is served with the rice.

In India ordinary mulligatunney—to give it its proper spelling—is correctly described by the two Tamil words which make the name, molegaa, or pepper, and tunnee, or water. It is actually pepper-water, consisting mainly of chillies and garlic and pepper boiled with water.



NATURE'S OVENS IN THE SOIL OF VOLCANIC ICELAND
Iceland contains many volcanoes and hot springs, and in some districts the earth is very hot just below the surface. The women dig shallow holes into which they put buckets, each bucket containing a loaf of bread. This is some compensation for the discomforts of living on a volcanic island where all the flour has to be imported.



POUNDED RICE FORMS THE EVENING MEAL OF THE MOIS
The Mois of Annam eat enormous quantities of boiled, pounded rice, and in this photograph we see the women of a village crushing the paddy with huge wooden poles. The Mois do not grow enough rice to last them throughout the year, and so for certain periods they eat bamboo shoots, which also form an article of diet in China.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE EAT

Added to boiled rice and fried onions, it is the main dish of the Indian. His curry, too, although it is a rich and marvellous concoction, is mainly an accompaniment to much rice, and kitchri, or kedgerie, is boiled rice enriched with butter, chopped egg and minced fish, flavoured with pepper and salt, lemon and other additions. In the Far East the nest of a certain swallow and a kind of sea-slug, or *bêche-de-mer*, are considered great delicacies.

As a rule Asiatics take only two meals a day. The main dish at each meal is one of rice or sometimes of maize, millet or barley, with which they eat cooked vegetables, hot sauces like curry, and fruit. By the higher caste Hindus a rigid vegetarianism is practised, but Mahomedans eat meat when they can afford it. Salted and dried fish is much liked and fruits, such as melons and pumpkins, are very popular.

Tibetans and other Mongols, however, fare quite differently. The basis of their diet is the never-ending cup of tea, but it is a fearsome brew, being mixed

with butter and salt. The chief meal is taken in the evening and consists of meat that has been dried and then cooked in milk, eaten with tea and cheese. Of late years they have begun to grow rye and barley and to make cakes and a sort of bread, but tea and meat are their chief articles of diet.

Most native peoples have sufficient forethought to provide themselves with food against a time of scarcity by drying fish or meat in the sun, and, where salt is known, by curing it. People who live on islands depend very much on what the sea yields them, and although they may not appear to be guided by any good reason, it is nevertheless true that a native will often discover a source of food by intuition in circumstances in which a white man would starve. But some races eat things that would be most repulsive to us. There is the blubber—raw seals' fat—that the Eskimo crams into his mouth; and there are the tadpoles and water-beetles, moths and locusts, spiders and caterpillars with which the folk of Madagascar flavour their rice.



YOUNG AND OLD DEFTLY USE CHOPSTICKS IN CHINA

In China, Japan and Korea, food is conveyed to the mouth by means of chopsticks, which may be made of wood, bone or ivory. We should need a great deal of practice before we could manipulate them successfully. Of course, the meat, fish and vegetables have to be cut up into small pieces before appearing at the table.

Through Tropic Fairylands

THE MALAYS OF THE DUTCH EAST INDIES

Java, Sumatra, Celebes—to mention but a few of the islands in that huge group known as the Dutch East Indies—what a fascination even these names seem to hold for everybody! These islands possess all the glamour of the East—magnificent princes, wonderful palaces, ancient temples, dark and silent forests, impenetrable and dangerous jungles—and though Java has become one of the chief sugar, rice and rubber producing centres of the world, large portions of the other islands remain unexplored. Most of the people are of Malayan stock, living peacefully side by side with their Dutch conquerors, but some of the tribes still remain unsubdued and comparatively unknown. We shall read about the islands of Java, Bali, Sumatra, Madura and Celebes in this chapter; the people of Borneo have been dealt with in the chapter "The Men of the Blow-pipe."

THE isles of the Dutch East Indies, wonderful fairylands of colour lying between the Malay Peninsula and Australia, are really the highest peaks of a vast, partly-submerged volcanic mountain range. They consist of Java and Madura, Sumatra, Borneo, which is dealt with elsewhere, Celebes and innumerable smaller islands. In these lovely islands we shall find many different peoples, some wearing gorgeous clothes stiff with jewels and others wearing the simplest cotton garments or hardly anything at all.

Brilliant flowers, wonderfully coloured birds and graceful trees and magnificent plantations make the East Indies almost indescribably beautiful. The greater part of these islands belongs to the Netherlands; the most important of them is Java, which contains nearly four-fifths of the entire population. The governor-general resides at its capital, Batavia.

Although Java does not look very big on a map and is much smaller than many of the other islands, it is more than four times the size of the Netherlands. The population consists mainly of Javanese, though there are many Europeans, mostly Dutch, and Chinese, who are the traders.

A Naturalists' Paradise

The Dutch officials regard the East Indies as their home, even when they retire. They do not go back to the Netherlands except on leave, so that they take a personal, as well as a political, interest in the administration of the

islands. They understand the natives very well and help them to get the best out of their land.

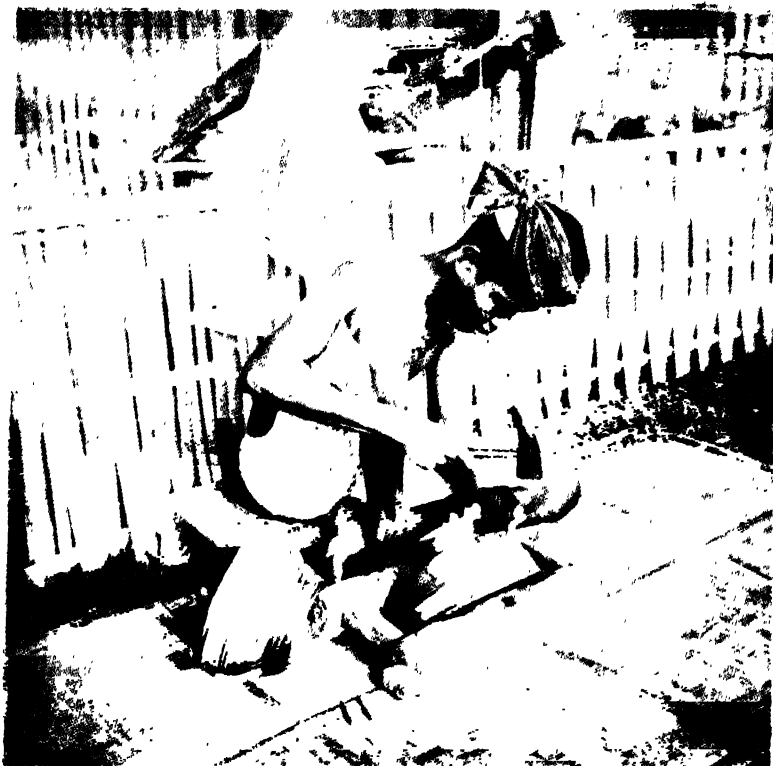
The most striking feature about Java is the beautiful scenery. The trees and shrubs grow to immense size, and the flowers and birds are of dazzling and diverse colours. More than four hundred different kinds of brightly-hued birds, including the peacock, are found in the island. Java is a paradise for the naturalist; some of the strange reptiles, insects, birds and flowers have yet to be given names, and, no doubt, there are many still to be discovered.

Horses Fed on Bananas

Many kinds of fruit grow plentifully; there are, for instance, over seven hundred different kinds of banana to be found in Java. These range from little ones the size of a finger to those as long as a man's arm. The Javanese feed their horses upon the big ones in order to give them glossy coats.

Everywhere wonderful plantations are to be seen, cultivated and harvested under Dutch supervision. Mangoes, coconuts, pineapples, pears and many other kinds of delicious fruits grow at their best here, and Javanese tea, coffee and cocoa have a beautiful fragrance and taste that they seem to lose when they are exported. Strange, sweet-smelling spices, of which the natives are very fond, scent the air.

A network of splendid railways, which has been made by European engineers, links up the plantations and towns.



ARTISTIC WORKER IN BRASS IN THE TOWN OF SURABAYA

The Javanese are skilful workers in metal and produce very beautiful objects with their simple tools. This man, who dwells in the chief town of east Java, is chiselling an intricate pattern on a brass bowl, which he steadies with his bare foot. We have only to look at page 1809 to see what marvels his kinsmen can fashion in gold.

Wide roads, such as are very seldom found in the East, make motoring through the delightful scenery very pleasant.

The natives, although rather small, are very graceful, strong and well-built people. They are a branch of the Malay race and are intelligent, kind and extremely polite. As the cultivated part of Java, which occupies more than one-third of the whole island, is covered with vast plantations of rice, coffee, sugar-cane, etc., the natives are nearly all agriculturists. They live in villages, or "kampongs" as they are called, and each village may contain from thirty to five hundred inhabitants, who live happily and peacefully tilling

the land. They are generally paid a small but sufficient wage by the Dutch. Even the little villages are very beautiful and are often surrounded by groves of palms, which sometimes quite hide the low, one-storey huts.

The houses are built of teak or bamboo, with thatched roofs, so that the native has nothing to fear from earthquakes, which in these volcanic regions are frequent. If his house gets shaken down he soon builds a new one. Very often each hut has a flower-garden in front of it, which adds considerably to its picturesque appearance. Sometimes there are Chinese coolies in the villages, too, but they live

THROUGH TROPIC FAIRYLANDS

apart by themselves. The beat of a drum marks the passing hours, or warns the folk in case of an alarm.

The house of the better class native is made up of three separate structures which are often joined by corridors. There is the "oman," which contains the quarters of the family; then comes the "pandopo," where guests are received; and lastly the "pringitan," in which are the guests' sleeping quarters. These houses have no windows and no chimneys, but this does not really inconvenience the owners, as the Javanese pass a great deal of their time outdoors.

The poorer people live in huts made of bamboo, wood and rushes, bound together with rattans. In western Java the floor is built some distance above the ground, so that cattle can be stabled underneath.

One of the best characteristics of the Javanese is his extreme affection for his family, which is generally a very large one. The children have a very happy time, as their fathers and mothers make much of them and seldom correct or punish them. Little boys, with only a necklace for clothing, drive the tame buffaloes to their daily mud bath, or hunt for crickets, which they train to fight, in imitation of their father's highly-prized fighting cocks.

The Javanese marry at a very early age, but only members of the rich or the upper classes have more than one wife. A wedding, as amongst most simple peoples, is an excuse for holding a feast, nearly everyone in the village giving some small gift of food. The dancing, feasting and merry-making sometimes continue for several days, or even longer



BEAUTIFUL HANDICRAFT WE HAVE LEARNED FROM THE JAVANESE

In artistic production the women of Java are the equals of the men. They weave the cloth to make their "sarongs," and then dye it in a manner all their own by a slow hand process requiring infinite patience. The results are so beautiful that in recent years this method of dyeing, called "batik" work, has been introduced into Britain.



MADURESE WOMEN WHO HAVE COME TO JAVA TO WORK IN A COFFEE WAREHOUSE

Little Madura, Island, off the north-east coast of Java, is not very productive, but its inhabitants are very hard workers. They go over to Java to help in the plantations and to sort the coffee berries. The fruit of the coffee tree is rather like a cherry, so that is what it is called. But inside it there is not one stone, but two seeds—coffee "beans." The "cherry" growing at the tip of a twig sometimes has only one seed, which is then round, and so is called a "peaberry." These Madurese coolies are sorting the beans, examining each one separately.



COCOA BEANS SPREAD ON BAMBOO TRESTLES SOON DRY IN THE RAYS OF TROPICAL JAVA'S SUN

In the district of south-west Java known as the Preanger Regency we may see many a scene like this—gaily-dressed coolies turning the rubber, coffee, tobacco and cocoa, to name but a few, are among the products of the "Garden of the East," but though so much land is cultivated, there is much unexplored forest in the interior.



TO HARVEST THE RICE, THEIR CHIEF FOOD, OLD AND YOUNG SPEND LONG DAYS IN THE PADDY FIELDS

Growing rice in Java, where it is summer all the year round, is very sown; in another the paddy stands half grown, and in yet a fourth different from growing corn in temperate lands. Ploughing and oxen wade knee-deep in watery mud, drawing queer, wooden ploughs. sowing and reaping have not each its season, but are done at any Then every field yields not one crop, but two or even three, so that a time of the year. One field is being harvested while the next is being family in possession of wide paddy fields must needs be hardworking.



NEARING THE END OF THEIR WORK: COOLIES CARRYING THE DAY'S YIELD OF RUBBER TO THE FACTORY
 Rubber trees are grown in Java as in Malaya, and the precious latex, the milky sap of the trees, is obtained in the way that we see employed in page 1057. The Javanese, however, do not import Indian coolies to do the work as do the lazy Malays, for although they are of the same race, they are busy, industrious little people. This procession wending its way among the young trees is bringing to the factory brimming pails of latex. The women carry them upon their heads, but the men hang one at either end of a pole across their shoulders.

THROUGH TROPIC FAIRYLANDS

The chief food of the Javanese is rice, the cultivation of which is a laborious undertaking, though the climatic conditions are very favourable. The people often work all day knee-deep in mud, which gives off evil gases and is the home of fierce insects. When they gather the harvest they are forced to work for days in a stooping position, cutting off the ears by hand one by one, such an implement as a scythe being unknown.

Tigers as Friends and Enemies

The Javanese love hunting and fishing. Sometimes a hunter may be so fortunate as to kill a tiger, for which he will receive a government bounty. He may sell the skin, but first of all he will pull out the teeth; claws and whiskers, which are considered to be very powerful aids against evil spirits.

Some tigers may not be killed, because the people believe them to be powerful friends who watch over their interests and frighten away other tigers. They think that the spirit of an ancestor is in such a tiger. Wild pigs and deer are often to be seen; reptiles, including crocodiles, infest the dark swamps; and edible fishes swarm in the rivers and coastal waters. With these sources of food at their disposal, the Javanese need not work very hard to obtain a living, although the Dutch are gradually teaching them to obtain the best from their land.

A Race of Spendthrifts

They cling to their old, slow methods of agriculture, and the Dutch do not mind them doing so, as it gives work to everyone and keeps them happily employed. The Javanese never save any money, for they squander it on festivals and feasts, which they hold at every opportunity.

They are Mahomedans, but they still observe some of the old Hindu rites. The women and children are especially devout, and frequently go to the temples to pray and to take offerings to the priests.

Batavia is by far the most important town in the East Indies and is situated in one of the biggest sugar, rice and rubber

producing centres of the world. The city is quite modern; there are excellent railways running hence to all parts of the island, and a telegraph system has been in use since 1858. Native police direct the passage of motor cars, and there are many excellent schools where the wonderfully polite children are educated by European and native teachers.

Before the glittering harbour of Batavia is reached, we can smell the almost overpowering scent of spices that is wafted from the island. A train takes us from the harbour to the best part of the town, where there are good hotels, telephones and other European comforts. Fine houses and offices, built in the Dutch style, are to be seen. There are well laid out squares and gardens, and wide roads where Europeans in white, and Chinese, Malays and Javanese, in their coloured clothes, are to be seen.

How the Javanese Dress

Many of the Javanese women living in the larger towns wear European clothes; so do some of the men. The usual garment of the women, however, is the sarong—a wide piece of cloth fastened under the armpits and reaching nearly to the ground. When in public they also wear a short coat, with a scarf draped over the shoulders or tied round the waist. The women fasten their hair in a tight knot with pins; the men wear a little turban. Rings and bracelets are worn by men and women, and the children frequently have anklets. The native costumes make the streets of Batavia scenes of colourful animation.

The old Dutch buildings, some of which were built in the seventeenth century, are well worth seeing. The city church is over two hundred years old, and has a fine pulpit and carvings. The imposing town-hall dates from 1710. By the Tiger Canal is the Chinese quarter, where live some thirty thousand Chinese—shopkeepers, hawkers and labourers—and here the buildings and bazaars are Chinese. Gaudy joss houses, or temples, with their idols, make quite a different scene.



THIS YOUNG DANCER, a member of the theatrical troupe of some native chieftain of Bali Island, is sumptuously clad. Collar, belt, armlets, rings, earrings and wonderful head-dress are of beaten gold, richly jewelled. The rest of her costume is of heavy, brocaded silks. Around her neck she wears a chain hung with English sovereigns, favourite articles of adornment in the East Indies. Most of the native rulers of these islands keep their dancers and actors, sometimes all the performers are members of the royal family.



Smithsonian Institute

WINDOWLESS DWELLING OF THE HEADMAN OF A PAGET VILLAGE

South Paget, or Nassau, Island is the most southerly of an archipelago that lies off the south-west coast of Sumatra. The people who dwell here are very primitive and are believed to be not Malays, but descendants of aboriginal Polynesians. The jungle lies at the very doors of this pile-supported dwelling. A causeway leads to the door.

After Batavia, Semarang and Surabaya are the chief towns. Surabaya is linked up east and west by good railways, and is the headquarters of the military authorities. Here are the old, half-ruined fortifications which were built years ago by the Dutch.

In the centre of Java are two strange states which are called Jokja and Solo—short for Jokjokarta and Soerakarta. These are governed by a sultan and king respectively, and the old medieval forms of courtesy and court etiquette are still practised as they were hundreds of years ago. Time seems to have stood still here. The court nobles still wear their gorgeous uniforms and state trappings, and the palaces and buildings look like those described in fairy tales.

Although the king and sultan still reign, they themselves have to obey the Dutch officials and are rulers more in name than in reality.

At Jokja there are over a thousand temples, and strangely carved ruins add to the general picturesqueness. Here the chief industry is the weaving and dyeing of the beautiful cloth that is famous in

Java. The cloth is woven without a loom and the wonderful patterns are made very tediously by dyeing the cloth after the patterns have been covered with a wax that keeps out the dye. The work is known as batik.

At Boro Budur, in the centre of the island, are marvellous ruins dating back to the ninth century. They are relics of an ancient Hindu-Buddhist civilization that existed before the Arabs swept through the land in the fifteenth century. The ruins cover a small hill and are pyramidal in shape, mounting up the hillside in a series of terraces. There are five terraces and on them are the marvellous carvings that have made Boro Budur so famous. It has been estimated that there are three miles of carvings. The building of the temple must have been an even more stupendous task than the erection of the Great Pyramid in Egypt.

To the east of Java is a chain of islands, of which each one is beautiful and possesses strange and wonderful scenery. The largest and most important is the volcanic island of Bali, which is peopled by natives similar to those of Java, but



HOMES OF A FIERCE MAHOMEDAN PEOPLE OF NORTH SUMATRA

The Achinese, who built these tall houses of two storeys, are yet another tribe dwelling in the huge island of Sumatra. They are Malays with a considerable admixture of Arab blood. Now Arabs are, above all, fighting men, so it is not surprising to learn that the Achinese give far more trouble to their Dutch suzerains than do the Javanese.



Keystone View Co.

MARVELLOUS CRAFTSMANSHIP OF A SUMATRAN CANNIBAL TRIBE

The Bataks, or Battas, of north-central Sumatra are neither Malays nor Polynesians; they are Indonesians. Their life is a curious mixture of savagery and culture, for though they can fashion a dwelling as wonderful as this, though they are metal-workers and agriculturalists and can even read and write, yet many are still cannibals.



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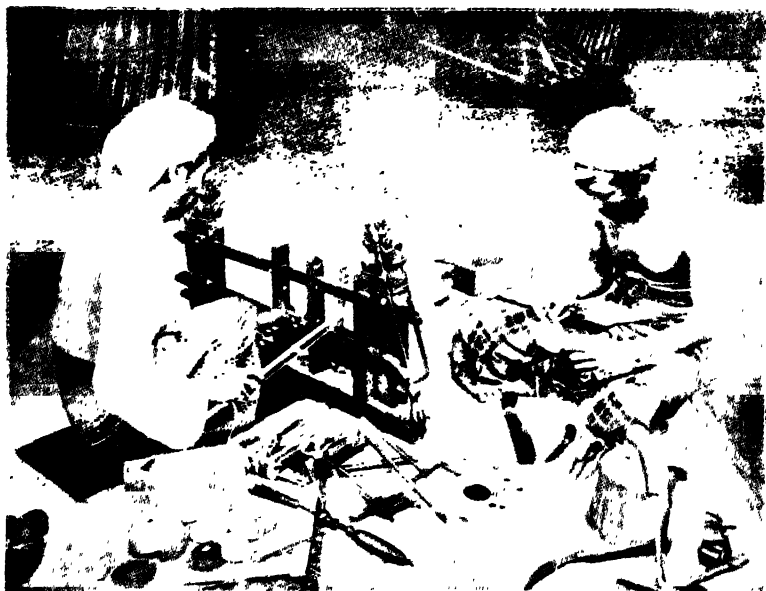
A. YOUNG BALINESE WOMAN is usually very attractive, with her shapely figure, clear, golden skin, black hair and round comely face. When she is a member of a royal family these attractions are enhanced by jewelled combs and earrings and clothes of silk brocade. Like a Chinese aristocrat, she does not cut the nails of her left hand.



A CONSIDERABLE PERSONAGE on Bali, a little island to the east of Java, this chieftain shows his knowledge of that fact in the pride of his bearing. Clothes and hangings denote wealth as well as rank. Over his right shoulder we can see the jewelled hilt of his kris, a Malayan dagger, that he wears in the back of his sash.



A BUGI CHILD OF BUTON ISLAND HAS NO CLOTHES TO SOIL OR TEAR
The Bugis of south Celebes and the islands nearby are among the best of the Malay peoples, being peace-loving traders and seamen with a high reputation for honesty. They are Mahomedans, but, like other East Indians, are not very strict ones. The women go about unveiled, but usually clothe themselves more completely than their husbands and sons.



KURUPJAN

CRAFTSMEN TURNING WOOD IN AN OPEN-AIR JAVANESE WORKSHOP

These busy workmen are making wooden knobs and handles like the one in the centre foreground. The man at the wooden lathe holds in his right hand a bow, the string of which is twisted round a piece of wood. By drawing the bow backwards and forwards, he makes the wood revolve, and he shapes one end with the tool in his left hand.

bigger and stronger, and also more primitive. Here the natives, who are Hindus, not Mahomedans, are more religious, especially the women and children, who spend a great deal of their time praying and making offerings of spice, scent and flowers at the little temple courts which are to be seen all over the island.

It is a wonderful sight to see the stately women, in their bright clothes, going to the temple with baskets of flowers balanced on their heads. Everything is peaceful and quiet; the men and women walk slowly and calmly, the latter generally carrying the burdens while the men, in elaborate clothes and with flowers in their hair, bear only their fighting-cocks against their chests or in ornate gold cages.

The villages of Bali, unlike those of Java, are enclosed by long, low mud walls, inside which the children play happily all day long. In the south are beautiful rice fields which rise up the hillsides in terraces. These terraces are very beautiful

in Java, but in Bali they are even more wonderful. Among the most interesting sights to be seen in the island are the graceful dances performed by the young girls. The dancers are dressed like little goddesses and go through many elaborate poses and steps, probably depicting the story of some Hindu god, before large audiences.

Bali is separated by quite a narrow but very deep channel from the neighbouring island of Lombok, yet the animal and vegetable life of the two islands is entirely different. The wild life of Bali is like that of Asia, but Lombok, with its marsupials and white cockatoos, is like Australia. It really seems that the narrow channel between these two islands definitely divides one continent from the other.

Three times as large as Java and thirteen times the size of the Netherlands is the island of Sumatra, but as it is composed largely of unexplored jungles and



BRILLIANT COLOURS delight the village folk of Bali as much as they please the people of high caste. In Java, which is separated from Bali by only a narrow strait, "caste" is not considered, but then the Javanese are Mahomedans. The people of Bali have retained the older religion of the Hindus, and so "caste" is to them of great importance.

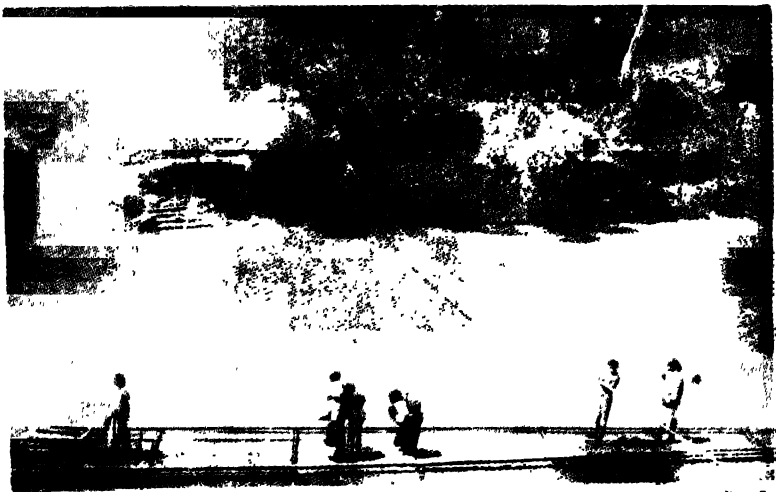


THIS JAVANESE COUPLE comes from the east end of the island and is typical of the East Indian branch of the Malay race, an amiable, agricultural people, unlike the indolent natives of Malaya in their capacity for hard work. The woman wears the native "sarong" and a sash; the man has also a jacket and a strip of cloth worn turbanwise.



A PIECE OF SUMATRAN WILDERNESS SOON TO BE TAMED

Sumatra, the fourth largest island in the world, is by no means so well developed as Java, and its mountain slopes and coastal plains are still covered with impenetrable, primeval forests. It has great possibilities, however, and in time will probably yield as much wealth as Java. This tangle of tree and shrub, for instance, will soon be a tobacco estate.



Peterffy

JAVANESE INGENUITY INVENTED THIS BAMBOO FERRY BOAT

Java's many rivers are too shallow to be of much use for navigation, but some of them are wide and there are few bridges. So two ropes of twisted cane are slung across from shore to shore, and by hauling upon these a couple of men soon draw their bamboo raft across the stream. The Spanish ferry boat in page 830 is worked the same way.



WONDERFUL STONE CARVINGS OF AN OLD HINDU TEMPLE

Not far from Buleleng, chief town of Bali Island, we shall find this magnificently carved Hindu temple, which was built many years ago. At Boro Budur in Java, which was once a Hindu-Buddhist island, an amazing temple, centuries old, has been discovered; it is a more stupendous piece of work than even the Great Pyramid of Egypt.



A SULTAN OF THE EAST is expected to dress gorgeously and travel with pomp, but the native sultan of Goa, or Gowa, on the island of Celebes, is content with semi-European clothes and a retinue of three. One of his bodyguard shelters him beneath the "pyong," or state umbrella, another, in a rather nautical uniform, protects him with a drawn sword.



THE UNGAINLY CARABAO, or water buffalo, is the chief domestic animal of the Dutch East Indies, as it is of the Philippines. This one, snatching a mouthful of grass from the roadside as it goes, carries the son of its master upon its back. Its master carries the plough—a very curious plough indeed, quaintly carved and painted.



HOW JUSTICE IS ADMINISTERED IN JOKJOKARTA, A CURIOUS NATIVE SULTANATE OF SOUTHERN JAVA
The Sultan of Jokjokarta dwells in great pomp in a wonderful palace, not much power even over the million souls who dwell in the fifty-six or "kraton," reached by underground passages. He is held in great square miles of his domain, because he is under the guidance of a veneration by his subjects, and wherever he goes or whatever he does Dutch resident. The courts of justice are presided over chiefly by is attended with the most elaborate ceremonial. Nevertheless, he has natives, but, as we see here, white men sometimes supervise them.



Keystone View Co.

MEN OF JOKJOKARTA ARRAYED IN THEIR HOLIDAY CLOTHES

The best clothes of these men, probably officials of the sultan's court, are indeed queer, consisting of gay, draped sarongs short enough to show embroidered breeches, dark coats which are pulled aside to display white shirts, and strange, pointed hats. The average Javanese loves to wear uniform because it gives him a feeling of importance.

swamps, it is not nearly so important. A huge range of mountains called the Barisans runs down its entire length like a spine. Although there are many rivers, they are too small or too rapid to be of any use. Huge lakes and swamps, containing crocodiles and crabs; dangerous and unexplored jungles, inhabited by tigers and other wild animals and savages, all combine to make Sumatra a fascinating and mysterious land.

The climate is very similar to that of Java, but perhaps a little hotter. The inhabitants, the Achinese as they are called, are not very like the Javanese in nature; they are violent, fierce, cruel and quick to revenge an insult, while the Javanese are an amiable and polite people. The Achinese work much better than the Javanese, but they give the Dutch a great deal of trouble and have never really been subdued. They are Mahomedans, but much stricter ones than the Javanese, this being due to their Arab blood. Some of them

make the long journey to Mecca and on their return they are greatly honoured by their relatives and friends.

Like the Javanese, the Achinese have no idea of the value of money and squander their earnings on gambling, cock-fighting and other amusements. They are also addicted to the smoking of hemp, a deadly drug which sometimes produces madness; then the smoker seizes a native sword and runs "amok," killing anyone in his path. When this happens, the frightened people shut themselves up in their houses, while the braver men hunt down the madman.

Padang, the capital, is the chief town. Here we may see the results of European occupation, though most of the island is still undeveloped. Medan is a new town, with cool, white buildings, and is surrounded by plantations where the natives and Chinese coolies work under the direction of Dutch overseers.

The rubber plantations are very interesting. The rubber is procured from a



AN AIR OF REFINEMENT is one of the most notable characteristics of the cultured Javanese, and is, perhaps, especially well marked in the women. Their culture is not of new growth. When, about 1475, Mahomedanism became the religion of Java and ultimately of all the other East Indian islands except Bali and Lombok, it superseded a Hindu-Buddhist culture of unknown antiquity. That the old civilization was higher than the one that followed is proved by the amazing ruins of long-forgotten temples, tombs and cities that lie buried in the jungle.

THROUGH TROPIC FAIRYLANDS

beautiful tree, with strong, shiny leaves, and the trees stand in rows in gloomy forests where the sun can hardly penetrate. When the latex, or sap, is rising the trunks are notched, and cups are hung round the trunks in order to catch the thick, milky juice that oozes out. This is poured into cans and taken away to be prepared.

South of Achin, the northern part of Sumatra, live other Malay tribes, such as the Bataks, Korinchis, Jambis and many others. The Bataks are a race apart and are despised by the Mahomedans, especially the Javanese, for they worship the souls of their ancestors. Their priests and priestesses dance with snakes and practise witchcraft.

The Bataks have the reputation of being cannibals, and until quite recently they sold human flesh in the market-places. This has gradually been stopped, partly by the missionaries of various nations. Some of these unfortunate people are lepers and are confined to their own compounds and villages, never being allowed to pass beyond a certain boundary. These poor people live in a far better way than do the healthy Bataks, who are often very dirty. The lepers wash their clothes frequently, and all rubbish is burnt.

Many Families but One Fire

The houses of the Bataks are rather curious, being built on poles, with high roofs, and sometimes having carved snakes over them to guard the owners. Little wooden staircases serve as entrances to the houses. The buildings are quite big, and often as many as eight families live together. One fire, which is never allowed to go out, is used for cooking by all of them, but each family has its own room.

The men and women wear cloth dyed with the indigo plant, and their fingers are always stained with this dye. Dogs and pigs run about in the village and act as scavengers. The pigs especially show that the people are not Mahomedans, as these animals are considered unclean by the members of that religion. Here, as in Java and other parts of Sumatra, the people are fond of dancing and give

numerous displays. Nearly all the Bataks, as well as most of the other peoples of Sumatra, are farmers. The harrowing and ploughing are done by buffaloes, who seem to understand the work. They pull the harrow between the young rice plants and never trample one underfoot.

Island Shaped Like a Starfish

Little bamboo houses on poles may be seen under a palm or a banana grove near the fields. From these shelters lines, to which black tassels or bits of tin are attached, are stretched over the fields. The children manipulate the lines from the little look-out huts, and so keep the beautiful but destructive paddy-bird away from their father's rice fields.

One of the four large Sunda Islands is Celebes, which is separated from the island of Borneo by the famous Strait of Macassar. Its outline is irregular and it looks something like a starfish with the arm torn off the side that corresponds to the west coast of the island.

Here, perhaps, the scenery of the East Indies is to be seen at its best. Gorges and precipices frequently occur in the south, and, when the walls of these project, a wonderful mass of vegetation, starred with gorgeous flowers, hangs down like a natural curtain. Most of the country is covered by almost impenetrable forests, which we can only cross by the hardly-noticeable paths leading to tiny villages.

Animals Peculiar to Celebes

A curious feature about Celebes is that it possesses animals and birds which are not found on any of the other islands, although it has not nearly so many species as have Java and Sumatra. Only one hundred and sixty kinds of birds are found, but ninety of these do not exist anywhere else in the East Indies. The different kinds of animals are not numerous, but they also are peculiar to the island, and this feature of Celebes even extends to its butterflies, several varieties being confined to the island.

Round the coast the natives dive for pearls and catch turtles for a living, but



↑THEIR TRAILING SARONGS of silk show that these two young people of Bali are of high caste—that they are the aristocrats of their island. They live a somewhat idle and very luxurious life in their richly decorated dwelling, waited upon by large retinues. The Balinese are of the same race as the Javanese, but are of finer physique and taller.



ON THE ISLAND OF BALI most of the cultivable land is planted with rice. By the roadsides stand paddy-holders in which the grain is stored, they are made of painted wood and thatch and stand on beautifully carven pedestals of basalt. The woman is carrying rice in the curiously-shaped basket that she bears upon her head.



SEMI-DETACHED NATIVE DWELLINGS ON THE FRINGE
Macassar, the chief town of the Celebes and one of the principal
settlements in the East Indies, is spotlessly clean—as we might expect
of a Dutch town—not only in the European quarter round the harbour,
but also in the native quarter further inland. The bamboo houses are

OF THE ORDERLY TOWN OF MACASSAR IN CELEBES
neatly built and well thatched, and before each is a trim compound
shaded by trees. However, as in the rainy season strong winds blow
continuously from the west, it is not uncommon in south Celebes to
find a native-built village in which not one house stands up straight.



FISHERMAN OF CERAM SHOWS US HOW HE USES HIS WEAPON WHEN GLIDING OVER THE TROPIC SEA
 In the village of Teluti, on the south coast of the island of Ceram, the people live almost entirely on sago, the produce of a palm tree, and like the one from neighbouring New Guinea, shown in page 903. In deeper water, when the sea is calm, they fish with bows and arrows. This man is just showing us how he stands when aiming at his prey.



IN THE PADDY FIELDS there is always work to be done—ploughing, sowing, planting out and reaping. This Javanese woman has come to that last stage in the year's work, but her labour is more exacting than the harvesting of more civilized people, for she cuts every stem separately with her knife. Now she is carrying the sheaves home for storage.



BY AN OLD TEMPLE, time-worn and overgrown, two men of Bali talk together, but not as equal to equal, for he of the trailing sarong is of high caste, the other of low. Bali and its neighbour Lombok are alike in many ways, but their animal life is totally different--that of the former being Asian, that of the latter Australasian.



STRANGE PRODUCT OF A BATAVIAN FACTORY

This little Madurese coohe is carrying a basket of kapok fibre from the drying ground to the packing shed. The soft white fluff is obtained from the seeds of the tall kapok tree, and is used to stuff pillows and cushions.

the products which come from the forests are the most important. The three principal Malayan tribes are the Macassars, the Mandars and the Bugis. The Macassars are fine men, well-built and very strong, and they love all forms of sport, such as running, wrestling and hunting.

Mahomedanism is supposed to be their religion, but they are really pagans, worshipping certain animals and a god of health. The Dutch are trying to teach them to work, but they do not take to the idea very kindly, as a very little farming enables them to live quite comfortably. The

women make beautiful cotton cloth for their sarongs, but it is very slow, hard work, as they use such ancient methods of weaving. Like the people of Sumatra and Java, they build huts and houses of wood, but as they do not understand how to strengthen the walls with struts, their homes sometimes collapse.

The Bugis, who live in the south of the island, are mostly peaceful traders and sailors, and have earned for themselves a reputation for great honesty. Like the Macassars, they are thought to have a little negroid blood in their veins.

To the east of Celebes is that archipelago known as the Moluccas, which contains several large islands; one of them, Buru, is 3,400 square miles in area. There are Malay settlements around the coast of Buru, but the interior, which is largely dense forest, is peopled by strange tribes, which, though they are possibly of Papuan origin, are different from the Papuans in many ways. They are a yellowish-brown in colour, of slight build and usually below medium height. They live in scattered communities and are almost untouched by civilization.

Ceram, to the east of Buru, is a larger and more densely populated island, with Malay tribes on the coast and savage head-hunters further inland.

We shall leave the Dutch East Indies with reluctance. Europeans who have dwelt there never forget the dignified inhabitants, with their fine faces which still bear the signs of the ancient culture that was theirs hundreds of years before the Arab or European conquests. Neither can they ever forget the beauty of the islands, which are lovely beyond the description of words or even pictures.

In Three New Republics

BALTIC LANDS OF ESTHONIA, LATVIA AND LITHUANIA

On the eastern shore of the Baltic Sea there are four republics which, until after the Great War, were just provinces of Russia. The largest of them, Finland, we deal with elsewhere, but we shall read of the other three in this chapter. Like the Poles, the Esthonians, the Letts and the Lithuanians retained an ideal of patriotic independence during the many weary years of Russian dominance; and now that they have at last realized that ideal they are determined that, come what may, they will remain free. Life is not easy in these countries—the winters are very long and cold, means of communication are poor, floods are frequent and everyone must work hard to gather a harvest during the short summer. But the people are, in character, well suited to these conditions—they are simple, honest, self-respecting and hard-working peasant folk.

[ANY, many hundreds of years ago strange tribes, wandering from the heart of Asia, came to Europe. Some of them settled in Hungary, some on the eastern borders of the Baltic Sea. One group spoke one language and one another, but both of their languages were so different from any of the European ones that none of the other races could understand them. Their customs were different too, and the people were very stern and very fierce, showing no mercy to their enemies. The tribes who came to the borders of the Baltic Sea settled down. They built cities and flourished. At first they worshipped the sun and fire, but in time they became Christians and grew to be strong nations. Then their enemies overcame them, and finally the Russians declared that they all belonged to them.

Most of the country was then ruled, under the Russians, by German barons, who, from their castles, kept the people as their serfs and made them almost slaves. Even when Russia declared that all serfs were free, the Germans managed to keep them in subjection, by teaching them in school and church that the barons must be obeyed. The Germans also owned most of the land, and in the cities the leading people were rich German tradesmen.

Breaking the Russian Yoke

Thus these unfortunate people—the Lithuanians, the Latvians and the Esthonians—were very unhappy. They rebelled, but the Russian armies were too strong and put down each rebellion very severely, sending some of the people

into exile in Siberia and putting many more to death.

Then came the Great War. The German armies attacked the Baltic provinces and there was much fighting, in the course of which most of the castles and vast estates of the old barons were destroyed and many of the cities and villages burnt. Towards the end of the war the peasants obtained arms and started to fight for their freedom. They expelled the German barons and took their lands for themselves. They drove out the Russians and, in 1918, declared that, from henceforth, they were three independent countries—Latvia, Lithuania and Esthonia.

Children Who Speak Several Languages

During the long period that they were under Russian rule, they had not been allowed to learn their own languages in the schools, and could only use them in their homes. But, naturally, when they freed themselves from Russia, each of the three countries revived its mother tongue. Their languages are, however, so difficult for foreigners to learn that nearly all of the people in the towns have to know other languages. A boy or girl in Riga learns to speak not only Latvian, but English or German and, perhaps, Russian as well. The people still hate the Germans for the way the old barons treated them in the past, and they would always rather speak English than German.

These three states lie together on the south-east coast of the Baltic Esthonia being the northernmost and



OLD-TIME COSTUMES of the Letts are very rarely to be seen, save in the districts remote from the influence of the towns. A loose cloak, secured by a large, round metal brooch, is one of the most distinctive features of the national dress. The ornamentation varies according to the taste of the wearer and also to the district.



Rihis & Zahai

THE WOMEN OF RUCAVA are especially noted, in Latvia, for their needlework. In this photograph we can see some of the beautiful embroideries and homespun cloths that they produce. The peasant women lead a very hard life, for they start to work at the age of seven, and when they are fifteen they are supposed to be "grown-up."



LATVIAN GOVT.

BRINGING FUEL FOR THE WINTER INTO A VILLAGE OF THE REPUBLIC OF LATVIA

Latvia, on the whole, is a flat country and in some parts resembles the rolling prairies of North America. There are, however, many vast forests, from which the Letts, as the people of Latvia are called, obtain timber for their houses and supplies of fuel. In the country districts nearly all the buildings are of wood, though here and there houses of brick are to be seen. Large areas of Latvia were devastated during the Great War and many villages have had to be rebuilt, which has hampered the development of this young state.



LATVIAN GOLF.

LATVIAN PEASANTS BUYING CHEESES FOR THE FESTIVAL OF S. JOHN'S DAY

S. John's Day, June 24th, is a great festival which is observed all over Latvia. The farmers' wives make large quantities of these flat, round cheeses, which are sold on the day preceding the festival. The merry-making begins after dusk and there is much singing and dancing, which continues until early the next morning. Latvia has long been noted for its dairy farms, and was called at one time the "Denmark of Russia," in allusion to its excellent products. Formerly the country was one of the most fertile provinces in the Russian Empire.



WOMEN OF OESEL ISLAND spend much of their time spinning the wool which, later, will be made into warm garments. The winters in Esthonia are extremely severe, so that thick clothing is very necessary. The peasant women are also skilful at embroidery. Both the men and the women are very energetic and seem hardly ever to be idle.



ESTHONIAN WOMEN are not very fond of fine clothes, and few gay costumes are to be seen. The very simplicity of the dresses of these girls is in itself attractive, and enables them to display their silver trinkets to the best advantage. As the people of Esthonia are related to the Magyars of Hungary, it is strange that they do not wear bright clothes.

Esthonian Location

IN THREE NEW REPUBLICS



YOUNG WORKER IN A YOUNG STATE

When Latvia was part of the Russian Empire, education was poor, but now there are many schools all over the country and children must attend till they are sixteen. So the younger generation of workers is well educated.

Lithuania the southernmost, with Latvia lying between them. On the north, Estonia is separated from the kindred republic of Finland by the gulf of that name; Russia and Poland bound the three states on the east, and East Prussia is Lithuania's neighbour on the south. The total population of the three is less than five million—that is about two-thirds that of London. Most of the people are either peasant farmers, fishermen or workers in wood.

Much of the land is covered with forests, and the trees are a great source of wealth, for British timber merchants buy them to send the timber across to England. But the woods are also a source of danger in the long cold winters. Every child has been told stories of the wolves that lurk there and of the strange animals hidden in their darkness. The wolves very rarely attack people until hunger makes them desperate, but at night time they creep down the village streets, killing and eating chickens and any small animals they find. Fathers and mothers tell their children that in winter they must never go out alone after dark or the wolves may come and eat them.

The people keep their rooms warm during the long winter by means of big stoves that reach from floor to ceiling. A little wood is put in the stove and allowed to burn. Then, while the ashes are still hot and red, the stove door is closed. The burning wood and hot ashes radiate their heat, and thus one armful of wood keeps a room warm for a day and a night. The Baltic people do not need to put coal on the fire every half hour or so, as we do.

In the winter the water in the Gulf of Finland and the Baltic Sea sometimes freezes, not absolutely solid, but enough to make it impossible to cross it by boat and not enough to make it passable by sleigh. At some ports, such as Reval, a channel is kept open by ice-breakers, so that ships may go in and out during the winter. In the old days the frozen seas caused great hardships, because a man who wanted to go from Reval to Helsingfors, in Finland, about forty miles away across the gulf, would have to travel round by land, the journey taking



LATVIAN GOVT

LETTS WEARING WREATHS OF OAK LEAVES ON S. JOHN'S DAY
"Ligo," as the Letts term S. John's Day, is one of the principal holidays in Latvia, and the peasants gather masses of foliage to decorate themselves and their homes. They like to use oak leaves for this purpose if they can. The festival is really a relic of certain celebrations which were formerly held when the religion of the Letts was Nature worship.



HOW THE FORESTS ADD TO THE WEALTH OF LATVIA

About a quarter of the country is covered with forests, and in them are found certain kinds of pine from which pitch, tar and turpentine are obtained. Here we see a little factory in a forest where the timber is received after it has been cut. Agriculture, however, is the main occupation, and about half the population is engaged in it.

three or four days or even more. Now, however, there are aeroplanes flying over the ice every day, and he can travel across the frozen sea in thirty-five minutes.

Once, not so long ago, it was very dangerous and lonely for the crews when the ships were frozen in and could not move, for no one knew where they were. They could not send word to anyone, and sometimes they starved to death. Even when they had plenty of food, they had to wait for weeks doing nothing in the fearful cold. Now, when a ship is ice-bound, the crew send a wireless message, and so, if they are short of food, an aeroplane will come and bring some. The crew can also relieve the tedium of waiting by listening to the wireless concerts broadcast from different stations.

The Baltic sailors have always been renowned for their courage, and in olden times they were renowned also for something less creditable, for there were many pirates among them, who raided coast towns and attacked lonely ships. One

of the most terrible of these Baltic pirates was the last of them all—Baron Ungern Sternberg. He was the lord of an island, and from his house there he would, on winter nights, hang out false lights to lure passing ships on to the rocks, where they would be wrecked. Then he would kill their crews and seize their cargoes. His deeds were talked of all over the world. Even in the streets around the London docks notices were posted as a warning to sailors, saying, "Beware of Ungern Sternberg, the Sea Robber."

For a long time no one dared do anything to stop him, but at last he was seized, and when his house was examined vast quantities of goods that had been taken from lost ships were found under the floor. He was put in prison dressed as a peasant and brought to trial with chains around his hands and feet, for people feared that, even though he was a prisoner, he would be able to do something terrible. He was sent into exile in Siberia, and his name was struck off the roll of the nobility.

IN THREE NEW REPUBLICS

In the old days, when there were not many roads in the Baltic States and the peasants could not get easily from one place to another, they spent much of their time during the winter in carving beautiful furniture for their homes or in embroidering fine dresses and clothes. Pictures show the Baltic people of other days with finely embroidered shoes, the girls and women with embroidered white linen bodices, dark striped skirts and high hats of many colours, and the old men with high felt hats. The women and girls had to wear very short skirts in winter,

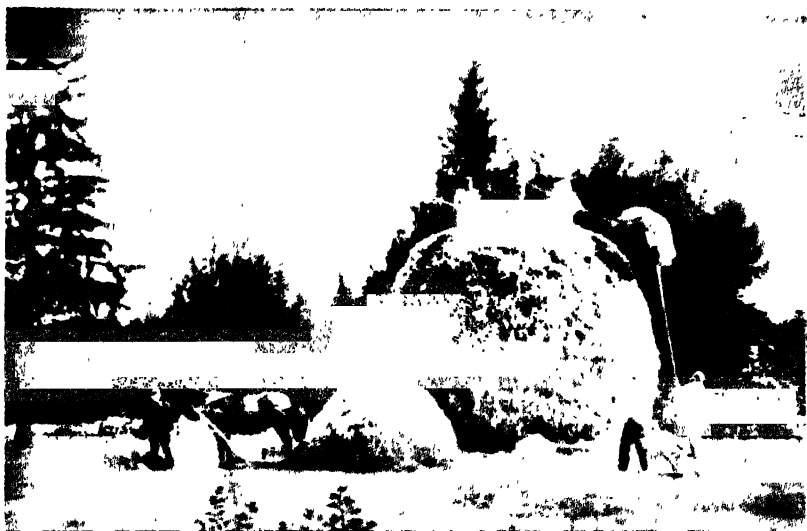
because the snow was so deep that they would not otherwise have been able to get along. Nowadays, however, most of these old costumes have gone, although in some remote villages we shall still see the striped skirts and bright bodices.

The villagers, even when they were the serfs of harsh masters, always tried to give their children a good education. Now that they are their own masters, the Baltic people mean to have their children as well educated as any in the world. Therefore in these three countries much money is spent on good schools



ESTHONIAN WOMEN WELL PROTECTED FROM THE BITING COLD.

In Esthonia the winter is long and very severe, being usually more trying than in either Latvia or Lithuania. To keep out the cold, the peasant women wear large sheepskin coats with the fleece inside, and thick boots. As in Latvia, wood is the chief fuel, and the sawing of the daily supply of logs is a long and tiring job.



WOMEN HELP THE MEN IN THE FIELDS OF ESTHONIA

In 1918 Esthonia became an independent republic, and in 1919 many of the large estates were divided among the peasants. On most of the large farms scientific methods are employed, and there are agricultural schools for training the young farmers. As we can see here, a curious sledge-like vehicle is used for carting the hay on some of the farms.



FARM LABOURERS EATING THEIR MIDDAY MEAL IN THE SHADE

Summer in Esthonia is a short but hot season, and the labourers are very glad of a rest in the middle of the day, for they must work from dawn till dusk. Agriculture is one of the most important industries, and rye, oats, barley, flax and potatoes are cultivated. Potatoes are grown so extensively in Esthonia that it has been called "The Potato Republic."



MEN LOADING A TRAIN WITH OIL-SHALE IN ESTHONIA

In the northern provinces of Esthonia there are quarries of shale from which oil can be obtained. The richest shale yields about sixty gallons of oil to the ton. The shale is used as substitute for coal in gas works, steamships and locomotives. There is very little coal or iron in Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, which hinders the development of industries.

and big universities, some of which, like the university of Dorpat, are many hundreds of years old.

Rye bread, or black bread, is the main food of the peasants; and even the wealthier people dwelling in the cities eat black bread as well as white. The peasants are fond of strong cheese, and in the old days were rather fond of strong drink; they like sweet things, too, and the housewives make many cakes covered with coloured sugar. Fish from the rivers, such as the Dwina, are another important article of diet, and are eaten both fresh and cured.

The long winter in the Baltic lands is so cold that even the poorest peasant must wear very warm clothes. Most of the country folk wear high boots, that are made of felt in preference to leather. These boots, which are the same as those used in Russia, are called "valenka." They are very cheap and, even in the coldest weather, keep the feet cosy and warm. They cannot, of course, be used when it is wet, for the water would soon soak through them. Those

who can afford to dress in furs; those who cannot do so have clothes padded with wool. In winter time the people get from place to place by means of horse sleighs, and a sleigh ride over the snow in the bright sunshine, with the bells tinkling from the harness, is a very pleasant experience.

Spring is sometimes a time of disaster, because, when the ice that covers the rivers begins to thaw, pieces float down stream and often get jammed together, forming dams across the rivers. Then the rivers overflow, sometimes flooding whole villages. To prevent these floods the ice-dams are often blown up with charges of dynamite, but then there is still the risk of the broken ice tearing down the river and perhaps sweeping away bridges and damaging buildings on the banks.

The city of Reval, which the Esthonians now call Tallinn, is the capital of Esthonia, and is one of the most picturesque places to be found anywhere. It was originally a large castle, one of the biggest in northern Europe, that was built upon a hill and surrounded by strong walls. The



THATCHED LITHUANIAN HOMESTEAD BUILT BY THE SIMPLE PEASANT OWNERS

The Lithuanian peasants are very clever with their hands and at all kinds of woodwork, and are even capable of building their own homes. The women of the household spin and weave the linen underclothing and woollen outer garments, and the men make beds, tables, chairs, benches and any other articles of furniture that are needed. It has been said that the Lithuanian rides on horseback into the forest and returns in a coach, which is a great tribute to his skill in woodwork.



ESTHONIAN FISHERMAN PLAYING UPON A STRANGE INSTRUMENT

The hardy fishermen of Esthonia are fond of the somewhat crude music produced by an instrument that might almost be a distant relative of the Scottish bagpipes. The Esthonians are a musical race and many of the small villages have musical societies, and operas and concerts are frequently to be heard in the larger towns.



IN THE WARM CORNER OF A LITHUANIAN PEASANT'S HOME

In the winter the family gathers round the large, brick stove on the top of which they sleep at night, instead of upon the rough bed made of planks. Baby's cradle is suspended from the ceiling and can be gently swung from side to side. By the stove is a pot of potatoes from which the household feeds.

IN THREE NEW REPUBLICS

castle still stands and much of the walls remains. Just below them come ancient narrow streets and very beautiful old churches and public buildings, with lofty, narrow steeples and round towers. Around the market-place are quaint houses, with thick walls, arched entrances and high-walled courtyards. When staying in Reval we can easily imagine that time has not moved at all for four hundred years.

Two Splendid Capitals

Reval has had need of its castle and strong walls, for there has probably been as much fighting around this city as anywhere else in Europe. For hundreds of years different armies have fought for it and tried to capture it. Even as recently as the end of 1924, the citizens awoke one morning to hear rifle fire and bombs exploding, and to learn that the Communists were trying to capture Reval again for Russia. The Esthonians think that some day fresh efforts will be made to conquer them, and so every Sunday we may see the young men and the boys and girls on parade, marching and drilling, and making ready to defend their country.

Riga, the capital of Latvia, is the biggest city of the Baltic States and is very modern and beautiful. It has an old quarter, with narrow streets and round towers, but a vast new city was built by the Russians and the Germans, with beautiful houses, fine parks, modern factories and public gardens. Twenty years ago Riga was decorated with beautiful statues of the Russian Tsars, but these have all been removed, and even the spot in the centre of the city where stood the statue of Peter the Great is now empty.

A City that has Shrunk

The city is very proud of its beautiful schools and of its fine museums and picture galleries, of its opera house and its harbour, but it is not nearly so big as it was in the days before the Great War. When the Russian Grand Duke Nicholas had to leave it, after a long and fierce German siege, many of the people left too,

and they carried away all the machinery and metalwork that could be moved. Many of the factories thus despoiled have not yet been re-opened.

Riga is a very cheerful place. In winter the skating rinks in the middle of the city are always crowded. Crowds of well-dressed people fill the fine cafés from noon until evening, and there are many amusements, both in the open air and indoors. In the old days, Riga was one of Russia's principal doorways to the world. It is still a big centre for Russian trade, and in the shops we shall find all kinds of Russian goods that we can seldom get elsewhere—big cans of caviare, the roe of the sturgeon, which all Russians consider the finest of delicacies, honey cakes, Russian fish and Russian sweets.

Every Man must be a Soldier

Kovno, the capital of Lithuania, is different from either Riga or Reval. It is not very interesting to look at or to visit, being very like a much-enlarged country town, with simple shops and not very comfortable hotels. Few foreign visitors go there. The Lithuanians are simple, peasant people and their capital is like themselves. They say that the old city of Vilna ought to belong to them, for it used to be their capital. It belongs to Poland now, but the Lithuanians tell us that some day they mean to have it back again.

In these countries every young man must be a soldier for a time. The boys in the schools are trained to be strong and ready, and even the girls learn how they may help the men if their countries go to war again. For a long time no one in Latvia was allowed to have even a wireless apparatus, lest some day he might use it to help Latvia's enemies.

Latvia, Lithuania and Esthonia say that though they are small and have not many inhabitants, they mean to become very much stronger. They are working very hard to grow larger crops in their fields, to have more cattle, to save money and to make their new countries both strong and prosperous.

The Land of the Morning Calm

KOREA, ONE OF THE WORLD'S OLDEST KINGDOMS

The Koreans claim for their land a history extending over a period of four thousand two hundred years, and it certainly covers three thousand. They were once a very cultured race and used movable type in their printing two hundred years before Gutenberg's invention. Many Koreans settled in Japan, where in some districts certain Korean habits are still practised, and the Japanese Imperial family can trace Korean ancestry. Korea, or "Chosen," as it is called by the Japanese, was the last coast-land in the world to endeavour to exclude all foreigners, but it was annexed in 1910. In this chapter we shall read of the ancient and still surviving customs of one of the most interesting peoples in the world, whom modern civilization has as yet hardly touched.

ALTHOUGH we give the name of Korea to the peninsula that extends southwards from Manchuria, the inhabitants have another name for it. They call it "Chosen," which means "The Land of the Morning Calm." Korea, seen from the deck of a steamer cruising up the east coast, does, indeed, look like a land of calm. An unbroken chain of dark rocky mountains runs down this side, and many islands dot the south-eastern shore. These islands, which become even more numerous on the west coast, are very beautiful.

Many of them rise several hundred feet above the sea and are covered with vegetation. The largest of these islands, Quelpart, which is situated south of Korea, has an old volcanic crater rising over six thousand feet above the sea. Traces of its former activity can be seen in the quantities of pumice stone which are found all over the island.

Korea, whose history is lost in the dim ages of legend and

tradition, has suffered from continual invasion. This is due to the country's unfortunate position between China and Japan. Since 1910, however, it has been part of the Japanese Empire and the

Japanese rule has been greatly to the Koreans' advantage, for they have been taught better methods of agriculture, fishing and mining. Mines, except those owned by foreign companies, were formerly almost non-existent; but Korea now produces half the gold of the entire Japanese Empire, and many other metals.

The climate is one of the finest and healthiest in the world; there is plenty of rain in the summer and plenty of sun, and it is never very hot or very cold. There are not the floods, droughts, hurricanes and typhoons so disastrous to China and Japan, nor does Korea suffer from earthquakes. Agriculture is the chief occupation, and two crops a year are grown on the light, sandy loam.

Although the area of Korea is only



PROUD MOTHER OF KOREA

Korean parents are very proud of their children, especially of the boys. The little jacket and voluminous trousers are part of the ordinary attire of Korean women.



• **KOREAN VILLAGE BLACKSMITH HAMMERING ON HIS ANVIL**

As a rule the people of Korea are poor, and the local craftsmen can barely earn a living. The agricultural and household implements that the Koreans use are so simple that the owners generally can make or repair them themselves, so that the smith does not have very many customers. As we can see here, the lower classes wear white cotton clothes.



BOY DRAWING WATER AT A STREET CORNER IN SEOUL

Seoul is the capital of Korea, and though the Japanese have done much to make the city up-to-date, there are still many wells at the corners of the streets. A circle of stones surrounds the mouth of the well to prevent people falling into it, but everybody must bring their own vessel and rope when they want to draw water.



KOREAN BOWMEN OF THE GUARD AT TARGET PRACTICE

Until Korea was annexed by the Japanese, bows and arrows were used by the Korean army. Now the country is governed by a Japanese Governor-General, and the body-guard of the Prince of Korea is maintained merely for show. The Korean bow is small, being only about three feet in length, and the arrows are made of bamboo.

two-thirds that of Great Britain, land is easy to procure, and any native may become a farmer. He has only to reclaim and cultivate unoccupied land. If he does this for three years, the land becomes his own. His agricultural implements are the same as those his ancestors used, and are amusingly crude when we compare them with our own.

He tills the land with a primitive wooden plough shod with iron, and digging is done with a large shovel, which is worked sometimes by as many as five men. The blade is pushed into the ground and men haul on ropes attached to the shaft, and so contrive to break up the ground.

Rice, the chief crop, is threshed by beating the ripe ears against a log so that the grain falls on to the hard mud threshing-floor. We see, in page 724, Filipinos employing a similar method. To remove the unwanted husks the Koreans throw the grain up into the air on a windy day, so that the husks are blown away, the heavier grain falling to the ground.

When the Japanese fishermen first came to Korea they caught three times as many fish as the Koreans, owing to their superior methods of fishing. The Koreans, like the Japanese and the Chinese, see pages 1313 and 914, sometimes make use of the cormorant to help them catch fish.



Underwood

CROWNING THE BRIDE WITH GOOD LUCK AT A KOREAN WEDDING

Her wedding-day cannot be very pleasant for a Korean bride, for, though she wears a dress of red, blue and white, her face is covered with paint and powder, and her eyes are sealed with a kind of plaster. She remains blind the whole day, being led about by two maids of honour, and she must keep her hands concealed under the shawl.

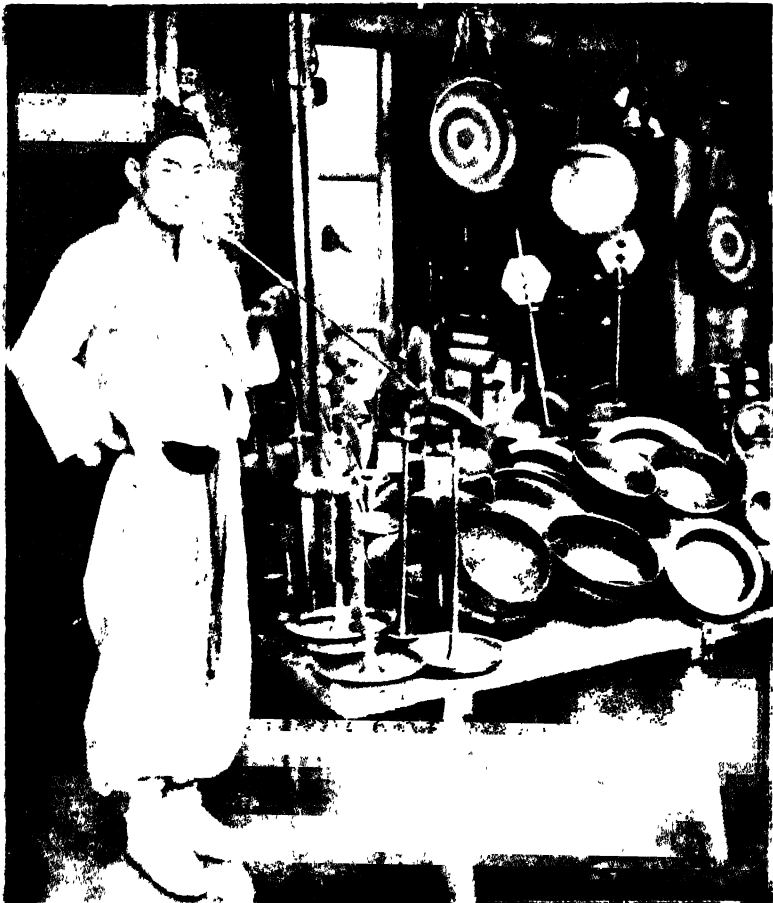


ANCIENT CITY OF SEOUL, FOR NEARLY FIVE CENTURIES CAPITAL OF THE FORMER KINGDOM OF KOREA
Seoul, or Keijo, as it is called by the Japanese, is situated on the River 20 ft. in height. To build these walls nearly 200,000 workmen from Han in the province of Keiki-do. It became the capital of the country all parts of the country were employed. There are several wide modern streets in Seoul, but the side-streets are as dirty and as ill-kept as they were before the Japanese came. The city's population is about 300,000. The city is surrounded by walls which are from 10 ft. to 15 ft. there.



WIDE THOROUGHFARE THROUGH THE HEART OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF PING-YANG

Ping-yang, or Heijo as it is sometimes called, is the oldest city in Korea, and was the capital of the country for centuries. It is situated on the Taedong River about thirty-five miles from its outlet into Korea Bay. The city has a population of about 170,000, but, as we can see from this photograph, in which closely-huddled, native buildings stand by modern corrugated iron structures, and boards over a ditch form a pavement, it has not as yet been so well developed as has Seoul. To the west of Ping-yang lies one of the most fertile tracts in Korea.



SEOUL COPPERSMITH ENJOYING A PIPE BEFORE HIS SHOP

Shops are only to be found in the large towns, as the buying and selling usually take place at markets which are held all over the country about eight times a month. Even in Seoul many of the shops are very like mere holes in a wall. This shopkeeper is smoking the long-stemmed, small-bowled pipe of which Koreans are so fond.

The fishing colonies are very busy, although they seldom make much money owing to the difficulty of disposing of their catches. Along the beaches thousands of little fish may be seen put out to dry in the sun. Nowhere, unless it be off Portland Bill, are such beautiful lobsters found as off the coast of Korea.

The Koreans are extremely superstitious. They believe that the air is full of good and evil spirits; even inanimate objects,

such as stones and trees, are revered by the people because they think of them as the abodes of spirits. Hills and mountains are looked upon as gods who must be appeased with gifts, pebbles being carried one at a time to the top of high mountains as offerings to the god who is supposed to dwell within. We may often see trees covered with coloured rags, which are tied there by devoted Koreans and left as presents to the tree spirits.

THE LAND OF THE MORNING CALM

Wicked spirits are kept away by noise. A rough wooden scaffold is erected outside a house, with a bell suspended from the top, in order that the noise may drive away unwanted spirits. The poorer people are always glad to get an old, empty petrol can, as this, with a stone inside, makes an excellent spirit-scarer. Although most of the natives of Korea are terribly poor, it is estimated that they lose half a million pounds every year through their stupid superstitions.

Certain animals are also supposed to be wicked or good spirits. The Korean tiger, which is a magnificent beast, probably the

finest of the cat tribe, is believed by them to be a great wizard. One of the Koreans' favourite stories tells how a thief once rode a tiger into his village. A Korean mother was nursing her baby in a mud hut when the thief broke into the adjoining stable and hid until it was safe to steal the woman's cow. A tiger had also hidden in the stable, waiting to eat the poor woman.

The baby began to cry, and the mother told her that a tiger would eat her if she were not quiet. As this did not quell the baby's cries, the mother said: "Quiet, little one, here is kokum!" (sweetmeat). The child's tears stopped at once.



Hunter

GENTLEMEN IN KOREA PREFER FANS TO WALKING-STICKS

Two of the men in the photograph are wearing the curious little top-hat that is the most common form of headgear in Korea. On the left is a man wearing a mourning-hat, with an enormous brim reaching to his shoulders. These are often to be seen, as it is the usual practice to observe three years of mourning for parents.

THE LAND OF THE MORNING CALM

The tiger, who had overheard the conversation, said to himself: "What is this fearsome kokum that frightens the child into silence when my dread name has no effect?" At this moment the thief slipped the halter over his head, thinking it was the cow. The tiger was terrified, imagining that he had been snared by the kokum, and all night the thief rode his strange steed, till he reached his own village and dawn broke. When the tiger saw how he had been deceived, he was ashamed and slunk off into the jungle, but the thief lived to boast of his ride to the admiring villagers. Many such superstitious stories about the tiger are related in Korea.

The chief religion of the Koreans is Confucianism, although, in the tenth and fourteenth centuries, Buddhism held sway over them. Now the temples of Buddha have fallen into ruins and Buddhist priests are despised by the people.

The Koreans also worship their ancestors, but most of their religious

observances are concerned with the propitiation of wicked demons, their belief in which keeps them in a state of constant terror. To keep them away they pay large sums to professional sorceresses, of whom, at the end of the nineteenth century, there were over one thousand. The Christian religion was introduced to Korea in the eighteenth century by a Roman Catholic priest and for some time was hotly resisted, converts being persecuted and priests tortured and killed. Now the Japanese allow the teaching of the Christian religion and help its advancement in Korea.

Although not tall, the Koreans are well made, with oval faces, high cheek bones and narrow eyes. The usual dress of the men is a plain white, cotton robe, very simply made. No needles or thread are used in the construction of Korean clothes; they are cut out and stuck together with glue. When they are washed they are simply unstuck, dried and stuck together again.



McKee

◁ KOREANS EMPLOY THEIR BULLOCKS AS BEASTS OF BURDEN

The cattle in Korea are large and strong and, besides being exported for meat to Japan, are used as beasts of burden. The pair that we see here are taking loads of wood into Seoul. The furnaces by which the houses in Korea are heated require enormous quantities of fuel, and many forests have been cut down for this purpose.



Underwood

GENERAL OF THE OLD KOREAN ARMY IN FULL DRESS UNIFORM

Officers in the Korean army used to wear wonderful uniforms, and their head-dresses were really marvellous. As they were all nobles, it would have been undignified for them to walk, so they were carried in palanquins. This one has a single wheel, so that the coolies are relieved of the weight. Persons of high rank had at least four bearers.

Perhaps nowhere in the world are there such busy women as are found in Korea, but they are rarely seen in the street, for they are kept in strict seclusion and are considered of very little importance. The birth of a son is a happy occasion; the birth of a daughter is a mild calamity. As a result of Western influence, however, the Korean woman now gets much more liberty and consideration.

A Korean wedding is very strange; the couple do not see each other until the elaborate ceremony, so that real respect and affection is hardly to be expected. When the bride is first led into the presence of her husband her eyes are sealed up with

gum and she does not speak a word. Even after marriage the Korean woman must be silent for a long time; then she may say a few sentences without losing respect.

The one-storey houses are simple, being made of mud and beams, and are usually thatched. The floors are made of dried mud, which is stamped down and covered with oiled paper. The making of oiled paper is a large industry in Korea, for the windows of the houses are made of it instead of glass, and the same material is used as a lining for clothes.

The most modern part of Korea and the place where Korean life is seen at its best is in the quaint capital, Seoul, or, in



WOMEN WASHING CLOTHES IN A STREAM BY THEIR HOMES

As the Koreans wear white clothes, the women spend a great deal of their time washing the dirty garments. No soap is used, the articles being beaten with a stick; they are then rinsed and well starched. To make the washing easier, glue is used instead of thread when the clothes are being made, so that each piece can be unstuck and washed separately.



Underwood

FAITHFUL BUDDHIST PRIESTS BEFORE THEIR ORNATE TEMPLE

Buddhism has virtually died out in Korea, but a few faithful priests still serve in the house of the Lord Buddha. There is really no national religion in the country, save ancestor worship and a general belief in spirits. The teachings of Confucius are also followed by the upper classes, but the mass of the people has little real religion.

Japanese, Keijo, which is approached from the south by the Fusan-Seoul railroad. Seoul, situated on the Han River, with Chemulpo as its port, has an estimated population of 300,000 people. Motor-cars have invaded the streets, and, what is very curious, Seoul has an electric tramway that was constructed before the first one in London.

The great wall which surrounds Seoul is still in a good state of repair. It is seven miles in circumference and is

pierced by eight gates. Each gate has a quaintly elaborate name. One is called the "Gate of Elevated Humanity" and another "The Gate of Bright Amiability." Up to quite recent times criminals' heads were exposed on the walls as a warning to the public.

One of the sights for European visitors in Seoul is the belfry, which contains a huge bronze bell, cast in 1468. It has a lovely tone, which is explained by the superstitious Koreans in the following

THE LAND OF THE MORNING CALM

fable. The king ordered a bell-maker to make him, on pain of death, a clear-toned bell. Although he tried, he was unable to do this, until his daughter, who had a beautiful voice, flung herself into the molten metal from which the huge tongue was to be cast.

This bell used to be rung at sunset and dawn. At sunset all the men had to come indoors on pain of death, for then it was the women's time and they flocked out to enjoy the air, walking up and down the streets and revelling in the freedom allowed by the ancient custom.

Outside the walls are lovely gardens and orchards. The Koreans practise sericulture, which is the art of breeding silkworms; but they are not very skilful at it, although the natural conditions are good. They also do lacquer-work, but it is not so fine as that of the Chinese. There are tobacco factories, for everyone smokes from the age of fifteen, and also brick kilns, but little else is manufactured.

The Koreans breed some very fine bulls, which are trained to carry immense loads. They have unfortunately a lot to learn about kindness to animals, but the Japanese will no doubt teach them in time that humane treatment of animals is the code of all civilized countries.

There are few towns of any importance, apart from Seoul. Perhaps the chief are the ports of Wonsan, or Gensan, Fusan, Chemulpo and Chinnampo, the chief rice port, which suffered badly during the Chino-Japanese War of 1894.

All over Korea the quaint customs of long ago are gradually dying. Many pessimists say that in a few years the old Korean tongue will pass away as well. This means that the Korean people will become as one with the Japanese, and will hail the Japanese flag as their own. On the other hand, it is said that the harsh way in which the Japanese have instituted their reforms has angered the Korean people and made them realize their "nationality" more than before.



OWNERS OF A MUSIC SHOP PERFORMING IN A STREET OF SEOUL

Having taken up a considerable amount of space with their goods, the proprietors proceed to squat down and give an impromptu concert in order to attract customers. Behind the performers are two large examples of the Korean glockenspiel and what appears to be a large musical box, on the top of which is a model of a duck.

Some Old Walled Towns

STRONGHOLDS MADE WEAK BY MODERN WEAPONS

Communities of primitive men discovered that one of the best ways of protecting themselves from the attacks of their enemies was to enclose their villages with fences of thorns or pointed stakes. As man became more civilized, so the towns grew larger and the defences more elaborate, until walled towns, such as Carcassonne, in France; Avila, in Spain; and Peking were built, with their lofty ramparts and towers and fortified gateways. The use of gunpowder in war destroyed the security of the walled cities that had withstood the assaults of gigantic catapults and battering rams. In this chapter we shall read of many proud, walled cities and of their mighty fortifications; but they are no longer secure, for one hour's bombardment from modern siege guns would reduce them to smouldering ruins.

IN the early days of the world, but at a time when mankind had ceased to dwell in caves and had begun to make houses, to till the ground, to weave cloth and to tame wild animals, security was a very pressing problem. Around him were others of his fellow-men, equally fierce and lawless, and, knowing no right but might, eager to steal the fruits of his labour and to enslave him and his children. To meet this need for security, he built fences of stakes or hedges of thorns around his wattle huts. Then he found that he would have greater security if he united with his neighbours, and so a larger wall was built, enclosing a number of huts. That was the beginning of the walled city, and in like manner uncivilized man of the present day protects himself and his kin.

As man became more civilized, so did his walls become more ambitious. He built them higher and stronger and erected fortified towers at intervals; a wide ditch or moat outside increased the height of the wall, provided material for its construction and, when filled with water, made it more difficult to approach.

Devices for Defence and Assault

Even so mankind was far from the security he sought, for as his ingenuity and skill enabled him to build stronger walls, so the ingenuity and skill of his enemies devised more effective means of destroying them.

Mechanical devices of wood and ropes, called catapults, hurled blocks of stone weighing as much as 1,400 lb. into the town behind the wall; also, rams, or

great baulks of timber suspended by chains from a wooden frame, were used to batter the gates, and below ground the attackers dug tunnels to undermine the wall and cause it to fall.

The defenders were by no means idle during these operations. Catapult hurled back stones at catapult, and boiling oil was poured from the battlements on to the heads of the attackers. Bundles of wool and mattresses were suspended in front of the rams to protect the gates, and the catapults of the besiegers, though protected by wet hides, were often set on fire by means of flaming arrows.

Troy Taken by a Trick

However vigorous the defence might be, the besiegers, if they possessed the surrounding country, could starve the strongest walled city into surrender. Sometimes they were able to take it by a trick. A classic or, more correctly, a fabled example of such a trick is told in the capture of Troy, which, according to the Greek poet Homer, was only taken after a number of its besiegers had been introduced into the city concealed in a great wooden horse.

Though no walled city ever built has been impregnable, city walls were the best means of security known to mankind in early times, and not until the Turks blew up the walls of Constantinople in 1453 did man realize that, with the introduction of gunpowder, all claim to security had departed for ever from the walled city.

London once had its wall, and though, as we read in the chapter "A Look at



OLD WALLS OF HEWN STONE THAT WERE BUILT TO PROTECT THE TOWN OF MAZAGAN IN MOROCCO. Standing on the Atlantic coast of Morocco, Mazagan is a prosperous seaport, since from it are exported the products of the fertile inland districts, especially beans, maize, wool, hides and almonds. It once belonged to the Portuguese, who built these high walls as a means of defence, but the colonists were driven out in the 18th century. The Moorish inhabitants, as we see here, have not attempted to preserve the walls. Over the outer ramparts grow creepers, bushes and palms, and against the inner barrier stand mean houses and booths.



RUINS OF THE ANCIENT WALLS THAT STILL ENCIRCLE FEZ

Fez lies in a pleasant valley among groves of olive, fig and orange trees. Its walls are largely in a ruinous condition. They were very necessary, even in quite recent times, to protect the townspeople against the turbulent tribesmen who made it impossible for caravans to cross the surrounding country without a strong military escort.

London," but tiny fragments of it remain, several traces of it still survive in such street names as London Wall, Aldgate, Bishopsgate and Ludgate.

One of the finest examples of a European walled city is Carcassonne, a French town on the River Oude, fifty-seven miles southeast of Toulouse. It is divided into two parts—the old city, which is on a hill, and

the new town. The famous fortifications encircling the old city consist of two ramparts, which are protected by fifty-four towers and pierced by two gates, both being strongly defended. Carcassonne was a noted stronghold in the Middle Ages, but was taken by the Black Prince in 1355.

Among the many walled towns of Spain is Avila, a city war-scarred and old.



QUARRIES WHENCE CAME THE STONE FOR SAN MARINO'S WALLS
The capital of the tiny Italian republic of San Marino stands upon the top of Mount Titano. Its position itself is a protection, but to make its safety doubly safe, stout walls were built of stone quarried from the mountain side and were pierced by gates which, like that in page 1531, are so narrow that a wagon can but just pass through.



UNSPOILT TOWN OF THE MIDDLE AGES IN MODERN FRANCE

Aigues-Mortes, which is shown here as an airman sees it, lies on a marshy plain in southern France. Its girdling walls, dominated by graceful towers, are very well preserved. As we stand on the ramparts we can easily imagine ourselves back in the olden times when King Louis IX. set out from Aigues-Mortes on his two crusades.



GOATHERD OF JERUSALEM BEFORE THE DAMASCUS GATE

The walls of Jerusalem, about which we read in the Bible, have long since disappeared, and the thick, battlemented walls that now stand were built in the Middle Ages. They are pierced by many gates, of which the Damascus Gate is one of the most important.

Most of the citizens of modern Jerusalem now live in suburbs outside the walls.

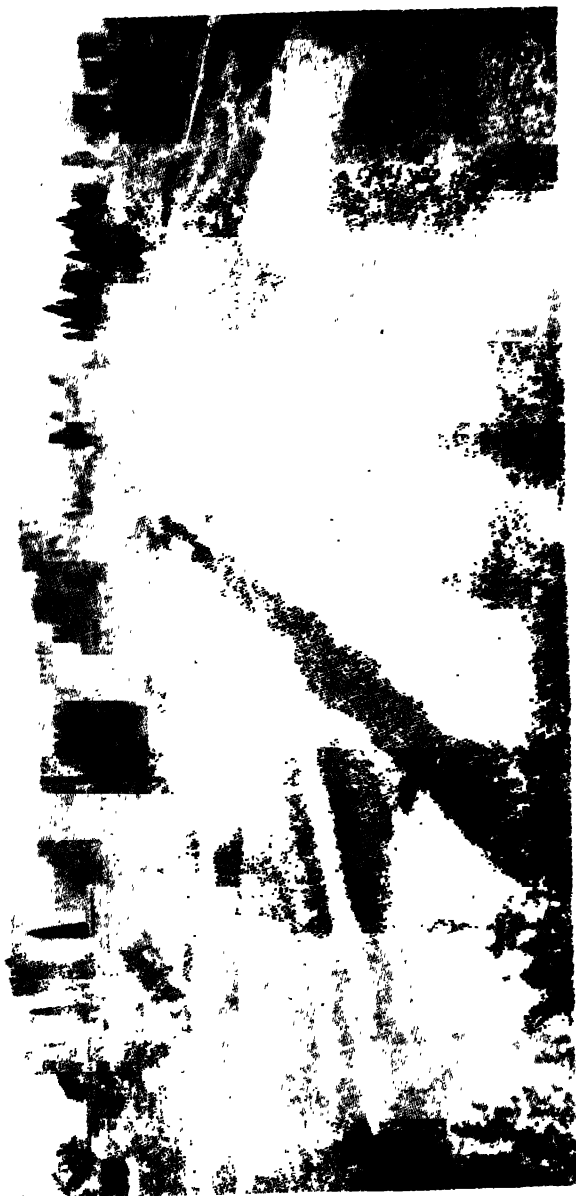


AP Photo

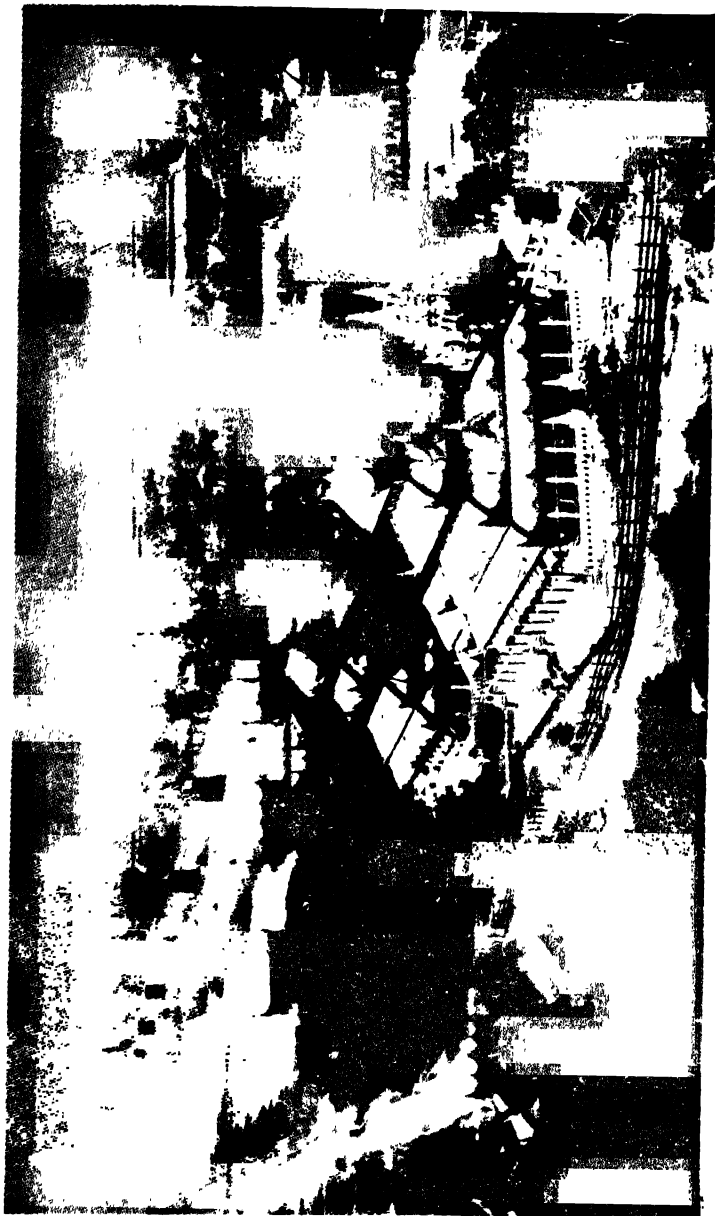
ANCIENT AVILA, A SPANISH WALLED CITY THAT HAS EIGHTY-SIX STRONG TOWERS AND NINE GATES
 Seen from the distance, Avila, on the River Adaja, has the appearance of one of those wonderful medieval towns of which we read in old romances and fairy tales. Its granite walls and round towers were built in the eleventh century, and are still in an almost perfect state of preservation. One of the towers is part of the great Gothic cathedral of the city, a fortress-like building that contains many fine works of art. Avila is, however, completely medieval in appearance only, for it has a modern power station and is lit by electricity.



STOUT WALLS AND FORMIDABLE TOWERS THAT IN OLDEN TIMES PROTECTED THE CITY OF RAGUSA
Perhaps the most beautiful town on the Adriatic Sea, Ragusa is to-day one of Yugo-Slavia's greatest ports. It was once a rich and independent republic, but in 1814 it was given to Austria, and became Yugo-Slavian after the Great War. The city stands on a promontory, and its moat and the massive walls and towers that surround it are survivals from the troublous times when the city had to endure fierce sieges by covetous raiders. Some of the buildings, such as the palace, cathedral and the customs house, testify to its former greatness.



CRUMBLING WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE STILL MAJESTIC CASTLE OF THE SEVEN TOWERS
The old part of the city of Constantinople stands on the peninsula of moat, walls and towers. These land walls are very ancient, and were so constructed that, even if attackers were able to cross the moat and capture the first wall, they found themselves faced by a second one. The Castle of the Seven Towers is at the southern end of the walls, along the two shores, while the neck of the peninsula is guarded by a



BEHIND ITS SURROUNDING MOAT AND WALLS STANDS THE OLD BURMESE TOWN OF MANDALAY

When, in the nineteenth century, it was the capital of Burma, then an independent kingdom, Mandalay occupied the square space enclosed by the moat and walls, parts of which we see here. It is still the chief town in Upper Burma, but has grown considerably, and what was the former royal palace, the royal white elephant's stable and the splendid hall of audience, which is made of teak, gilded and magnificently carved. Over the gates that pierce the walls are wooden towers

SOME OLD WALLED TOWNS

Its battlements are built from the natural rock, pierced by nine gateways and strengthened by eighty-six formidable, round towers.

In Serbia, on the shores of the Adriatic, there is a town whose forts have successfully withstood centuries of attack. Bulgar and Saracen have beaten in vain against the walls of Ragusa, and though once, for a short time, the city was subject to its great rival Venice, it has a unique record of freedom. Ragusa was once a very important and wealthy Mediterranean seaport, and it was in great part owing to its wealth that it found its walls so invaluable, for it is the richest city that most frequently attracts the besieger. For this reason the city has fortifications facing both land and sea.

Mighty Walls of Constantinople

Ragusa is but a village compared with Constantinople, which was once the capital of the Byzantine, or Eastern Roman, Empire. It was the greatest walled city of the Middle Ages, and until 1453, when it was captured by the Turks, its massive fortifications were the bulwarks of Christianity in the Near East. Constantinople, or New Rome as it was called, was founded by Constantine the Great, and its walls were much strengthened and greatly extended by later emperors. They rose tier upon tier, with wide ramparts from which were discharged blocks of stone, an inflammable substance known as Greek fire and missiles of every kind.

One can still see the breach made when the Turks blew up the wall on that fatal day when the last Emperor, Constantine XIII., rode out to die among the remnants of his men; but a great part of the fortifications are still more or less intact.

Strongholds of East and West

Jerusalem, the holy city of both Christian and Jew, has always been a magnet to mankind. As the capital city of a continually warring race, it has had a stormy history, and its present walls which, being built in the sixteenth century by the Turkish Sultan Solymán, date from

comparatively recent times, are said to be the fourth that have surrounded the city. A much earlier wall was destroyed by the Romans in A.D. 70. The present walls, that encircle only the centre, or old part, of the town, are forty feet high and are strengthened by thirty-four towers.

Some cities, such as Peking and Moscow, have one walled city within another, various portions having been provided with fortifications as they extended beyond the protection of the older walls. Peking consists of four separate quarters—the Chinese, or Outer, City; the Tartar, or Manchu, City; the Imperial City; and the so-called Forbidden City—each having its own walls. The present walls of the Tartar City were built in 1421 and those of the Chinese City in 1544. The length of the outer walls is about twenty-six miles, and they enclose many fields. The Tartar walls are fourteen miles in length, about forty feet high, fifty feet wide at the top and nearly sixty-two feet thick at the base. The Imperial City is encircled by walls six miles in circumference; a moat and a brick wall separate the Imperial from the Forbidden City.

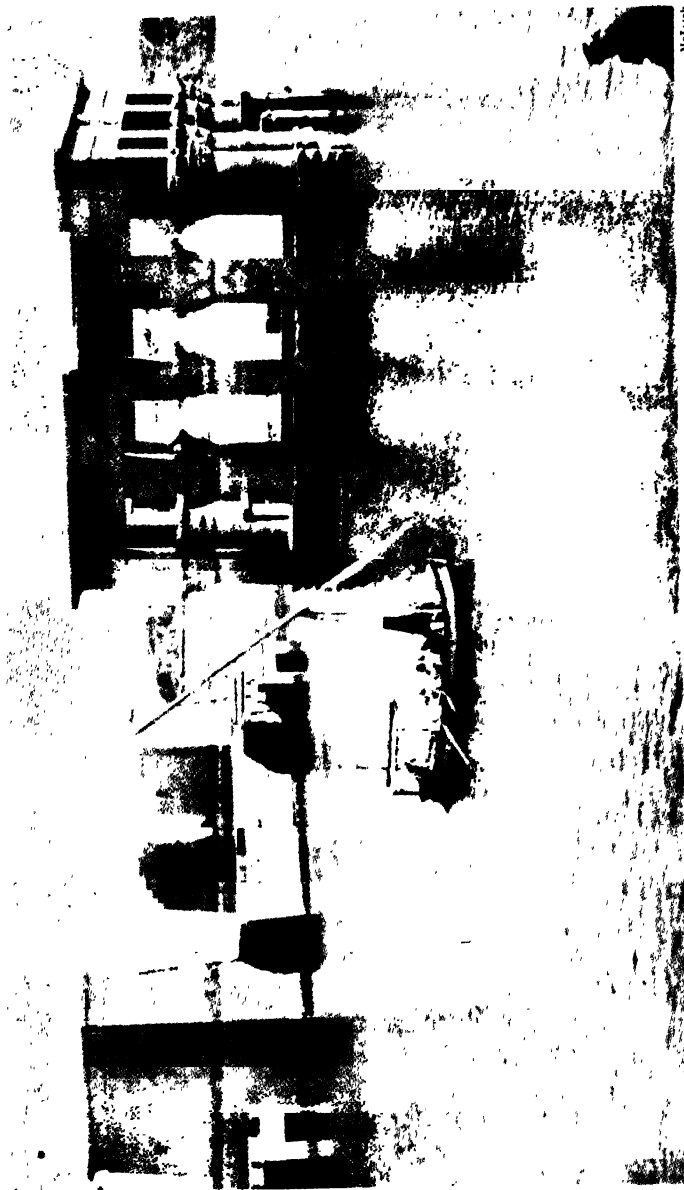
Passing of the Walled City

In North Africa also it is possible still to see the walled city, either intact or, more often, in a state of decay. Mazagan, on the coast of Morocco, became a strongly fortified city when Portugal was the dominant European power in Africa. Its walls were built on a monumental scale and in many places their width would allow twelve horsemen to ride abreast. Now these ramparts are overgrown and falling into decay, but the sea wall is well preserved and its blocks of uncemented stone are as firm as they were three hundred years ago.

City walls, as a means of defence, have outlived their purpose—the walls of Ragusa or Fez would not stand one hour's bombardment from a modern siege gun—but they possess a spirit of romance and a feeling of completeness that are lacking in the sprawling, suburb-surrounded cities of the twentieth century.



REMAINS OF ANCIENT EGYPT, the Colossi of "Memnon," each about sixty-five feet high, are by the Nile near Thebes. The Greeks and Romans took the right hand statue to represent the god Memnon; and it is said that it used to cry mournfully at sunrise. The figures are really statues of Amenhotep III. and his wife Tiye, a king and queen of Egypt who lived about 1400 B.C.



W. L. L. A. H.

" PHARAOH'S BED " AND THE MIGHTY TEMPLE OF ISIS ON THE SUBMERGED ISLAND OF PHILAE
Before the building of the dam at Assuan, and the subsequent raising of the Nile, the island of Philae rose high above the level of the river, and its temples basked in the hot sunlight, with bushes and palms growing about them. Now the Nile water flows over the island, Like the massive temple to the left, it was dedicated to the goddess Isis.

Egypt's Wonders of the Past

ITS VAST TEMPLES AND PALACES AND THEIR BUILDERS

The fertile valley of the Nile which forms most of the land of Egypt—so full of living interest in the daily scenes of its cities and villages—is, to all who like to think about the wonderful things that men did in long past ages, the most attractive place in all the world. We have already had a glimpse of present-day Egypt in our visit to Cairo, and we shall have yet another in a later chapter, but here we are to read of the works of Egyptians who lived thousands of years ago. It is these that make Egypt the most fascinating of lands to visit. About two of the most famous of their monuments that remain to-day—the Great Pyramid and the Sphinx—we shall read in a later chapter.

ANCIENT Egypt was one of the most curiously shaped countries in the world. It consisted of two narrow strips of fertile land, one on each side of the Nile, beyond which stretched vast deserts. Thus, although it was several hundred miles in length, Egypt was only a few miles in breadth. The prosperity of the land depended upon the Nile. Along it ships brought trade to the towns; its annual floods enriched the fields with a coating of mud; from it the villagers obtained water for irrigation—as they do still. This country, however, was the home of one of the oldest civilizations; it was a united and powerful kingdom more than three thousand years before the birth of Christ.

At the height of its power, about 1560 B.C., ancient Egypt was an empire comprising not only the Nile valley but Palestine and the greater part of Syria. The peoples of Punt and Ethiopia, lands lying to the south of Egypt, acknowledged its supremacy and sent enormous quantities of ivory, gold and spices to its temples and Pharaohs, or kings. Egyptian ships and caravans traded with Babylon and Crete, Greece and the Syrian towns. To the Egyptian, his country seemed the whole civilized world, and his ruler the lord of the world.

Ruins of Ancient Magnificence

The buildings of the ancient Egyptians were worthy of a great people; seldom have they been equalled in magnificence. Perhaps the most wonderful are the Pyramids and the Sphinx, of which we shall read in another chapter. Near them,

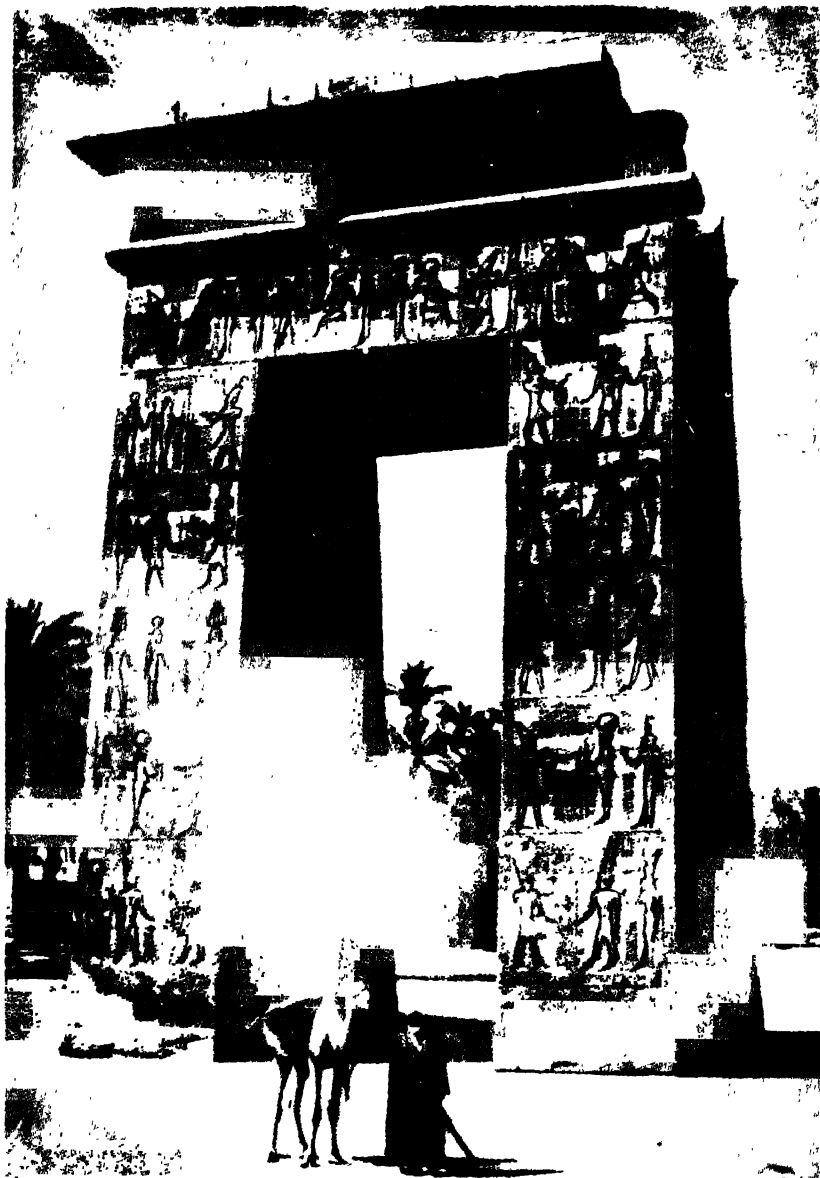
however, is the site of the city of Memphis, the royal capital of Egypt five thousand years ago. Nothing remains to-day of this city, formerly so great, but the ruins of temples, palaces and dwelling-houses. Even the gigantic statues of the Pharaoh Rameses II. that once stood here have fallen to the ground.

How Workmen Lived 3000 Years Ago

More interesting is Tell-el-Amarna, a town founded in 1370 B.C. by Pharaoh Akhenaton, the father-in-law of Tutankhamen. Here we can pace the ancient streets and alleys, and visit the palaces and mansions of the king and his great men. A few exquisitely beautiful paintings and sculptures remind us of past glories.

When we inspect the dilapidated little houses in the workmen's quarter we can easily imagine how the poor folk lived in the days of Akhenaton. Some of their food-bowls and water-jars are still in a perfect state of preservation and could well be used to-day. The Pharaoh himself had a wonderful pleasure-palace, with gardens, an artificial lake and many pools.

The Egyptians were famous for the immense size of most of their important temples and monuments, as well as for the magnificence of the decorations that they lavished on them. Let us go to Dendera and visit the huge temple of the goddess Hathor. This was built in comparatively modern times—about the beginning of the Christian era. The pillars of the temple, all of them covered with carvings and richly painted, are about forty feet high. On the outer walls is a figure of Cleopatra, one of the most famous queens in the world's



McLellan
THIS SCULPTURED ARCH of Ptolemy III. at Karnak, which stands on the site of ancient Thebes, is in the avenue that leads to the stately temple of Khensu, the god of the moon. On the arch are beautifully carved reliefs showing Ptolemy III., a warrior king of Egypt who lived in the third century B.C., offering sacrifices to the gods of Thebes.

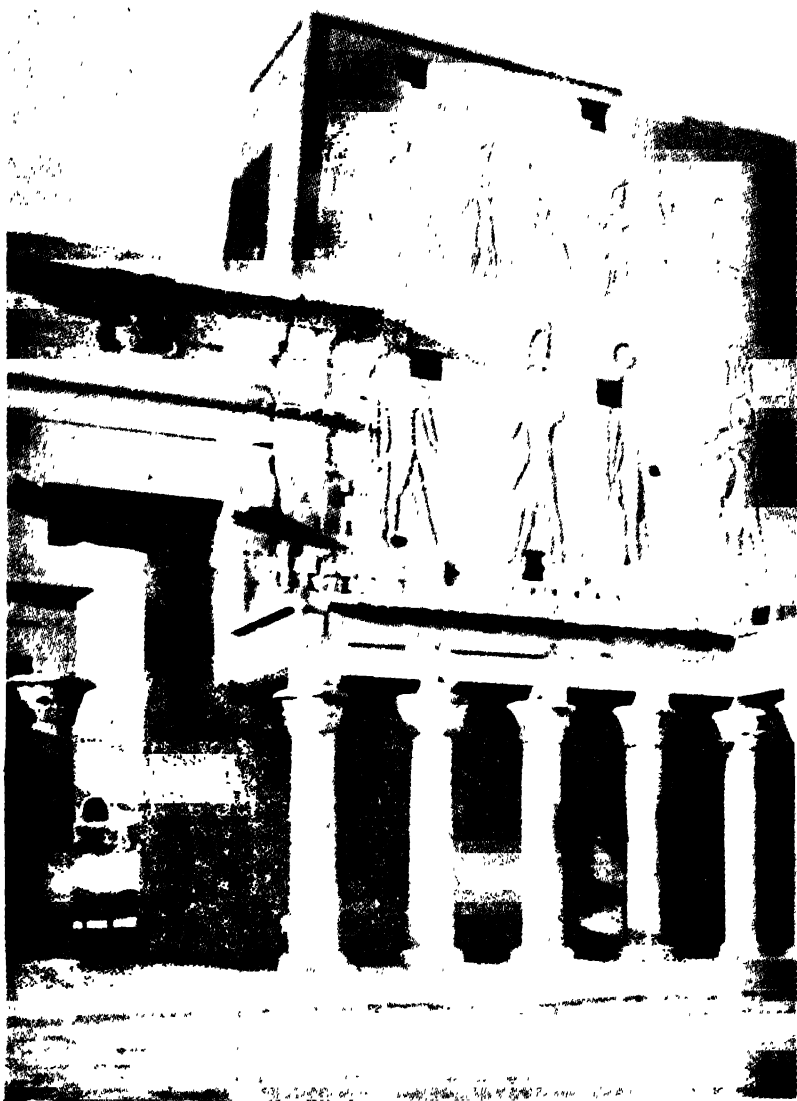


HEWN FROM SOLID ROCK, four immense statues of the Pharaoh Ramesses II. of Egypt stand outside the temple of the Rising Sun at Abu-Simbel, two on each side of the entrance. Here we see an Arab standing on the lap of one of these enormous figures. He seems a very insignificant dwarf indeed compared with the statue of the long-dead ruler.



AMID THE RUINS OF A TEMPLE OF THE GODDESS HATHOR

Dendera was one of the finest and most famous cities in Egypt. Its beautiful sandstone temple was built by Ptolemy XIII., the father of the famous Cleopatra, and the walls bear a splendid series of inscriptions. Within the temple are secret chambers for hiding treasure. On the roof is a small building which was used for the worship of Osiris



IN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL TEMPLE OF HORUS, THE SUN GOD

The great temple at Edfu, of whose spacious court we here see a corner, was dedicated to Horus. Of great size and decorated with very many wonderful carvings, it is one of the most perfect buildings of ancient Egypt that exist to-day. Horus was usually represented in Egyptian art as having a man's body and a falcon's head.



THIS BUST OF A LADY who lived in Egypt more than four thousand years ago is, damaged though it be, an exquisite example of the sculpture of that age. Portrait statues of this kind were placed in ancient Egyptian tombs. It was thought that they were magically brought to life, so that the souls of the dead might live in them.



Metropolitan Museum, N.Y.

TWO WOODEN HANDMAIDENS, half life-size and beautifully carved, were found in the tomb of Mehenkwtetre, a nobleman who lived about 2000 B.C. Models of servants were placed in the tombs of nobles and were called T'shabtis, or "Answerers," since their spirits were supposed to wait upon the nobles' spirits in the other world.



MODELS OF MEHENKWETRE'S SERVANTS AND POSSESSIONS

In 1920 scores of little models, accurately representing everyday life in Egypt four thousand years ago, were found near Mehenkwtetre's tomb. The ancient Egyptians thought that they could thus create in the other world spirit forms of servants, cattle and all necessities. Here we see a miniature granary, and model boats and rowers.

history, that is almost three times the height of an ordinary man. The greatest pains were taken to make the temple beautiful, and although it is now in ruins, it has not entirely lost its magnificence.

Travelling up the Nile from Dendera, we presently arrive at Thebes. We shall not, for the moment, visit the city itself, but the temples, and especially those of Karnak and Luxor. Among them all, the temple of Ammon first claims our attention, since it is the largest and one of the most splendid. Almost four hundred years were spent in building it; and as we look at the huge pillars in its famous Hypostyle Hall, at the enormous blocks of stone of which its walls and towers are built, and at its gigantic statues, we wonder how it came to be built in an age

long before cranes and other mechanical devices were known. Especially do we marvel at the genius of the ancient architects under whose care it was built, and at the patience and skill of the artists who adorned it with their carvings.

Very wonderful, too, are the temple of the moon-god, Khensu, the temple of Rameses III., in which the pillars are carved to represent the god Osiris, and the long avenues, with rows of sculptured sphinxes on either side of them, that lead to the various temples. We must not miss the temple of Amenhotep III., however, for it is very splendid. Its doorways were studded with gold, and the forecourt, which was built by Amenhotep, was paved with silver. Round this court are seventy-four columns, each in the form of a papyrus-bud.



INDUSTRIOUS WORKERS IN MEHENKWETRE'S MODEL GRANARY

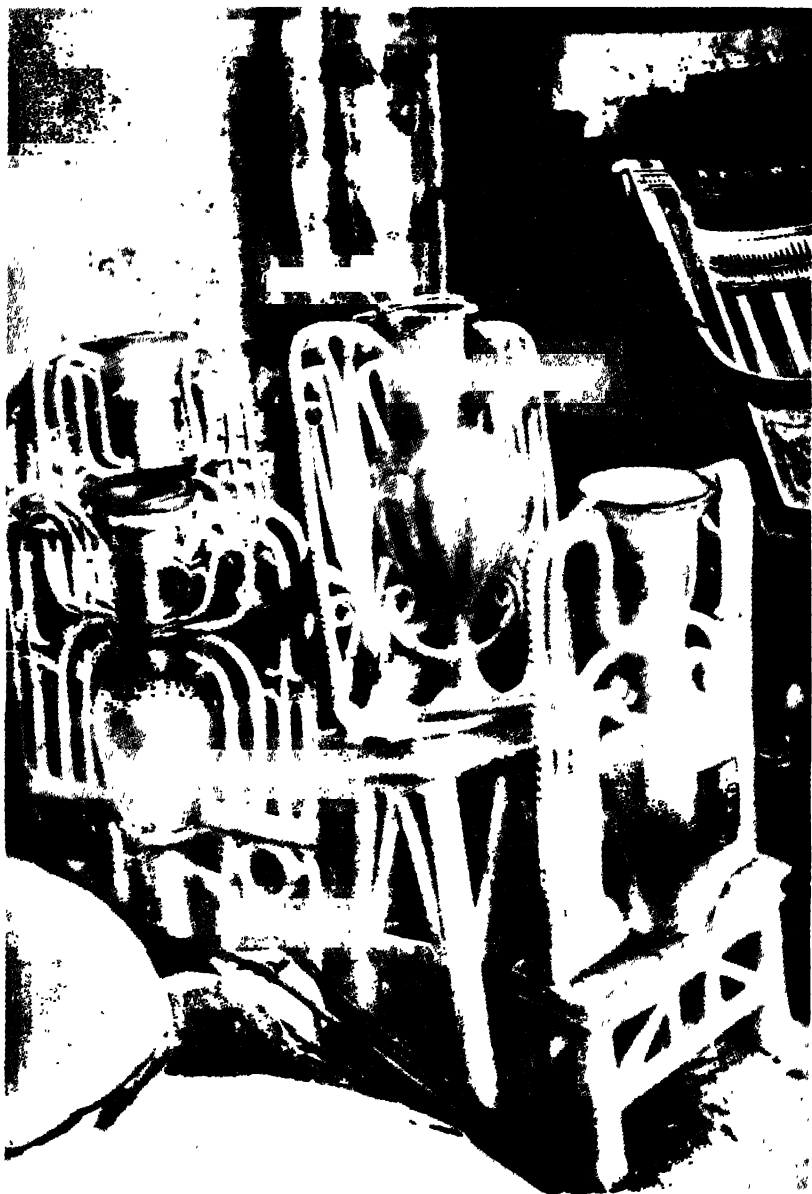
Here we see, from above, the granary that is shown in the opposite page. In the room on the left are scribes or clerks, keeping their lord's accounts on tablets and rolls of papyrus. In the middle room are steps by which grain is carried up to a platform; it is then emptied into pits, as we see, by five labourers. Model boats are shown in page 104.



Mitropa in Museum, A 1

HOW CAKES AND ALE WERE MADE IN ANCIENT EGYPT

No model, the spirit of which could increase Mehenkwetre's comfort after his death, was omitted from his tomb. He had his boatmen, fishermen, butchers, weavers and minstrels—all wonderfully life-like. Here, in the apartment on the right, women ushabtis grind corn and men make bread. In the other room brewing is in progress.



"The Times"

ALABASTER VASES were among the many priceless treasures found in the tomb of Tutankhamen, who died about 1353 B.C. Their exquisite shapes and decorations show how artistic were the craftsmen of ancient Egypt. The fragrance of the perfumed ointments that these vases contained was still perceptible when they were discovered in 1922-23.



"The Times"

BEHOLD THIS SHRINE, which stands in the ante-chamber of Tutankhamen's tomb, waits a wooden ushabti figure. On it is painted a charm to ensure that its soul shall obey the dead king in the other world. The shrine is covered with heavy sheets of gold, and on its doors, here shown open, are depicted incidents in the lives of Tutankhamen and his wife.



Luck & Sons Ltd

HUNTING SCENES UPON THE TEMPLE WALLS AT MEDINET HABU

About half a mile from the Colossi of Memnon is the little village of Medinet Habu, where stand the ruins of two temples. On the outside of the walls of the larger building are pictured inscriptions showing Rameses III., who lived more than three thousand years ago, hunting wild bulls, mountain-goats and wild asses in a marsh

EGYPT'S WONDERS OF THE PAST

Beyond the Theban temples we see a line of bleak hills against the deep blue of the sky. In them is the desolate Valley of the Kings, which contains the burial-places of many of the great Egyptian Pharaohs. They were hidden here so that their bodies might not be disturbed by thieves in search of the gold and jewels that were buried with them. In this valley was found, in 1922, the tomb of the young King Tutankhamen, with all his treasures, but he was a very unimportant monarch compared with some of the others who were buried nearby.

The graves of the mighty Rameses II., of Amenhotep III., of Thothmes III. and many another ruler of Egypt have all been discovered here. Some of the tombs are marvellously decorated, and from the pictures and carvings in them we may learn much about the ancient Egyptians. Others have contained articles of furniture and personal belongings of the dead kings, and from these also the story of the past can be read.

There are many other temples and monuments in different parts of Egypt that we might visit, but we will leave the lifeless statues and great, empty buildings and turn to the people who erected them.

Let us imagine ourselves in Egypt about 1240 B.C., in the days of the great Pharaoh Rameses II. We are at Memphis, but we wish to visit friends at Thebes, and so hire a boat in which to travel up the Nile. Our voyage will be extremely



MASONS AT WORK ON A GREAT STATUE

This picture of the fifteenth century B.C. shows workmen giving the finishing touches to a figure of Thothmes III., which is surrounded by scaffolding. One man polishes the crown, another the feet; others chisel the breast or decorate the back.

comfortable, since our deck-cabin is not too small and is very airy and handsomely furnished. We embark; luggage and stores are all aboard; the rowers bend to their oars and we begin to glide placidly up the river. Day after day we proceed, sitting, when it is not too hot, on the high platforms at the bow and the stern, to watch all that happens on the banks. Sometimes a breeze springs up, and the gaily-coloured sails are hoisted.

At last we see Thebes, the most magnificent city in all Egypt, and the temples of Karnak and Luxor, with three bare, grim



"The Times"

THIS STRIKING CREATURE, with a long, slender body and legs like those of a cat, is one of the twin supports of the couch, belonging to King Tutankhamen, that was found in his tomb in the Valley of the Kings among the Theban Hills. The monster is made of wood, richly gilded, and its gleaming teeth and long, pink tongue are of ivory.

EGYPT'S WONDERS OF THE PAST

hills beyond them. Our boat is moored to the stone-paved quay, and we go ashore to meet our friends. One of them, a merchant, comes forward to greet us. He is bareheaded, in spite of the hot sun, wears a linen robe with a long skirt, and carries a stout cane.

He limps a little, since his laced, leather shoes are new and tight. His wife, our friend explains, is looking forward eagerly to our visit; but she is at present at her jeweller's, waiting while he makes a bracelet for her from a bar of gold that she was given that morning. Our other friend, a captain of the Libyan soldiers, would also have been on the quay to meet us had he not been obliged to investigate a case of theft, for his detachment acts as a police force in the workmen's district. The merchant suggests that we should go to this district on our way to his home, on the chance of seeing the captain.

In the Streets of Thebes 1240 B.C.

The streets are narrow and the little houses of sun-baked mud are mainly of one storey, although some have two. Since very few of the doors are closed we can easily look inside. There is little furniture to be seen; palm-leaf mats that serve as beds and couches, some earthenware dishes and jars containing water and oil, and a small image of a god are usually all that a workman's family possesses. Sometimes there are also two or three wooden chests, and in some of the two-storey houses a room on the ground floor serves as a stable for a donkey.

Scantily-dressed children swarm everywhere, and in most of the houses we see women busy at household tasks. Here is one grinding corn; there one is baking bread, the chief food of the poorer people. Another, helped by a neighbour, weaves cloth at a rough loom. We see very few men, however. Most of them went to work at sunrise, taking with them their dinner—bread soaked in oil and fruit—and will not return home till sunset.

We see some of them at work as we draw near to the market. The clang of hammers attracts our attention to a

metal-worker's shed. Two brawny fellows are fashioning harness for a pair of chariot horses. Our friend speaks to a carpenter, who is making some very handsome chairs for him. When we resume our walk he tells us not to go too near a certain booth. It is the workshop of a dyer, he explains, and adds, quoting from an Egyptian poem, that the dyes are "evil-smelling as bad fish." We hear the tramp of a party of men, and our other friend, the captain of Libyans, appears with a file of his soldiers.

Negro Soldiers and Traders

In front of the line is a trumpeter, and behind him a dozen infantrymen, carrying light shields and axes, and with spears sloped over their right shoulders. They wear felt caps and waist-cloths, but no armour, and are a very well-disciplined body of men, marching erect and in step, their left arms swinging in unison. Behind comes the captain, unarmed but carrying a decorated baton of command. He is an Egyptian, appointed to the Libyan legion by Pharaoh; the soldiers are negroes.

As we pass through the market, let us look at the crowds around us. There are artisans, dressed only in waist-cloths, with their wives, who wear simple smocks. Clerks and priests in short kilts pass by, and smart merchants like our friend. Sellers of perfumes and roast meats, bakers, shoe-makers and toy-makers urge us to inspect their wares. A barber wishes to shave us. The slave attached to a little restaurant suggests that we should have our evening meal there.

Marketing without Money

Our friend waves them all away, but, wishing to buy us a present, stops at a perfume stall. Several little jars of scent are shown to us and we smell them, finally choosing two. Our friend takes another, and offers the saleswoman a small block of gold for them. She declares that it is not enough. After a quarter of an hour's bargaining she accepts the merchant's offer, and tells us that she is extremely pleased to be paid in gold, since that morning she has taken a pearl



THIS STATUE OF TUTANKHAMEN, one of the two that stood in the ante-chamber of his tomb, like sentinels guarding the dead, is a truly noble example of ancient Egyptian art. It is of carved wood, splendidly adorned with a head-dress and ornaments of beaten gold, and is seven feet in height.



"The Times"

ROYAL TREASURE, including wonderful gold-plated furniture and gifts to the dead king, surround this statue of Tutankhamen, which is also shown in the opposite page. Here we see a beautifully decorated clothes chest, alabaster vases that once held spices and the remains of bunches of flowers.



Metropolitan Museum, N. Y.

ENTRANCE TO THE CLIFF TOMB OF MEHENKWETRE, A NOBLE OF ANCIENT EGYPT

In this photograph we can see the sloping causeway that leads up to the entrance of the tomb of Mehenkwtetre. Not far from here a rock-chamber was discovered containing the models, shown in pages 1881-3, which were buried near the great man on the day of his funeral. In

other parts of the world, such as Central Africa, it has long been customary to bury with a chief, slaves, food, weapons and various articles of his personal property, so that he may live comfortably in the next world. Mehenkwtetre even had model buildings placed in the chamber,

necklace, a silver bracelet and a fan set with gems in exchange for perfumes. Our friend explains as we stroll away that this system of barter is the custom.

Presently we arrive at his house. It is quite an imposing mansion of three storeys, and has a large courtyard surrounded by a high wall. The large windows of the two upper storeys overlook the street. Within we find magnificent furniture—chairs, carved and gilded, chests with little pictures painted on them and rich hangings. The walls are painted with figures of gods and scenes of everyday life.

In one room we see the children playing with their toys. The girls have little coloured, wooden dolls, model furniture and fierce, carved animals that open and shut their mouths. The boys play with soldiers, tops, skittles and balls.

The food that we are offered is excellent. We have roast meats in abundance, baked fish, stuffed duck and pickled fowl, fruit, bread and cakes. While we eat we hear news of the merchant's two eldest sons. One is an officer in the celebrated legion of Ammon—all the regiments are named after gods. He is going to take us to hunt wild fowl the next day on the estate of a noble. The other son is a scribe. This profession, it appears, becomes less and less confined to the middle classes, for many of the working classes are educating their sons to become scribes.

When we retire for the night we find that we are to sleep on a mattress on the floor. Instead of having a pillow, we rest our necks on curved, wooden supports. Everything is very clean, and the breezes that blow through our windows are cool and laden with the scent of flowers.



1893
STONE FIGURES IN THE TEMPLE OF AMMON
Among the finest of the remains in this, the greatest temple in ancient Egypt, are these two statues. That on the left represents the god Osiris, and the other is Thothmes III., whose conquests are recorded on the walls of the temple.

We go to the nobleman's estate the next day, and, embarking on wooden canoes, proceed to a nearby marsh. We find plenty of wild fowl among the reeds, and our host soon kills three ducks with boomerangs. He has a pair of trained cats to retrieve the game for him. While he is throwing the boomerangs, slaves in two other canoes lower a net. This is soon drawn up, filled with fish. Presently a young man takes a double-pronged harpoon, makes a swift lunge downwards and pierces a large fish. When we have made a good catch, we return homewards, noticing, as we pass down a canal, a workman raising water by means of a shaduf (see page 708).

We dine with the noble and, while we eat, minstrels play on harps. Our host is a widely travelled man. As an army officer he has accompanied his



Fa-1011

Hatshepsut. The temple was built three thousand years ago, and at one time was used as a monastery. The queen sent an expedition to Punt, the "Land of the Gods," which was south of the Sudan and on the Red Sea, to bring myrrh and incense for the temple.

QUEEN HATSHEPSUT built this marvellous terraced temple to the god Ammon beneath the cliffs at Deir-el-Bahri. Chapels dedicated to the goddess Hathor and to Anubis, the god of the dead, were also included, and several chambers were devoted to the worship of



FROM THE THEBAN HILLS above the Valley of the Kings, a royal burial ground of ancient Egypt, we look across a flat, green plain to the Nile and the far-away heights on the other side of the river. Beyond the left-hand shoulder of the ridge in the foreground

we see the columns of the ruined Ramesseum, a temple built by Ramesses II., one of the greatest of the Pharaohs. Not much more than half of it remains to-day. To the right of it are seen—tiny, light specks on the broad plain—the two colossi shown in page 1873.

EGYPT'S WONDERS OF THE PAST

regiment to Palestine and led a charge against the Hittites in his chariot. On another occasion he sailed down the Red Sea to Punt, on the East African coast, to obtain spices and gold for the temple of Ammon. He is also well educated, and in his library has books of tales and poetry, works on medicine and mathematics, all written on rolls of papyrus—paper made from a kind of reed.

By far the most interesting part of his life, so the noble tells us, was the period when he was at court in attendance upon the Pharaoh Rameses II. He describes an audience to us. The monarch, seated on his golden throne, wore a double crown, to show that he was king both of Lower and Upper Egypt. On his forehead was the royal, golden cobra, the uraeus. Near him was his eldest son Khamuast, an able statesman, a priest and, so it is said, a great magician. His Majesty's Lydian guards, armed with their double-edged swords, were posted about the palace.

A messenger from Palestine arrived, and was admitted to the audience chamber. He and the councillors assumed attitudes of worship when they came into the king's presence, since they regarded him as the descendant of a god and himself a demigod. Kneeling, with their faces close to the floor, they gave him their news and heard his answer. Another messenger came to tell Rameses that there was a famine in some distant

province; yet another brought word of a convoy of gold that was on its way from Ethiopia.

We ask the noble to tell us more of Rameses II., and he agrees willingly. Rameses, while still a boy, had been associated with his father Seti I. in the government of Egypt. When only ten years old, he was sent to the wars in Syria, and a little later went to subdue the turbulent tribes of the lands watered by the upper Nile. This he did successfully. Rameses was a great warrior, and after he became Pharaoh led an army against the Hittites in Syria. The chariots were under his own command, and by his bravery he succeeded in turning the battle

of Kadesh from a defeat into a victory.

Much of his vast wealth was spent on building operations. As well as raising huge temples, he had the irrigation canals of the Nile delta repaired and extended, and established caravan stations along the route to Ethiopia. Rameses is one of the greatest of the Pharaohs. Egypt is peaceable under him; the people are prosperous and the police efficient. The noble, however, does not tell us that, in spite of the greatness of Rameses II., the Egyptian empire is growing smaller.

We are taken back to Thebes in chariots, and soon bid farewell to our friends, the merchant and the captain, to return, not alas! to Memphis, but to the present day.



1235
 TRIVIER ANTIQUES CO.,
 PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN LADY
 This graceful wooden statue, one of the most beautiful of ancient Egyptian statues in
 was executed more than four
 thousand five hundred years ago.

sies in

THE WAYS OF NOMAD AND VAGRANT FOLK

We have all seen what we call "gypsy encampments" on country commons, but more often these are merely groups of vagrant van-dwellers and not true gypsies. The real gypsies are scattered all over Asia, Europe and North Africa, but they originally came from India to the Balkan lands, and after several centuries they have spread over western Europe. They are called gypsies because at first it was thought they were Egyptians. In Sir James Barrie's story, "The Little Minister," a gypsy woman is called the Egyptian; but no gypsies ever came from Egypt. They are everywhere an interesting and cleanly people, not like so many of our countryside vagrants who are merely low-class people of our own race. The Beduin is a nomad whom we have read about in our chapter on "The Desert Rangers." Here we shall have a glimpse both of the real gypsies and of other wanderers.

WITH their brightly-coloured shawls and handkerchiefs, with their swarthy faces and the mystery that surrounds their movements, the gypsies appeal to the imaginations of us all. They seem to be so free from all the cares and responsibilities of ordinary people.

It may be that our earliest thoughts of them were inspired by fear rather than attraction. We were, perhaps, told stories, for which there is happily no foundation, of their kidnapping little children and ill-treating them; but as we get older we look at them wistfully and think how nice it would be to live always in the open air and in the country, going where we pleased and when we pleased, and never having to worry about to-morrow, so long as the big stew-pot, hanging from three poles over the fire, had plenty of good things in it for to-day.

Love of the Open Air and Open Road

No one has done more to draw attention to the English gypsies than a writer of the nineteenth century, George Borrow, who himself wandered about England in gypsy fashion for some years, making friends with them and learning their language and their ways. He described his adventures in two books called "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye."

The gypsy love of the open air and of the open road is beautifully summed up in a little conversation between Jasper Petulengro, or Smith, who is a real gypsy and the leader of his tribe, and Lavengro, who is only playing at being one.

Jasper says: "Life is very sweet, brother. Who would wish to die?"

And when Lavengro says that he would rather die than live in misery, Jasper tells him he talks like a fool

"A Romany chal," he says, "would wish to live for ever."

"In sickness, Jasper?"

"There's the sun and the stars, brother."

"In blindness, Jasper?"

"There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that, I would gladly live for ever."

Gypsies did not Come from Egypt

It is this content with very simple things that makes the gypsy life outwardly so attractive and that makes the gypsies themselves such a care-free, happy-go-lucky race; but it is this same easy-going contentment which has kept the gypsy people in all parts of the world in a backward state.

From a careful study of their language it seems to be almost certain that they originally came from India. The name "gypsy" is a corruption of Egyptian and was given to them because at one time they were thought by the people of Europe to have come out of Egypt. This arose from the fact that they used to call their leaders Lord or Duke or Earl of "Little Egypt."

By the fourteenth century there were gypsies in Greece, but it was not until early in the fifteenth century that the first large band wandered farther into



THEIR CLACKING CASTANETS accompany the dance of these supple, young gypsies of Granada, a Spanish city that has a large gypsy element. They live fairly settled lives in the Albaicin, or old quarter, some in houses and some in caves. Men and women are always ready, for a small sum of money, to play the guitar or dance a gypsy measure.



99
A GYPSY GIRL OF SPAIN is not so easily recognised as is a gypsy girl in another land, for she shares her most striking characteristics—her black hair and eyes and gleaming smile—with the women of her adopted country. She can generally be known, however, by the bright colours she wears, for the Spanish women are usually clad in black.



GYPSY DANCERS IN PERSIA. THE LAND THAT FIRST EXPERIENCED INVASION BY THE VAGRANT GYPSY FOLK
 We do not associate English gypsies with dancing and music, but in the lands of western Asia and eastern Europe, as well as in Spain, gypsies are famed for both. Persians, especially those of culture, consider dancing to be degrading and undignified, and never practise it themselves, but that they enjoy watching it we can see from this photograph, which shows two gypsy performers in a courtyard of a Persian village. It has been proved, from their language, that the gypsies came originally from India, probably about A.D. 1100 to 1200.



THE BEAT OF A DRUM WILL MARK THE TIME FOR THIS SERBIAN GYPSY DANCE

In the Balkans there are more gypsies than in any other part of the world, and in those countries they have not met with the oppression that they brought upon themselves in lands farther west. They do not mingle, however, with the natives of their countries by adoption, are about to entertain a Serbian village by performing a dance.



THERE ARE MANY NOMADS in the world who are not of gypsy blood, but most of them lead a wandering life of necessity, not through an inborn love of it. These Afghan herdsmen, for instance, rarely stay long in one place because only here and there upon the wild

and desolate mountain slopes do they find the wherewithal to feed their flocks and herds. What little verdure they find is soon exhausted, and then the whole tribe must move on to another green patch. Herdsmen make up a large proportion of the earth's wanderers.

Edward



contrived to retain their individuality, their language is enriched with words from that of every country through which they have passed. They also profess the religion of their adopted country, and in their clothes conform somewhat to the prevailing fashions.

A VARIED ORCHESTRA—violin, mandoline, flute and tambourines—provides the accompaniment for this gypsy dance which is in progress in a courtyard of southern Serbia. Though the gypsies have, during the seven or more centuries in which they have dwelt in the Balkans,



Hubert

COOKING THE BREAKFAST ON A FIRE OF FURZE IN AN ENGLISH GYPSY ENCAMPMENT ON EPSOM DOWNS

The English gypsy, with his caravan and tent, his foreignness and roving life, is now regarded as a picturesque and rather romantic figure of English country life. But once things were very different. When the gypsies first arrived in England, about 1500, they were well treated by all, but, as in other countries, their craftiness, their thievish ways and vagabond life soon turned the people against them. They were then treated as outlaws, accused of crimes they had not committed, and were even put to death simply because they were gypsies.



Outlier

TRAVELLING HOMES OF THE GYPSIES IN AN ENGLISH LANE

The caravan in which a gypsy family lives when on the road is a little wooden, two-roomed hut on wheels, gaily painted and complete even to the chimney. At one time the gypsies were thought to be Egyptians—indeed, they fostered the idea by calling their leaders Lords of Little Egypt—and that is how they got their name.

the countries of western Europe. Sometimes the band became divided into two separate groups, led by chiefs known as Duke Andrew and Duke Michael. Not long afterwards other bands followed them in considerable numbers.

Many curious stories about the gypsies were widely believed in those days. One story was to the effect that the family from which the gypsies were descended had refused hospitality to the Infant Jesus and His mother when they went down to Egypt, and that they had been compelled to wander about the world to atone for their sin. The gypsies did not start this story, but they found that it made them seem interesting to many people, so they soon began to encourage it and to profit by it, and even to believe it.

They did not, however, behave on their wanderings at all like pilgrims who were doing penance. The women were very clever thieves and were able, by a peculiar movement of their hands, to pick up small articles without attracting attention. They also had a bad habit of poisoning

the farmers' pigs with some drug that affected the brain without spoiling the flesh. They then begged for the carcasses, which were supposed to be useless, and so kept themselves and their families supplied with pork. Gypsy women have always been great fortune-tellers, and the men have mostly been metal-workers, musicians, farriers and horse-dealers. In earlier times the men also engaged in highway robbery, they are still, frequently, inveterate rascals.

As workers in metal, especially in iron, tin and brass, the wandering gypsies were often very useful to the settled inhabitants, for they made horseshoes and kettles and other articles of common use, as well as more elaborate productions.

It was in connexion with their work as blacksmiths that another quaint superstition arose about their origin. A story got about that they were compelled to wander because a gypsy had made the nails for the Cross; but because he had afterwards stolen one of the four nails, God had given his descendants permission to continue stealing whenever they had need.

GYPSES IN MANY LANDS



It is interesting to note that just about the time when gypsies first appeared in Europe, pictures of the Crucifixion began to be painted showing only three nails.

The English gypsies always use the word *Romany* in speaking of their race; they never speak of themselves as gypsies. In countries where they are not *Romany*, they are called *tsigane* or *zingari*, or, by its German form, *zigeuner*.

The strongest bond between the gypsies of all nations would seem to be their language. They have a great facility for picking up words and forms of speech in the countries through which they travel, but underneath all their variations of dialect there are, perhaps, about two thousand words for common things and ordinary actions,



SINGING KETTLE AND SIMMERING POT HANG OVER THE GYPSY FIRE
Approaching caravans are always viewed with misgivings by the villagers, for when gypsies are about things are sure to disappear. The cottager must guard his hen-roost and the gamekeeper put double watch on his coverts, for the gypsy is a born thief and poacher. These gypsies hope to earn an honest penny in the Kentish hop-gardens.



Color

RICH HUNGARIAN GYPSIES WHO SPEND THEIR WEALTH ON FINERY

Hungary is the country most favoured by the gypsy folk, and here, by horse-dealing, metal-working, fortune-telling and other pursuits, some have become wealthy. This woman has a fine embroidered shawl of silk, though her feet are bare; her son wears a gaudy red and yellow shirt; and her husband's large buttons are of solid silver.

which can be traced back to Indian sources and have been preserved more or less intact by gypsies almost everywhere.

The purest Romany is said to be spoken in the countries of south-eastern Europe, especially in Hungary and Greece, while the English Romany is much less pure, probably because there are fewer gypsies, and because they have travelled less and so have had more time in which to adopt the speech of the people about them.

A gypsy man is a Romany chal, a gypsy woman a Romany chi. Everybody who is not of gypsy blood they call a Gorgio, and when talking to one another they say

"Brother" or "Sister"—in their language "Pal" or "Pen." A "rye" means a "gentleman," and a "rawnne" or "rani" means a "lady."

The gypsy women have generally been cleverer than the gypsy men, and in every country where they have travelled their "dukking," or fortune-telling, has brought them at times into relationship with Royalty. Britannia Lovell, a famous gypsy, told the fortune of George IV., when he was still Prince Regent, on Newmarket Heath, and is said to have received five pounds and a hearty kiss from him as her reward. Pepita, a



HUNGARIAN TINKER WORKS WHILE HIS LARGE FAMILY WAITS FOR ITS EVENING MEAL

The wandering Hungarian gypsy, when he does any work at all, as "esiganc," the Hungarian name for a gypsy. Only about one gypsy often as not occupies himself in mending the large metal preserving-pans of the peasants, for metal-working is a craft at which he is skilled. It is thought, indeed, that our word "tinker" may be derived from work for them. They only became their own masters in 1782.



GYPSY STRING QUINTET PLAYING ONE OF THE LILTING AIRS THAT HAVE MADE THEIR PEOPLE FAMOUS. These gypsy musicians lost much of their picturesqueness when they adopted Western clothes, but we have only to hear them to forget entirely their unprepossessing appearance. The gypsies of Hungary have, to a greater degree than their fellows, developed their musical genius. Not only are they sure to be present at every village festival, but a permanent orchestra of them is retained in many big, city restaurants and hotels. Once every Hungarian "boyar," or lord, had his gypsy fiddlers, even as every English baron had his minstrels.



COIN-BEDECKED ROMANY BEAUTY AND HER RAKLO, OR BOY

When young, a gypsy woman is often beautiful, but she soon loses her good looks. She never, however, loses her skill at palmistry and fortune-telling with cards or her knowledge of charms. The gypsy language in England has come to be a jargon of English and Romany, or gypsy, words, but in Hungary and the Balkans it remains fairly pure.

GYPSIES IN MANY LANDS

Spanish gypsy, told the "buena ventura," or good fortune, of a Queen of Spain, and Modor, a gypsy of Moscow, did the same for an Empress of all the Russias.

Too often, however, the gypsy women did not confine themselves to fortune-telling, but played tricks of a more dishonest nature on the ladies who listened to their tales. One such deception was to persuade the lady that if she placed a sum of gold in the gypsy's hand and

then made a parcel of it and hid it between her feather bed and her mattress, leaving it there for a year without looking at it, she would find at the end of that time that the sum had increased. Simple-minded people were ready to believe anything that the gypsies told them, but at the end of the year, when the gypsies had wandered far away, on opening the parcel they would find that the bag of gold coins had been cleverly changed for one



TRIO OF MUSICAL VAGRANTS OF THE GREEK PENINSULA

The Greek gypsy uses a drum and a kind of flageolet instead of a violin, but he, too, is a merry music-maker. Greece was the first European country to know the gypsy, and as early as 1378 a gypsy chief named John had considerable feudal power in the Peloponnesus. Several ruined strongholds there are still known as "gypsy castles."



Rumanian Legation

YOUNG RUMANIAN "URSARI" AND HIS PERFORMING BEAR

The "ursari," or bear leaders, are members of an honourable gypsy calling. The bear is caught young, and when trained to dance and perform tricks is sure to bring in enough money to keep his master. Rumanian gypsies were almost slaves until quite recently.

It is said that in 1845 two hundred families of them were auctioned in Bukarest!



Cutler

ANCIENT MEMBERS OF A GREAT BROTHERHOOD OF WANDERERS

Every part of the world knows this kind of nomad, vagrants of all nationalities, with no home and no occupation except begging—just tramps. These two old Hungarians are resting on the dusty grass by the wayside, while she smokes her big pipe and he makes a meal of tomatoes, the cheapest food procurable in Hungary.

exactly like it, but which contained only a few halfpence and farthings.

Among the English gypsies there are certain family names such as Lee, Hearne, Lovell, Boswell, Smith, Cooper, Stanley, Marshall, Grey and Buckland, which are met with again and again. It is probable that in many cases gypsy families adopted these names from the great men on whose lands they had been allowed to camp, though two of them—Smith and Cooper—represent trades which they were wont to follow.

They have a wonderful assortment of Christian, or first names. The writer was once at a gypsy christening in Norfolk, where the baby was named Magenta. Perpenia, Tryphenia, Syeira, Shuri, Merailini, Reyna, Fenella and Orlenda are a few typical names of gypsy girls; the boys' names are less unusual, though Plato and Pyramus are not uncommon.

The gypsies cannot be said to have any special religion of their own. When they first started on their wanderings they probably professed some form of Hinduism. The word which they use for the Christian Cross is the same word which means in India the trident of the Hindu god Siva; but they lost long ago whatever faith they ever had. In Mahomedan countries they profess to be Mahomedans, and in Christian countries they belong to that faith. They like having their babies christened; in fact, they sometimes manage to have them christened several times in the different places in which they stay, for they regard baptism as some kind of charm.

For the most part, gypsies are handsome folk, with dark eyes and complexions, teeth of dazzling whiteness, lithe sinewy bodies and rather small hands and feet; but the gypsy women tend to grow old



RESTLESS WANDERERS ON THE DRY AND DUSTY ROADS OF INDIA

India, the native home of the true gypsy, has also its wandering tribes whose home is the wayside. Among them are the Banjaras, or Brinjaries, who used to be a tribe of grain-carriers and grain-dealers, travelling from place to place. Most of them are now merged into the settled population, but some cannot forsake the life of the open road.

in early middle age, although their eyes remain full of expression to the last.

Some of them travel about in caravans, the equipment of which always includes a stove, with a chimney going through the roof; but the natural dwelling of a gypsy is a tent, oblong in shape and very simply made. Two rows of long rods are stuck into the ground opposite each other. The tops are bent over till they meet, are tied together, and then coarse brown cloths are thrown over the whole, skewered together at the top and pegged down at the bottom. Often a little bank of earth, a few inches high, is formed round the outside to carry off the rain, or a shallow trench is dug for the same purpose.

The gypsies sit on the ground, cross-legged like tailors, to eat their meals, and do not trouble about tables or chairs; but they spread a mattress for a bed at night, and cover it with a cloth in the day-time to make a couch. The huge stewpot is one of the most important articles of the household and never seems to be empty. Nothing comes amiss to the pot in the way of fur or fowl that can be snared or other-

wise obtained. A hare, a goose or a mallard from the fen, the gypsy is sure to have something good to offer you if you sup with him as an accepted friend. A special delicacy is the hedgehog, which gypsy cooking renders particularly tender.

There used to be several open spaces in London where gypsies congregated with their caravans and tents in winter-time, when the woods and commons of the country had grown damp and cold; but, both in town and country, the life has lost much of its attraction of late years, for policemen, educational authorities and all kinds of inspectors make the gypsy mode of living in the British Isles less free and easy than it used to be.

On the continent of Europe there are believed to be about three quarters of a million gypsies, the largest proportion being in Rumania, Hungary and Bulgaria; and there are immense numbers in Armenia, Persia, Syria and other Asiatic countries, as well as in Egypt, Algeria and other parts of Africa.

There have been considerable migrations of gypsies to the countries overseas. In

GYPSIES IN MANY LANDS

America they are to be found from Canada to Brazil, but most of all in the United States, and there are scattered bands of them even in Australia and New Zealand. These young and sparsely populated countries offer the gypsy folk less scope for practising deceptions on their fellow-creatures, but they are far more suitable for the genuine gypsy life of free, unfettered wandering and camping under the open sky than are the crowded lands of Europe.

In the countries of central and south-eastern Europe the gypsies are famous for their music, which is wild and wonderfully effective. Their principal instrument is the violin, and the great composer Liszt called them the founders of the style of music for which his native Hungary is famous. Gypsies play exclusively by ear, but with a remarkable technical accuracy. In Wales, where there are many of them, they often exchange the fiddle for the harp.

In the course of their wanderings the gypsies have suffered from terrible persecutions, which were partly brought upon them by their own misdoings. It often happened that when they first appeared in a new land they were treated kindly and were respected for their undoubted talents and for their knowledge of far distant countries, but they soon got a bad reputation. The thefts and robberies that were always associated with their stay in any place brought on them the wrath of the authorities, and they came to be accused of worse crimes—child-stealing and even cannibalism—of which they were innocent.

In many places they were branded with hot irons as rogues and vagabonds, or had their ears cropped, or were even cruelly put to death without any trial simply because they were gypsies. This ill-treatment largely accounts for their suspicious attitude towards strangers and for their reticence with people whom they do not know well.



LITTLE NOMAD SAMOYEDES ON¹¹⁰ THEIR WIDE-ANTLERED MOUNTS

In many lands of the Far North—in Lapland, Alaska and Arctic Siberia—there are nomadic peoples who wander over the frozen territory to seek grazing for their vast herds of reindeer. There are Lapps in Lapland, Eskimos in North America, and Samoyedes in Siberia. They do not follow their herds on foot but make their reindeer carry them on their backs.



Jamaica Govt

COUNTRY SCENE IN JAMAICA WITH A HERD OF THE INDIAN CATTLE INTRODUCED FROM MYSORE
When the Spaniards colonized Jamaica they introduced Spanish breeds of cattle that provided inferior meat but were useful in the yoke. The British improved the stock by importing animals from England, but it has been found that a mixed breed, which has been crossed with

the Mysore cattle, thrives best in the island. Jamaica is very suitable for stock-raising, and, besides cattle, horses, sheep and goats are kept. In the photograph we can see some of the beautiful country to be found near Montpelier, a small town in the north-west of Jamaica.

The Indies of the West

ISLANDS AND ISLANDERS OF THE CARIBBEAN SEA

When Columbus discovered the Bahamas and Cuba he thought they were islands lying off the east coast of Asia, and they came to be called the West Indies because he reached them by sailing westward. They lie east of the American continent and guard the entrance to the Caribbean Sea. For many years they were Spain's richest overseas possessions, until the fleets of England and France appeared in these waters to challenge Spanish supremacy. Now Great Britain, France, the United States and the Netherlands possess most of these lovely and fertile islands, which also include three republics: Cuba, which we have read about in our chapter "Cuba and the Cubans"; Santo Domingo; and Haiti, of which we shall read in a later chapter. Here we are to learn something of the mixed population of the West Indies and of the now vanishing races that flourished there in the days before the coming of the Spanish galleons.

THE first glimpse of the New World that greeted Columbus after his long voyage was a West Indian island, and for the next three centuries the West Indies and the Spanish Main, which lay beyond them, were the constant lure and inspiration of sailor adventurers from almost every European port.

Through the West Indian channels passed Sir Walter Raleigh on his search for treasure, stopping to caulk his ships with pitch from Trinidad. In many fights among their bays and creeks, Sir Francis Drake acquired that skill and seamanship which, later, defeated the Spanish Armada.

The West Indies form a chain of islands which stretches about fifteen hundred miles, from Florida, in the United States, to the northern shores of South America. Between the islands and Central America lies the Caribbean Sea. Cuba, with which we have already dealt, is the largest island, and Cuba, Haiti and Santo Domingo are all independent Republics. These two islands—for Haiti and Santo Domingo occupy the island of Haiti—with Porto Rico, which now belongs to the United States, make up the Greater Antilles.

Where the Spicy Breezes Blow

The largest British island in the West Indies is Jamaica. Lying a little to the south of Cuba, it welcomes the traveller far out at sea with the fragrance of its spices, especially if he approach it, as did Columbus, in May, when the pimento, or allspice tree, is in blossom.

Right at the other end of the archipelago and close to South America is Trinidad, the second largest and the wealthiest of our West Indian possessions. Besides cocoa estates, sugar plantations and groves of coconut palms, which the other islands also have, Trinidad possesses oil wells and the famous asphalt or pitch lake.

How Columbus Described Dominica

Stretching northward, from Trinidad to Porto Rico, are the Windward and the Leeward Islands. Near the former, but not of them, is Barbados, the only one of the West Indies that has been English ever since the days when it was first settled. Among the Leeward Islands is Dominica, which, for beauty of scenery and vegetation, can claim to be one of the loveliest islands in the West Indies.

In many ways Barbados and Dominica present a striking contrast. Barbados is a coral island and therefore comparatively flat; Dominica is of volcanic origin, its mountains rising to 5,000 feet. When Queen Isabella of Spain asked Columbus to describe Dominica, he is said to have crumpled up the piece of parchment he was holding into a rough, shapeless mass, and placed it before her on the table. Barbados has beautiful smooth roads and good hotels, and almost every inch of it is cultivated. The average annual rainfall in Dominica is about 300 inches, and roads and bridges are apt to be washed away as fast as they are made by the torrents that come pouring down. This island is said to have 365 rivers.



WONDERFUL BAMBOO AVENUE NEAR THE VILLAGE OF LACOVIA

Jamaica is among the most beautiful of the West Indian islands. It contains hills clad with forests to their topmost peaks, rolling pastures, fairy-like vales and charming roads such as the one we see here. The Black River, which flows near Lacovia, is a winding stream and along its course can be seen some of the finest scenery in the island.



JAMAICA GOVT.

KING STREET IN KINGSTON, THE CAPITAL OF JAMAICA

Kingston is situated on the south-east coast of the island, at the head of a magnificent harbour. The town was founded in 1693 after the neighbouring one of Port Royal had been destroyed by an earthquake. Kingston itself was almost wiped out by an earthquake in 1907, so that the present capital is a very modern town in every way.

The British Windward Isles are Grenada, St. Lucia and St. Vincent; among the Leeward Isles, Great Britain has Antigua Barbuda, Anguilla, St. Kitts and Nevis, Montserrat, Dominica and the Virgins to the north. Great Britain also owns the Bahamas, which lie to the north-east of Cuba.

France has the Saints, Martinique, Guadeloupe, Marie Galante and Désirade; and Curaçao and its dependencies are Dutch. Santa Cruz, St. Thomas and St. John, which are all close to Porto Rico, are American.

In the months of August, September and October, the West Indies are liable to be swept by hurricanes. The southernmost islands of Trinidad, Tobago and Grenada, however, seem to lie outside the hurricane zone and are almost immune from these devastating tempests.

The name hurricane is often loosely used for any great storm of wind, but the violent movement of the air in a real West Indian hurricane is always of a

twofold character. The wind rushes round in a great swirl or circle at from 80 to 130 miles an hour, the circle measuring anything from 100 to 500 miles in diameter. The storm, with its calm centre and its furiously raging circumference, takes a vast, curved course until its force has been exhausted.

Hurricanes which start in the neighbourhood of the Windward or the Leeward Isles are drawn westwards across the Caribbean Sea, generally missing Cuba and Haiti, but often crossing Jamaica. Then they either turn sharply northward up the coast of the United States, or else keep on across the Gulf of Mexico. The records of the September storms for forty years show that their normal course takes them over the peninsula of Florida, and it was one of these that demolished Miami in September, 1926.

Hurricanes seldom arrive without due warning, for the United States maintains a highly efficient Weather Bureau in



GATHERING THE BANANA CROP ON A WEST INDIAN PLANTATION

On the right is a negro holding a long pole at the end of which is a knife. With this he nicks the stalk of the bunch so that it bends down towards the ground ; the stem is then cut with a sharp, heavy knife. Bananas are gathered when they are green, and a single bunch may weigh anything from fifty to seventy pounds.

the West Indian area, which signals the movements of approaching storms to the different islands.

Every shade of colour from black to white is to be found among the people of West Indian birth. Black men, brown men, red men, yellow men and white men are all to be seen here. There are also mulattoes, who are half native and

half European ; quadroons, who are three quarters white ; and octoroons who have very little negro blood.

There are negroes, who are descended from the slaves imported in great numbers years ago from Africa ; East Indians, whose parents were brought in as labourers when the slave trade was abolished, and others who have come in since as colonists.



SORTING SPONGES AT NASSAU, CAPITAL OF THE BAHAMAS

Oranges and pineapples, maize, cotton and sisal hemp are all grown on the coral islands known as the Bahamas, yet one of the most important products comes from the sea. Trawlers are sent out—but not for fish, though they are plentiful—and divers search the ocean bed—but not for pearls. It is sponges that they seek.



NEGRO LABOURERS WORKING ON TRINIDAD'S HUGE PITCH LAKE

Near Brea, on the west coast of Trinidad, is the famous Pitch Lake, from which are obtained vast quantities of material for making asphalt for our roads. The lake has an area of about 104 acres, and a tramway has been laid upon it to carry the pitch away. The rails have to be pulled up and relaid periodically as they gradually sink.



NEGRESS OF JAMAICA TAKING HER WARES TO MARKET

Most of the negroes in the West Indies are the descendants of slaves who were brought to the islands from the days of Drake and Hawkins until the slave trade was abolished in 1807. They are, for the most part, cheerful, happy people, and both the men and the women work on the plantations. The women carry everything on their heads.

The Chinese are not so numerous as the East Indians, but there is a considerable number of them. There are also the British, Spanish, French, Portuguese, Dutch and Danish settlers, and, lately, some Americans.

Not many descendants of the original inhabitants remain. There is, however, a protected settlement of Caribs in Dominica, whose "king" rejoices in the name of "Jolly John." His predecessor, "Coriette Jules," went to Roseau in 1920. to greet the Prince of Wales.

At the end of the fifteenth century, when the West Indies were discovered, they were inhabited by two races who were very different both in temper and appearance. The Arawaks, a gentle and peace-loving people, occupied the islands of the north; the fierce and warlike Caribs resided in the smaller islands and waged relentless war on all newcomers, as well as on their neighbours.

From the name of this ferocious tribe the English language was enriched with the word "cannibals," as a general term

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for man-eating savages. The few Caribs who remain have given up their former habits, and are as harmless as the Arawaks themselves, though visitors to their settlement are still allowed to see the "kitchen" in which they used to cook their enemies.

A curious habit of both Arawaks and Caribs was to change the natural shape of their babies' heads by compressing their skulls. The Arawaks flattened their foreheads, and the Caribs squeezed them on each side, making them high and square.

The Arawaks were very badly treated by the Spaniards. They were carried off to the big island of Hispaniola, as Haiti was then called, having been persuaded by the Spaniards that their ancestors were living there in a sort of heaven and were waiting for them. When they got there themselves they found the conditions to be the very opposite of heavenly. They became simply slaves.

The Caribs, armed with bows and arrows, fought bravely for their homes

against the Spaniards, French, English and Dutch, one after the other, and in some of the islands, especially Dominica, they managed to hold their own for quite two hundred years.

The negroes of the West Indian islands are a curious mixture of simplicity and of intelligence. Their natural simplicity has been somewhat spoilt by two centuries of close contact with white men, and by a constant imitation by both sexes of the white man's habits and often of his failings.

The typical negress of Barbados is thus pictured by Sir Frederick Treves:

"She has well-moulded limbs, perfect teeth and the eyes of the 'Ox-eyed Juno.' The carriage of her head and the swing of her arms as she walks along the road are worthy of the gait of queens.

"She is as talkative as a parrot, her smile is that of a child at a pantomime, and without her this island would lose half its picturesqueness. She works hard and is strong. Her habit is to carry everything, whether large or small, on



OPENING PODS OF THE COCOA TREE TO EXTRACT THE SEEDS

Cocoa, or more correctly, cacao, is a product of many of the West Indian islands, and here we see men cutting open the yellow, oval pods and separating the beans from the pulp, which are dried as we see in page 1926. Ten pounds of dry nibs, or beans, have been obtained from one plant. The beans are ground to make the cocoa we buy.

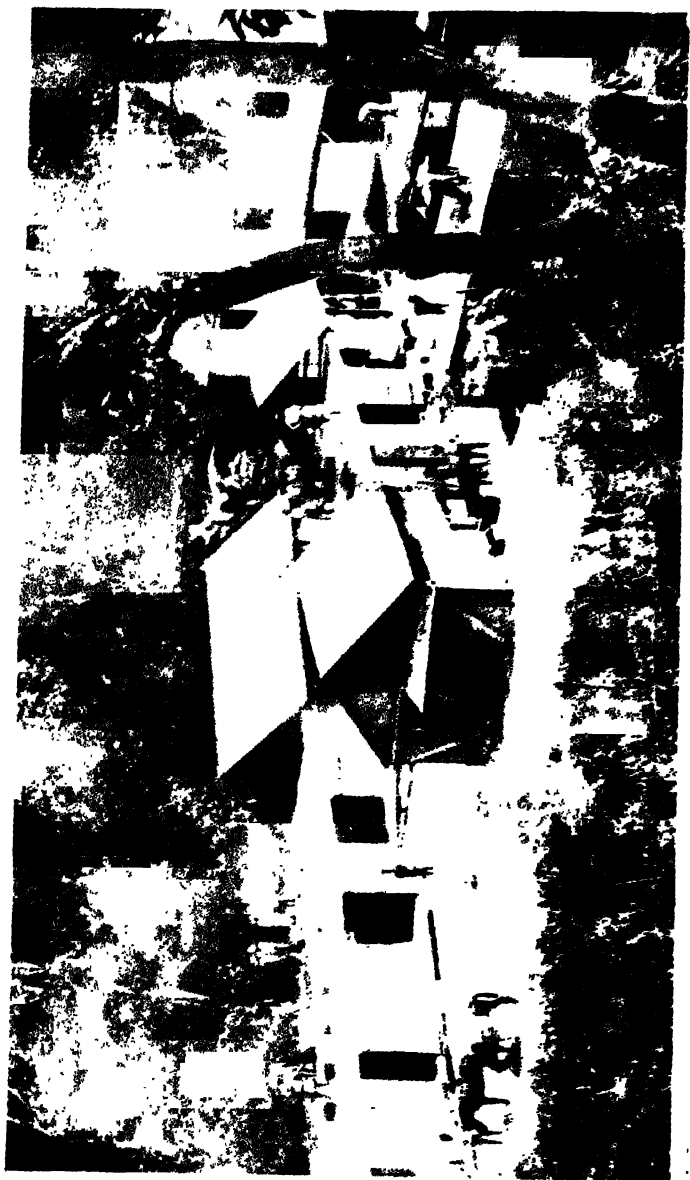


WINDMILLS THAT GRIND SUGAR CANE IN BARBADOS

Windmills are used extensively in Barbados for driving the machinery to crush the sugar cane, because the trade wind blows steadily for many months of the year in this region and so can be relied upon to turn the sails. Barbados has been called "Little England" by reason of its loyalty and its adherence to the traditions of the Mother Country.



BEAUTIFUL PALMS IN BRIDGETOWN, THE CAPITAL OF BARBADOS
Barbados is one of the Windward group and the most easterly of the West Indian islands. It has an area of 166 square miles and is one of the most densely populated places in the world, but the soil is so fertile that it easily supports its 172,000 inhabitants. Barbados produces quantities of cotton and is especially noted for its sugar



WORK ON A WEST INDIAN COCOA PLANTATION BEING PERFORMED BY EAST INDIANS

Since the abolition of slavery, large numbers of East Indians, mainly negroes are employed chiefly by the oil companies, and where one-third of the population is of East Indian descent. The East Indians preserve all their ancient customs in these islands of the West. In the photograph we can see the drying-houses, with their sliding roofs.

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her head. I have met an old woman carrying a full-sized chest of drawers in this way, and accompanying her a young housewife, with a single slice of green melon on the black mat of her hair, not far behind."

The women love bright colours. They are seen at their best in their white or striped cotton gowns, with a coloured turban, or madras, artistically wound about the head. In some of the islands the madras is fashioned on a stiff paper "shape," so that it can be taken off and put aside without any disarrangement of its folds. The people who have lived some time in the West Indies can tell from which island a black woman comes as much from the fashion of her headgear as from the particular dialect she speaks.

On the plantations and estates the negroes go about, for the most part, barefooted and very lightly clad, but they are very particular to appear in their best clothes when they go into the towns. If you happen to be a planter in the hills and you walk down to the port, you will very likely pass a group of women by the roadside busily putting on stockings and high-heeled shoes. They also are going to the town, and they have stopped a little way outside to dress before they reach the streets. They will stop again at the same place on their way back, take off their finery and make a bundle of it to carry on their heads.

You cannot send one of your negroes on an errand to the town and get him



NEAT BUNGALOW HOME OF A PROSPEROUS NEGRO FAMILY

Throughout the West Indies the bungalow is the most popular form of dwelling, even the more prosperous negroes preferring them to their huts. This one is raised on strong piles in order to protect the furniture and other goods from the attacks of insect pests. By the windows are movable boards to admit air when the windows are shut.



HUMBLE COTTAGE UPON THE LITTLE ISLAND OF ANTIGUA

This simple stone dwelling, with its thatched roof, is not nearly so pretentious as the bungalow we see in page 1927, but many of the negroes are content with very little in the way of housing. Antigua is one of the Leeward Islands, which are so called because they are less exposed to the north-east trade wind than the Windward Islands.

to come back with a reply on the same day. He invariably goes home on the way to change into his Sunday best, because he would not appear among the shops and offices in his working-clothes.

The determination of the negroes to walk along the hot pavements in tight shoes, when their feet are accustomed to be bare, often produces painful results. If a witness in a court of justice appears uneasy and distressed, the judge does not offer her a chair but invites her to take off her shoes. If a bride faints at the altar, first aid does not consist in loosening the clothing round the throat, but in taking off her shoes and letting her be married in her stockinged feet.

The black people are sunny and good-tempered; they are not too particular

in matters of strict honesty and truth, but are faithful and devoid of malice. Trouble sits upon them lightly, and they are all fond of music.

The languages that they speak include every imaginable variation of both French and English. A Jamaica negro has been heard to address the stubborn mule that he was driving in English that would be utterly unintelligible to most English ears:

"Wah you 'farm you har? You 'farm you harse? You f'geet you pop a jackass." The literal rendering of which is: "Who do you affirm you are? Do you affirm that you are a horse? You forget your father was a jackass."

Tennis, golf and cricket are very popular sports among the people of

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the West Indies, and in the larger islands the roads are excellent for motoring. Picnics, or maroon parties, are a frequent form of entertainment. Fishing provides excellent sport, especially the exciting tuna and tarpon fishing. Gorgeous butterflies and humming birds and wonderfully-coloured orchids abound.

All sorts of delicious fruits and unexpected kinds of fish and vegetables make up, with chickens and guinea-fowl, the West Indian's daily fare. Green oranges and grape fruit, the tiny bananas known as "lady's fingers," mangoes and pineapples and grenadillas, guavas and pomegranates and the avocado pear are a few of the luscious products of the islands.

Flying-fish and oysters grown on trees are often on the menu, the oysters being

picked off the roots of mangrove trees to which they cling. In some of the islands "mountain chicken" is a special delicacy, this being really the crapaud, or web-footed frog. Yams, sweet potatoes and cassava and many other vegetables grow profusely.

The chief product of Jamaica, and of the West Indies generally, used to be cane sugar; but the profits from the sugar plantations have dwindled seriously, partly owing to the increasing use of sugar made from beet, and partly owing to the abolition of slavery, as we read in the chapter "Lands of the Sugar-Cane."

Two of the most important industries which have developed within recent times are the growing of bananas and of limes. To Jamaica, especially, the popularity of



NEGRO CHILDREN BASKING IN THE RAYS OF THE SUN

Negro children are expected to help their parents at an early age, but they are past masters in the art of idling, and are generally absent when there is work to be done. The men will work on the plantations or elsewhere for a few days, and then, having earned a little money, will take their ease for a while.



CHARLOTTE AMALIE, CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND OF ST. THOMAS

St. Thomas, which is one of the Virgin Islands, was a Danish possession until 1916, when it was bought by the United States of America. Charlotte Amalie is an attractive town, many of the streets being stepped or narrow paths up the sides of the hills. St. John and Santa Cruz are other islands of the Virgin group belonging to the United States.



STRAW HATS FOR SALE IN A STREET OF YANCO, PORTO RICO

Porto Rico is another West Indian island belonging to the United States, and in its fertile valleys many valuable tropical crops are grown. Small sombreros of woven straw are made in Porto Rico and are largely worn by the inhabitants, though some are exported. Yanco is a town near the south coast and lies on the railway that almost circles the island.

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the banana has proved of great importance, as the island exports more than fifteen million bunches every year. Dominica, Montserrat, St. Lucia and other islands have developed the lime-growing industry. Two other valuable products of the West Indies are cocoa and the coconut.

Barbados, St. Vincent, Antigua and some of the other islands are famous for their cotton, which is called "sea-island" cotton. Nutmegs and arrow-root, log-wood for dyeing and mahogany for furniture are other commodities which are produced in the West Indies. All these are vegetable products, and it is only in Trinidad that mineral deposits, in the form of oil and asphalt, contribute to the island's wealth.

The Pitch Lake near Brea, in the west of Trinidad, is one of the chief sights of the West Indies. More than a

hundred acres in extent and of unknown depth, it is so hard that carts can pass safely over it. A tram line is laid on it to convey the pitch, and as the rails sink down they are pulled up every few days and relaid on the top.

More than 200,000 tons of pitch are obtained every year and sent to all parts of the world to be mixed with sand or lime for paving, and each morning the trench that was made the day before is found to be filled up again by the pressure of the vast mass from underneath and on either side.

Jamaica was discovered by Columbus in 1494, and colonized by the Spaniards in 1509. Columbus named it St. Iago, in honour of Spain's patron saint, but later it reverted to its old native name of Xaymaca, or Jamaica, which seems to mean a land of springs.



FORTRESS ERECTED AT SAN DOMINGO IN THE TIME OF COLUMBUS

San Domingo is the capital of Santo Domingo on the island of Haiti and is believed to be the oldest existing settlement of white men in the New World. Columbus discovered the island in 1492, and his brother Bartholomew founded the town in 1496.

There are many Turkish and Syrian merchants in San Domingo.



PEACEFUL HARBOUR AT FORT-DE-FRANCE, CAPITAL OF MARTINIQUE
Fort-de-France is the chief French naval station in the West Indies and is situated about fifteen miles to the south-east of St. Pierre, which was destroyed by a volcanic eruption in 1902. Fishing and coastal steamers use this part of the harbour, while huge liners, such as the one we can see in the distance, anchor farther out.

The Spaniards kept it for about 150 years, when it was taken by the British, and British it has remained ever since.

Kingston is now the chief town of Jamaica and its capital. For a long time Port Royal was the most important town, but it owed its importance rather to the buccaneers, who made it their headquarters, than to peaceful citizens or traders. Port Royal was destroyed by an earthquake in 1692, and Kingston was founded the next year by the survivors.

Earthquakes of great severity occur in the West Indies at long intervals. A terrible one, lasting only a few seconds, devastated Kingston itself in January, 1907. It was a hot, sunny afternoon; suddenly there was a sound like the wind whistling, followed by a roar and rumble like a mighty avalanche. The ground was rocked violently, people were thrown out of windows and through doors, and

then down came a thousand houses, crashing and clattering and sending up a yellow dust which hung like a pall over the city. In twenty minutes fire had started to complete the ruin.

Happily such a disaster is a very rare occurrence, and, as with London after the Great Fire, so the new Kingston is better laid out than was the old town.

Much of the wondrous beauty of Jamaica lies in its wonderful colours; not only flowering shrubs but masses of trees add to the beauty of the landscape. Waterfalls are numerous and the lovely Blue Mountains rise to a height of 7,000 feet. When the Rio Cobre is in flood, its waters gleam like bright new copper, hence its name—the Copper River. For the grandeur of its scenery Jamaica is well called the Queen of the Caribbean.

One great need of the West Indies is better and more frequent communication



SMILING MEMBER OF MARTINIQUE'S MULATTO POPULATION

Besides the white, negro and mulatto inhabitants, there are numbers of Chinese and East Indian labourers on the island, who had to be imported to work on the sugar-cane plantations. A large part of the island is covered with forests which contain valuable woods, but little has been done to develop the timber industry.

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with Great Britain and between the different islands. In these days of easy and quick travel, they might be used far more as holiday resorts and as places in which to spend the winter than they have been yet. There, tropical scenery of wonderful variety can be enjoyed with complete freedom from many tropical discomforts; the warmth is tempered always by sea breezes; the most dangerous creature in many places is the humming bird, which has a habit of darting at your eyes if you peer too closely at the bush where it is sucking nectar.

Kingston in Jamaica, Spanish Town in Trinidad, Bridgetown in Barbados and Roseau in Dominica are capital towns of very different types, but they are all interested in promoting the welfare of the British West Indies as a whole.

Many people leave Great Britain every winter to escape the cold and fogs; unfortunately they usually go to the south of France or to Italy, for they know nothing of the charms of these British islands of the west, the journey to which may be a few days longer but is infinitely more comfortable.



MULATTO WOMEN ON A SUGAR PLANTATION IN MARTINIQUE

One of the French West Indian possessions, Martinique is a very beautiful volcanic island, but is subject to earthquakes and hurricanes. There are several thousand white inhabitants, but most of the people are mulattoes. Some of the mulatto women are very graceful and most are fond of wearing brilliantly coloured clothes.



R M S P.

FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE BETWEEN FOREST AND SEA ON THE TORRID COASTAL PLAIN OF BRAZIL

The mass of trees that surrounds this little hut of mud and grass and palm leaves looks dense and luxuriant enough, but it is scanty compared with the thousands of miles of primeval forest that cover the Amazon basin. Here there are well-trodden tracks and sunny

clearings ; there the only paths are the rivers and creeks, and the trees and creepers grow so thickly that the sky is always hidden, and even the tropic sunlight can never filter through to relieve the gloom. Here dwell civilized Europeans, there live only tribes of Indians.

America's other "United States"

BRAZIL, THE GIANT OF THE SOUTHERN CONTINENT

The territory of the United States of Brazil occupies quite half of the South American continent, and contains one of the least explored regions of the world—the basin of the Amazon. Though ocean steamers can ascend the Amazon to Iquitos, which is in Peru and more than two thousand miles from the mouth of the river, unexplored forests, inhabited by unknown tribes of Indians, cover thousands of square miles in the valleys of the Amazon and its tributaries. Yet Brazil contains such modern and populous cities as Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Sao Paulo and Pernambuco, so that the traveller can pass in a few days from scenes of absolute savagery to teeming boulevards that recall Paris and many another European city.

IN the sixteenth century Brazil was known to the Portuguese as the land "where the wood came from," being the source of supply of the highly-prized "bresil" wood which their navigators brought back in large quantities. In time the name "Bresil" displaced all the more dignified names which the Portuguese had bestowed on this new country, and so we know it as Brazil.

In the centre of this South American land, which is nearly as large as Europe, are high tablelands, river valleys and forests, the land rising towards the east into more mountainous country—the region of minerals and diamonds. Beyond this lies a coastal strip of varying width, with numerous cities and settlements. North and west of the central highlands stretches a vast, sparsely-populated tract of tropical jungle—the valleys of the Amazon and its tributaries—and to the south lie the more temperate lands which are watered chiefly by the Paraguay and the Paraná.

Mistake that Gave Rio its Name

Until comparatively recent times, civilization touched only the fringe of the land, for Brazil could only be approached by way of the Amazon or the coast; the former was perilous indeed, and as for the coast, it consisted mainly of a sandy shore, backed either by low-lying lands or hills which were covered with dense vegetation. Usually an outlying coral reef raised an additional barrier.

A few months before Pedro Cabral came to anchor off the coast of Bahia, in April, 1500, and took possession of the

country in the name of the King of Portugal, a Spanish explorer had skirted part of the coast and entered the Amazon estuary. A little later another Portuguese, sailing south of Bahia, entered a beautiful bay which he assumed to be the estuary of a large river. From the fact that this occurred on New Year's Day he named this non-existent river Rio de Janeiro (River of January), and in so doing supplied the name for what is now the capital city of Brazil.

When Portugal had an American Empire

Gradually, here and there, usually at the mouths of the rivers, small settlements of Portuguese and Indians were formed; but soon the English, Dutch, French and Spaniards endeavoured to obtain a share of this new country. The Portuguese, taking alarm at this, began to colonize Brazil in earnest, and after a century of struggle drove out all other white races.

The coastal settlements grew into small cities; the gold and precious stones brought in by trading Indians caused the more adventurous of the settlers to push farther inland. Portions of the land were cleared and negro slaves were imported from Africa to work the plantations of sugar-cane and other tropical crops, which were owned by aristocratic families from Portugal. So important did the colony become that when Napoleon invaded Portugal, the king and his court sailed to Brazil and made Rio de Janeiro the seat of government of the Portuguese Empire. Then, in 1822, Brazil became an independent empire under a Portuguese prince; in 1889 it became a Federal Republic.



TAPPING A RUBBER TREE IN THE DARK AMAZONIAN FOREST

Brazil is the native home of the rubber tree, and the rubber production of the Amazon basin is enormous. However, as the trees grow in the trackless forests, access to which can only be obtained by following up the myriad creeks and streams that empty into the mighty river and its tributaries, it is a source of wealth that cannot be easily exploited.



HOW THE "SERINGUERO" PREPARES THE RUBBER HE COLLECTS

Much of the rubber harvest is gathered by solitary "seringueiros," or rubber gatherers, usually half-castes, who adventure in canoes along the creeks seeking for wild rubber trees. He builds a fire, over which he constructs a funnel; then, holding a round mould in the smoke, he pours over it the rubber he has collected, to harden it.

The total population of Brazil is less than that of England and is very mixed. The descendants of the old aristocratic landowners are mostly pure Portuguese, and there are also the aboriginal Indians and the negroes, who are descended from slaves. There are also large numbers of people of many mixed races and colours, for the early settlers, Portuguese, English, Spanish, Dutch or French, married Indian girls and their descendants intermarried with each other and the negroes.

In the state of Bahia, where are the big cocoa and tobacco plantations, there has been little or no immigration from Europe, and the people of the working-class are mainly negro or mulatto and are good-natured, contented and indolent. The city of Bahia, the old capital of Brazil, is as colourful as an artist's palette. The town is divided into two portions, the lower part lying round the harbour, the upper on the cliffs behind. The houses are red-tiled and painted in various

colours, and the narrow, quaint streets swarm with piccaninnies, black or brown.

Negroes and mulattoes form a large part of the population. The women wear full, print dresses with fringed shawls, usually pink or red, draped round their shoulders, and coloured handkerchiefs on their heads; an assortment of jewelry—necklaces, bracelets and big, golden earrings—completes their costumes. Even the men's cotton shirts are of gay checks or floral patterns. Both sexes carry burdens of all descriptions on their heads.

Bahia is a city of churches, which are richly ornamented with heavy carvings, gilding and highly decorated shrines. The church bells mingle their peals with the jangling bells of the little mules toiling up the steep streets. There are beautiful houses and gardens here, too, and on each side of the city the rich tropical vegetation comes right down to the water's edge.

The low-lying city of Pernambuco, which is situated farther north at the



MEN OF SAO PAULO DEALING WITH THE COFFEE HARVEST

In page 1804 we read how coffee grows. Here we see a pile of newly gathered "cherries" that are just about to be thrown into great vats of water. This is the first stage towards extracting the "beans" and preparing them for use. Four-fifths of the world's coffee come from Brazil, mostly from the state of São Paulo.



BRAZILIAN NEGROES LOOKING FOR DIAMONDS IN A RIVER

Diamonds are another valuable product of Brazil, they come chiefly from the district known as Minas Geraes. In these diamond mines, men do not go down into the bowels of the earth, as they do after coal, but they search for the gems in the beds of water-courses or wash them from the rock with streams of water.

AMERICA'S OTHER "UNITED STATES"

mouth of a lagoon, has fewer negroes. It is also very pleasing, with its houses painted plum colour, red, pale emerald or forget-me-not blue. The orderliness and independence of the people we can trace to their partially-Dutch ancestry, for the Dutch occupied the port during part of the 17th century. One of the quaint sights of the streets is that of the milkman going his rounds, leading a cow with her calf tied to her tail and accompanied by a boy who carries a bottle to be filled with milk to order. Another is that of a group of half a dozen porters carrying on their heads loads of sugar, for this is the region of sugar production.

About eight hundred miles south of Bahia lies the city of Rio de Janeiro, which has been the capital of Brazil since 1762. Romantically situated on the shores of a most beautiful bay, this prosperous city is remarkable for its fine buildings and promenades and its streets lined with outdoor cafés and magnificent shops.

At Rio we can see the typical Brazilians, well-built people with dark hair, eyes and skins, many of them, particularly the women, being very handsome. Men and women alike are fond of dress and display, and the flashing diamonds that have made the Brazilian mines so famous are much in evidence, for the people of Rio are rich—very rich. Even the poorer folk dress showily, though they have to economise in many ways in order to do so.

Although ancient barriers are breaking down somewhat, and women have lately found employment in business, the Brazilian ladies for the most part take no share in public life. They do not go outdoors unaccompanied; in fact, they live their lives very much in their homes, where they have little opportunity of being dull, for families of eight or ten children are common. Moreover, the prosperous



A TUKANO INDIAN LIKES A LONG SMOKE

This Amazonian Indian is using a most uncommon holder for his large cigar. He is a member of the Tukano tribe, who are great fishermen and, though they rarely eat any meat, very fond of eating frogs.

Brazilian is very generous to his poorer relatives, and, as in Argentina, it is not uncommon to find many branches of the family living together in one large house.

Sunday is divided between the church and amusements. It is the day set apart for family picnics, for horse races or tram rides into the hilly country around the city. A rack-railway runs up the nearby mountain of Corcovada (the Hunchback), and an aerial railway swings a car along over the tree tops to the summit of the



Johnston

INDIANS OF THE RIO NEGRO GO A-HUNTING WITH BOW AND ARROW
Around the Rio Negro, a great river that is but a tributary of the greater Amazon, lives a tribe of primitive hunters called the Aruacs. Their clothes are of the scantiest and they wear no ornaments, unless their distended ear-lobes, which are sometimes weighted until they hang down over their shoulders, can be classed as ornamental.



FESTIVAL FINERY OF A BRAZILIAN PAN

This Indian musician is a member of a tribe that has come under European influence, for he wears clothes of coarse cotton. Unlike the Aruac boys he loves finery—fibre bracelets, toucan feathers and coloured beads. The Brazilian Indian is very musical; the chosen instrument of this one is the pipes beloved of the goat-legged, Greek god Pan.

AMERICA'S OTHER "UNITED STATES"

curiously-shaped "Sugar Loaf" which stands at the entrance to the bay. Both command a bird's-eye view of the city and the bay, and are very popular resorts. Numerous saints' days, festivals and the annual carnival provide many opportunities for amusement.

In Brazil's Most Progressive State

São Paulo, lying to the south of Rio in a more temperate region, is the most energetic and progressive state in Brazil. There are scarcely any negroes, but into the beautiful port of Santos pours a stream of European immigrants—Italians, Germans and others—seeking work on the coffee plantations of the interior or going south to the farms and cattle ranches of Paraná and Rio Grande do Sol.

The ships sailing from Santos are laden with coffee, for at least half the coffee of the world is exported thence. It is grown mainly on the highlands of São Paulo on big "fazendas," as the estates are called. Here live the "fazendeiros," the aristocratic landed proprietors, in large, rambling houses which usually have rows of low buildings running along either side. These were formerly the slave quarters; to-day they house the labourers, mostly Italians, of the estate.

When the coffee plant is in blossom the whole country is covered with a fragrantly-scented mantle of filmy white. Until the coffee is harvested and packed off to Santos the fazendas are hives of industry. After that the fazendeiros and their families usually take a holiday in some gay city of Brazil, or even go farther afield, perhaps to Paris. The capital of the state of São Paulo is the city of São Paulo, which is large, modern and very like Rio de Janeiro.

Diamonds Used as Counters

The state of Minas Geraes is the home of the Brazilian diamond, but the secret of its wealth was hidden until 1727, when someone discovered that the stones the negroes of a certain place were using as counters when playing cards were really rough diamonds. Gold, and indeed

minerals of all kinds, are found in the mountainous districts of this and the adjoining states.

Perhaps the most romantic part of Brazil is the valley of the Amazon. Rising in Peru, this 4,000-mile-long river—"the Sea River," as it is often called—flows right across the continent, and into it, all along its course to the Atlantic, flow other mighty rivers. The tropical Amazon valley has been described as "trees, water and wilderness." Its only roads are the rivers; its only settlements are on the river banks; its few towns are river ports.

In the heart of this country, on the Rio Negro, seven miles from its junction with the Amazon, is Manáos—a modern city with a cathedral and a theatre, electric trams and motors. Hither come the huge liners, for ocean-going steamers can steam up the Amazon as far as Iquitos, in Peru. Manáos owes its importance to rubber, which is the chief product of the Amazon basin and can easily be gathered and prepared for export.

"Roast Sirloin" of the Amazon

Away from the rivers the forest is well-nigh impenetrable. Trees of all kinds, festooned with creepers and orchids, make a home for chattering monkeys, bright-plumaged parrots, dainty humming-birds and various other creatures. The swamps hold snakes, the rivers are infested with alligators and swarm with fish, some of them dangerous. Large turtles are plentiful; and cooked turtle is the "roast sirloin" of the Amazon. Turtle eggs also are gathered by the million, either for food or for the sake of the oil that can be obtained from them.

In the towns and cities of Brazil, and in the settlements and towns on the Amazon, the Indians are civilized, but in the forest lands and swamps of the interior, particularly in the Amazon valley, the wild Indian is at home. It is possible to go for days up the rivers without seeing one brown form flitting among the trees, and the only evidence of human presence is the beating of the native drums near and far, which gives the traveller the



FROM A PROMONTORY crowned with palms, we look across a bay of the Atlantic to the majestic hill of Gavea, which rises to the south-west of Brazil's capital, Rio de Janeiro—"River of January." But there is no January River here; only a few small streams empty into the vast bay that was thought by its discoverers to be an estuary.



FROM AMONG THE TREES OF A HIGH HILL WE LOOK OVER SANTOS HARBOUR TO THE DIM HILLS BEYOND. The island-city of Santos, two hundred miles south-west of Rio de Janeiro, is one of the chief ports of Brazil, for here is shipped among other things, all the coffee that is grown round Sao Paulo. Like Rio, it is built on low ground beneath lofty hills that are covered with all healthy. Its magnificent harbour can accommodate vessels of any size.



BEAUTIFUL MODERN STREET IN A BEAUTIFUL BRAZILIAN CITY

The Avenida Rio Branco, one of the chief streets in Rio de Janeiro, is quite modern, for prior to 1904 it did not exist. A row of trees is planted in the centre of the road, and more trees shelter each black-and-white patterned pavement. Many of the finest shops in the city are to be found in this mile-long avenue.

uncanny assurance that unseen observers are watching him and spreading news of his coming. The possibility of a shower of poisoned darts from an unseen foe has always been a formidable obstacle to the exploration of these forest lands.

The first white men in Brazil gave varying accounts of the Indians. Some of them were certainly friendly, but most were accused of cannibalism and other cruel habits. Indeed, some travellers maintain that these hideous customs are still practised in parts of the interior, and quite likely it is so.

Other travellers take a different view. Some twenty years ago a German explorer, taking a supply of beads, mirrors and fish-hooks and other trifles and armed only with good will and tact, went exploring some of the tributaries of the River Negro

He reported that everywhere he met with kindness and courtesy from the natives. He spent some time with them in one of their "malochas," or communal homes.

These large houses, which are built of timber fastened together with creepers, often contain a whole tribe. All round the walls is a series of partitions, serving as family dormitories. The large space in the middle is used for tribal celebrations, dances and feasts. The men fish and hunt; the women cultivate plantains and manioc in small clearings, make pottery and do a certain amount of weaving, though clothing is not much in request, and consists mostly of necklaces of beads and animals' teeth, with head-dresses and ornaments of rare feathers for festive occasions. The men eat together and are served first.



ACROSS BOTAFOGO BAY, a semicircular sweep of calm water, we look at the white, flat-roofed buildings of Botafogo, a southern suburb of Rio de Janeiro, and across them again to the sheer point of Corcovado and the gentler slopes of many other heights. Among

the attractions of "Rio" are the four miles of tree-lined avenues that skirt the harbour, which, with its clarity of colour and many green islets, is itself of great beauty. At night, when thousands of lights are reflected in the water, its loveliness is almost unbelievable.



Gilbert

RIO DE JANEIRO, "the most beautiful city in the world," as many people think, nestles at the bases of many rugged, curiously shaped hills. Here, from the woods that clothe Mount Santa Thereza, we gaze across one of its delightful suburbs to the Sugar Loaf—a cone of rock, 1,300 feet high, that stands like a sentinel at the harbour mouth

AMERICA'S OTHER "UNITED STATES"

All of them, the men and the women, according to this traveller, appeared peaceable and kindly, very fond of their children and courteous and honest to the stranger in their midst. He is of the opinion that this is the natural attitude of the people if once they can be convinced that the intruding white man means them no harm.

Acting on this assumption the Brazilian Government started the Indian Protection Service in 1910. This service has adopted a novel method of getting in touch with the shy and often hostile tribes in the forests of Matto Grosso and Goyaz. A camp is pitched in the forest, and pathways are cut in all directions. Every half mile or so along these paths a post—known as an "attraction post"—is set up and hung with such articles as the natives love. Then at night a man, sitting in a shelter high up in a tree, speaks through a megaphone in the dialect of the tribe, telling them that the goods hung on the posts are presents from the

white men, who wish to be their friends, and that more presents are awaiting them at the white men's camp.

Sometimes, when the tribe is thought to be musical, the man up the tree plays on some instrument. Often the natives are shy and suspicious, but in time this method usually succeeds in winning their good will. The next step is to give them agricultural implements and to show them how they can improve their condition in various ways.

In one part of Matto Grosso the natives were usefully employed in guarding the long telegraph line to the Amazonian waterways within a year of the erection of the "attraction posts."

This method of peaceful penetration is naturally slow and costly, but it is worth while, for only by the co-operation of the native Indian and his white brother will it ever be possible to make the Amazon valley—the great tropical heart of Brazil and, indeed, of South America—reveal its secrets and yield up its riches.



E N A

HARDY NOMADS WHO PASTURE THEIR HERDS IN SOUTHERN BRAZIL
All Brazil is not covered with forest. In the south are open stretches where grass is fresh and green all the year round, and where the climate is rather like that of southern Europe. Here, as in Uruguay and Argentina, we find enormous herds of cattle. These nomad cowboys have halted their wagon close to Castro, a small town in Paraná state.

Land of the White Elephant

THE SIAMESE AND THEIR FASCINATING COUNTRY

The Siamese themselves call their land "Muang Thai," the Land of the Free, Siam being a Malay word. Their country, however, is usually called the "Land of the White Elephant," for albino elephants are found in its vast forests and are thought by the Siamese to be semi-sacred, as we have read in our chapter "My Lord the Elephant." This kingdom of the Far East is one of the few tropical countries that remain in a state of independence, and it combines the rule of an Oriental despot with a certain amount of Western civilization. A strange mixture of ancient and modern, with its mixed population and fascinating cities, Siam is a most attractive land, as we shall discover in this chapter.

THE kingdom of Siam lies mainly between French Indo-China on the east and north-east and the British possession of Burma on the west and north-west. To the south is the Gulf of Siam, an arm of the China Sea, and Lower Siam borders on Malaya.

The Siamese are, generally speaking, a happy, simple, contented people and call their country, among themselves, "Muang Thai," which means the Land of the Free—the name Siam being a Malay word.

The chief means of communication in Siam is the mighty River Menam, and in former days roads, as we know them, were virtually non-existent, the inhabitants relying entirely on the innumerable waterways that are such a feature of the country. Bangkok, the capital of Siam, is situated on both banks of the Menam, so that the river is really the principal "street" of this Venice of the East, the lesser thoroughfares being the canals that have afforded means of transit through the city for hundreds of years. Modern Bangkok, however, has many fine, wide roads lined with European-looking houses.

Places of Worship and Amusement

Perhaps the most characteristic feature of Siam, from the point of view of the traveller who desires to see something of true Siamese life and character, is the "wat," a walled enclosure covering many acres, within which is a Buddhist temple and other buildings that are used both for instruction and devotion. The wats are thronged from morning till night. At sunrise come devout women bearing offerings of tea, rice and boiled bamboo

shoots to their favourite shrines. After them flows a continuous stream of worshippers and holiday-makers—for the wat is also a place of amusement.

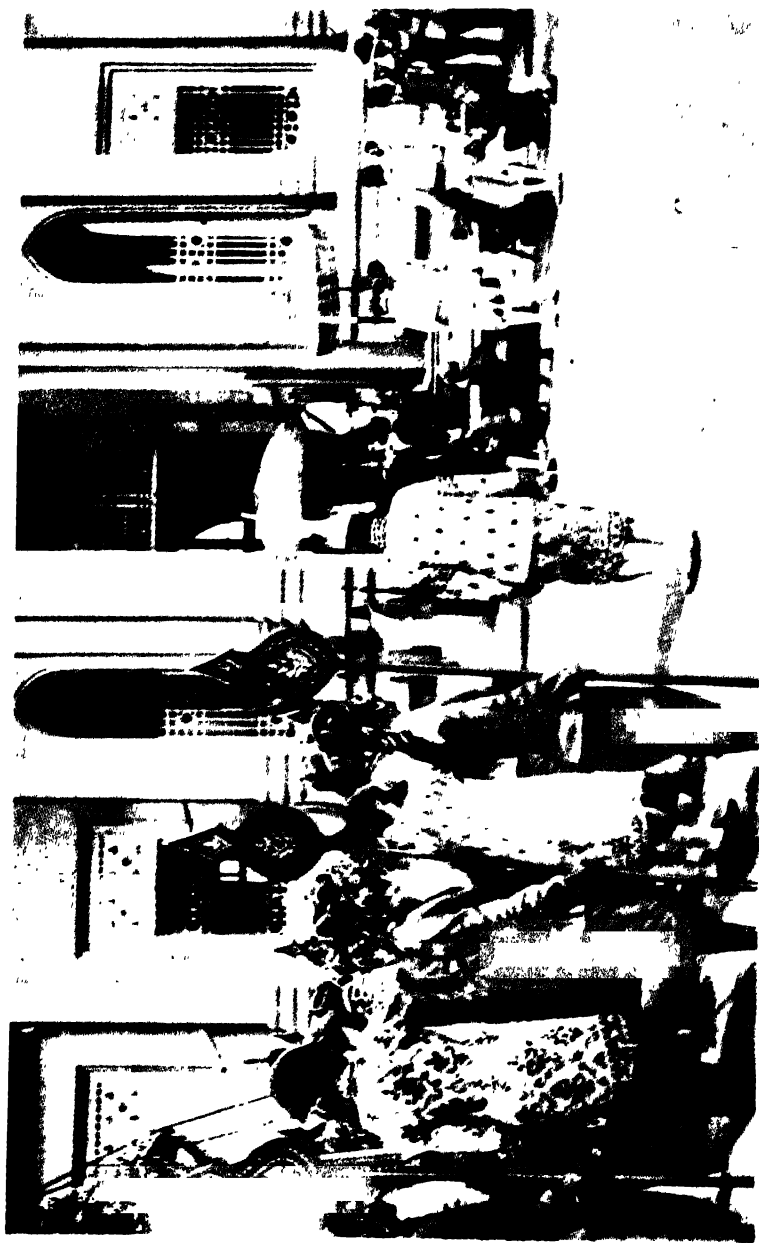
The beautiful gardens of the wats are the refuges of aged dogs, cats and even pigs, for it is against the teachings of the Buddhist religion to take the life of any living creature. A considerable amount of space within a wat is taken up by the dormitories of the bonzes, who are students studying to enter the priesthood.

Images Kept Bright by Worshippers

The temple rules only allow the ordinary Buddhist priest to possess a razor, needles and thread, a bowl for holding the food given by charitable people, two changes of robes and a filter. This latter is not supplied in order to insure a healthy drinking supply, but to prevent the destruction of any living organisms that may be in the water!

Whole families will make journeys, entailing several days of travel, from townships and villages many miles away, to pray at the wats, to make their devotions before the statue of the great sleeping Buddha at the temple of P'hra Chu Pon and to visit the shrines within the enclosures.

At the entrances to the wats they will be stopped by dealers in gold-leaf, which is sold in little books or packages. The images in the shrines are covered with gold foil, and the devout worshippers buy the gold-leaf in order to renew the gold on any small spot that may have become tarnished. Thus the images are always kept bright. Finger rings made of hairs



POMP AND CEREMONY still attend the coming and going of the King of Siam, although, since he has received a European education, many customs have been discontinued, such as, for instance, the complete prostration of anyone approaching the king. That much

pageantry still remains we can see from this photograph taken outside the royal palace in Bangkok. There are men of rank in silver lace, uniformed soldiery, palanquin bearers and ceremonial umbrellas. The white hat of the man in the centre shows that he represents a god.



THE SIAMESE DRAMA has reached a very high standard, though it would not be appreciated on the British stage. A man takes the part of the princess as well as of the prince and grotesquely masked demon, for this is a scene in a Yi Kay form of drama ; in the Lakhon form, women may perform as well.

Charbot



WOMAN OF GOOD POSITION AND HER DARK, SUN-HATTED SERVANT

The chief garment of the Siamese, worn by men and women alike, is the "panoong," which is the same as the Cambodian "sampot" that we read about in page 1414. The fair-skinned woman on the right is the wife of a petty official; her servant, clad for work in the rice fields, has been tanned a dark colour from constant exposure.



READY TO BE DEPRIVED OF HER LAST LOCK OF HAIR

The shaven head of this well-born Siamese girl is crowned by a carefully-tended topknot of long hair, which is fastened up by a gold pin and wreathed with white, scented buds. Now that she is about twelve it will be cut off with great ceremony. Nowadays many Siamese women grow their hair long; but once they all shaved.

from the tails and manes of sacred horses are also displayed for sale.

The bazaars of Bangkok extend for two or three miles outside the city proper. They consist for the most part of rickety shops, booths and stands, mostly made of bamboo, from which the shopkeepers will supply their customers' needs if they can do so without much trouble. Dried fish, oil, brass bowls, little carved Buddhas—some no bigger than a hazel nut—primitive looms, sweetmeats, green and blue slippers and toys are all displayed in amazing confusion. Itinerant sweet-sellers, with bell-shaped umbrellas over their wares, kite-makers and flag-makers are also to be seen in the crowded streets.

Siamese barbering seems somewhat strange to us. When a customer enters a Siamese hairdresser's establishment—a primitive booth—and asks for a hair-cut and a shave, the barber shaves his head with a razor and pulls out the hairs of his beard one by one with broad tweezers.

There are also travelling barbers who carry about with them their whole stock-in-trade, including a chair.

The Siamese are very economical people. For instance, we may see tailors in the bazaars, sitting cross-legged at their work, as tailors do all over the world; but it is not through making clothes that they make the greater part of their profit, but by selling needles and thread!

In 1926 there was to be seen in the Zoological Gardens at London one of the sacred white elephants that are so venerated in Siam. The Siamese do not look upon these animals as gods, but believe that the spirits of their wisest and noblest ancestors inhabit them. On that account the white elephants used to be waited on and tended by the greatest mandarins of the country, and even to-day they are guarded with the utmost care and veneration.

A voyage of about forty miles up the Menam River takes us to Ayuthia. the



STREETS IN BANGKOK, the capital of Siam, are nearly all streets of water, so, instead of walking or using carts or motors, everyone goes about in boats—even beggars and monks seeking alms. Of course there are some proper streets, and they are all well paved and

served by electric trams. Bangkok, which lies near the mouth of the River Menam upon both its banks and on numerous creeks and canals, is a huge town. It is only about a mile wide, but, according to the inhabitants, it stretches for about forty miles along the river.



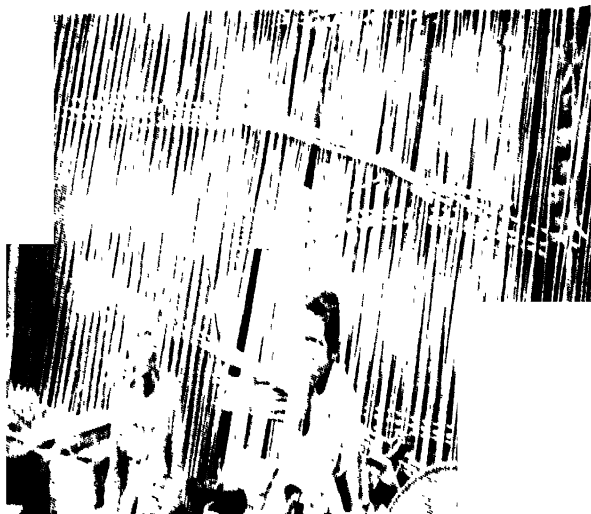
HOUSES MOUNTED ON PILES line the waterways, not only in Bangkok but throughout the country, and almost all goods are transported by water. This wooden, grass-thatched house is stoutly built and stands firm above the water; some houses, however, in

this strange country actually float upon the surface, and so are even more secure against floods. The floods may be very severe, for in many places the rivers disappear entirely in the dry season, but when the rain comes they are soon transformed into deep and wide torrents.



WHEN THE MENAM IS IN FLOOD GREAT RAFTS OF Siam has vast forests of teak, enormous trees that reach a height of about one hundred feet. Teak trees are not simply cut down when their timber is needed; they must first be "grilled"—that is, a ring of bark must be cut from the base of the trunk. Then, in two years

TEAK ARE FLOATED GENTLY DOWN IT TO BANGKOK time, when they are quite dead, they may be felled. Elephants drag the huge logs to the nearest waterway, down which they are floated in the wet seasons. The logs are fastened together in rough rafts, on one of which the owner builds himself a queer, little, temporary home.



FRUITS OF THE EARTH FOR SALE IN THE OPEN-AIR MARKET OF A LITTLE TOWN OF SIAM

These vegetable-sellers have a raised bamboo platform on which to squat and spread their goods. One thing they are certain to be selling is betel nut, for that commodity is sure to find a ready sale. Betel nuts are the seeds of the areca palm, boiled, sliced, dried in the sun and wrapped in the leaves of the betel pepper. Siamese people are very fond of chewing them, a habit that causes their teeth to turn quite black. Fortunately—for this vice does not improve their appearance—they have lately taken to smoking cigarettes instead.



THE WAT PHRA KEO is one of the most magnificent of the many gorgeous Buddhist temples in Bangkok, the brightly tiled roofs and gilded pinnacles of which add colour to the streets. It is the custom of the Siamese, when building one of their wats, or temples, to place offerings of rich treasure within or under the figure of Buddha.

LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT

ancient capital of Siam. It is in the jungles to the north and east of Ayuthia that elephants are most common. Trained elephants play an important part in the wild and difficult parts of the country. There are valuable teak forests in Siam, and many elephants are used in the numerous operations connected with the lumber industry. It is a wonderful sight to see these huge animals at their work of lifting, pushing and carrying immense logs and trees, as has been described in the chapter "My Lord the Elephant."

The training of these elephants entails a certain amount of cruelty, and indeed the Siamese are not always kind to their beasts of burden. At the same time, Siamese servants in foreign households will, owing to the teachings of their religion, sometimes leave a good situation rather than kill insects or noxious reptiles, and gardeners will abandon their work in preference to destroying a snake.

Strange Siamese Superstition

The Menam is a river of houseboats. The ordinary, floating homes are usually constructed of light wood and bamboo, the roofs being thatched with the leaves of the atap palm. There are rarely more than two rooms in each house, and the majority have an open front, with a landing-stage. If they have two floors, the number of steps to the upper storey must always be an odd number, for it is a Siamese superstition that an even number of stairs brings bad luck.

The river pedlar is a feature of life on the Menam. He goes up and down the stream with his wares, and has to be a skilful boatman. The sampan, a boat of Chinese pattern, is the favourite kind, and men, women, boys and girls are equally expert at guiding their craft, which is propelled by a single oar at the stern in the manner of a Venetian gondola. No gondolier could be more agile or skilful than a Siamese boatman, as he contends with the rapids of the Menam.

The Menam abounds in fish, and the Siamese have many ways of fishing. One method consists of erecting in the

water, close to the bank, a large, wooden wheel, to which a wide net is attached and lowered to the bottom of the river. Having done this, men row out in boats and make a wide sweep over the water, yelling at the top of their voices, splashing the stream with long bamboo poles and beating gongs.

Polite and Courteous Children

The frightened fish are driven before them into the net, which the men on the bank draw up by means of the wheel. The boats flock round and take out the fish as the net rises.

The children are well cared for in Siam. Mothers continue to carry, astride their hips, little ones who in England and elsewhere would be considered old enough to be able to walk about by themselves. The children repay the kindness shown to them by being particularly polite and courteous towards old people. Indeed, we shall find that respect for age is apparent everywhere in Siam.

It must be borne in mind that Siam is a country where the majority of the inhabitants are very poor. Hence boys and girls have to start earning their living at an age when children in Great Britain are still at school. The girls usually start as porters, and we may see quite tiny folk going to and fro carrying water-bowls, rice, fruit and sugar-cane.

Siamese Form of Football

The national game of Siam is raga-raga, or shuttle-ball, and it is a common sight to see as many as ten youths playing this game together. A large ball of split rattan is deftly kicked from one to the other, the players using either heel, ankle or knee to return the ball. So expert are these "footballers" that they will often keep the ball going from foot to foot for an hour on end without allowing it to touch the ground. This game is very similar to that called chinlon by the Burmese, of which there is an illustration in page 1420.

Gambling in some form or other is universal throughout the world. In a



INSTEAD OF HANDCUFFS, A SIAMESE PRISONER WEARS A YOKE
When an evildoer has been caught, a great yoke of bamboo is fastened, like this, round his neck. Then his captors have no further trouble with him, for he is too hampered to struggle or run, and it is useless for him to try and escape into the thick undergrowth of the jungle. The Siamese are, on the whole, a law-abiding race.



TEMPLE THAT CROWNS A HILL WITHIN BANGKOK

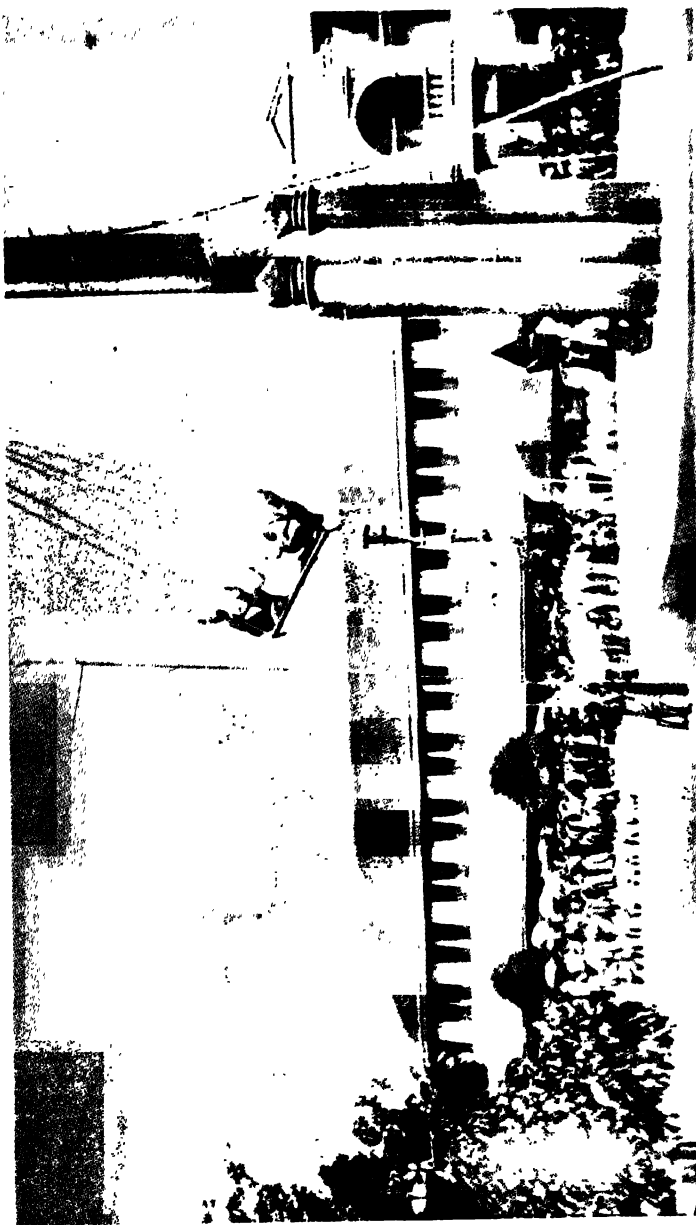
E. N. A.

The Wat Saket, perched on a hill so steep that it can only be reached by flights of stairs, is an ancient Buddhist temple. In Siam we may find many a lovely old shrine being allowed to fall into utter ruin, because the Siamese believe that by repairing it they acquire no merit themselves, but only add to that of the original builder.

Siamese bazaar we are sure to find a "guessing-shop." The proprietor of this queer establishment stands behind a table, upon which are a number of melons of various sizes. A pool is made up by a company of guessers, all of whom make bets with the shopkeeper as to the number of seeds inside a melon. When all the wagers have been made the melon is opened, and he who has guessed nearest

to the exact number of pips takes three-fourths of the money staked, the rest going to the proprietor. It is interesting to realize that competitions of a similar kind are held in many English villages, a vegetable marrow taking the place of the melon of the tropics.

The Siamese language is difficult for Europeans to master by reason of the fact that one word may mean many things.



THE SWING CEREMONY IS A MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE HARVEST FESTIVAL AT BANGKOK

Practically every country holds a harvest festival of some kind, but of a colossal swing and are swung rapidly to and fro by means of a cord. One of these men must twice, while in full course, catch in his mouth a small bag of money attached to a long pole. Should he bungle this, the harvest, so the Siamese believe, is certain to fail.



BY THE BANKS OF THE CHIEF HIGHWAY OF SIAM, THE BROAD, SLUGGISH MENAM RIVER

Here we see some of the floating houses that line the River Menam at Bangkok, and in front of them smaller roofed-in boats, in which, as in the pagoda of the Wat Chang. This great temple, which is situated on the right bank close to the Palace of the Princes, has a monastery connected with it, which houses numerous yellow-robed monks.

LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT

according to the way in which it is pronounced. For instance, a man might ask another this question: "Khái, kái, khaí, na, khaí?" which means "Is there no one selling eggs in the town?" and the answer would be: "Ha, nie, khaí, pha-khaí, khaí," meaning "The seller is ill." Thus, although both the question and its answer are chiefly made up of "khaí," the different intonations of that word alter the sense entirely.

As is to be expected of a people living in a land where there are so many waterways, the Siamese are expert swimmers and divers. A story is told of a man aboard a steamer in the Menam River who took off his spectacles to wipe them. As he was doing so one of the glasses came out of its fitting and dropped into the stream. Instantly the captain of the boat called a native who was standing

close by and told him what had happened. "I will get it for you for a tical"—a tical is worth about a shilling—said the man, and dived into the river, to reappear in a few seconds with the glass between his lips.

Siam, in common with the rest of Asia, is slowly adapting itself to the Western ideas of civilization. The government departments have been reformed. For instance, the old methods of trial by ordeal have been forsaken. No longer is a prisoner tried by being ordered to eat poisoned rice in the presence of his judges, to walk barefoot across hot stones, or to hold a stone image in the air; so that if he could eat the rice with impunity, cross the hot stones unscathed or hold the image out at arm's length without a tremor, he might prove his innocence to them.



HOME AND LARGE FAMILY OF A SIAMESE COUNTRYMAN

This photograph shows us two things characteristic of Siam: a typical country house and a typical country family. The house stands on high piles near a river bank and is built of wood and grass, with a high-pitched, grass roof. The family is typical in being composed mostly of women. This is because in the country a man still has many wives.

The German Homeland

RICH COUNTRY OF AN INDUSTRIOUS NATION

After the Great War the German Empire became a republic which contained eighteen states, the largest being Prussia and the smallest Bremen. The German nation is a mixture of many tribes, each with its own history, habits, customs and dialects, so that the people of one district differ greatly from those of another. The German of the North is very energetic and business-like and is rather contemptuous of the South German, who is a much more pleasant and cultured person. The folk of the beautiful, romantic Rhineland resemble the French in many ways, but the East Prussian retains some of the traits of the Slav. We shall read in this chapter of the industry of this hard-working race and of their wonderful country, about parts of which have been woven many legends and romances.

IN the year 101-2 B.C. a strange army of savage men from Central Europe planned an invasion of northern Italy. The men of this army were fair-haired, blue-eyed, muscular Teutons who were seeking new lands for their fast-growing tribes. So savage and brave were these skin-clad warriors—these “barbarians,” as the Romans called them—that for a time they withstood the trained legions of Rome.

After much fighting, however, the Romans vanquished and utterly routed them and drove them back into central Europe. There they settled in the places where the richest pastures were to be found. Little by little they spread themselves all over the land, occupying what to-day is known as Germany.

Towards the end of the fourth century A.D. the peoples of Germany had to fight the fierce, cruel Huns, nomadic, pastoral people from northern Asia, whose extreme ugliness and terrible appearance—from constant riding on horseback they had become bow-legged—whose savagery and lack of any kindly feelings terrified the inhabitants of eastern Germany, who were the first to encounter them.

Warriors Who Slept on Horseback

The Huns were not affected by the hardships of warfare, for they even slept and ate on horseback. They swept over the country like a scourge, burning and destroying everything with which they came in contact, scattering tribes and altering the very face of Europe. Upon

the death of their leader Attila, in 453, the menace of the Huns came to an end, and soon the German tribes—Alemanni, Saxons, Franks, Vandals, Goths, Frisians and others—were settled peacefully once more. It was, however, long after this that the various tribes united and became the German nation.

The Central Land of Europe

It was under Charles the Great, better known as Charlemagne, who reigned from 768 to 814, that the German peoples became most powerful. Though he styled himself emperor and ruler of the “Holy Roman Empire,” Charlemagne was really only the suzerain of many independent princes. It was not until more than a thousand years after his death that Germany really became an empire; until 1870 it was nothing more than a congeries of independent kingdoms, principalities and duchies.

Germany has been called the central land of Europe, because its frontiers touch those of Lithuania, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Switzerland, France, Luxemburg, Belgium, the Netherlands and Denmark. It was due to this long and varied line of boundaries and to the consequent menace of invasion that the Germans made themselves one of the most powerful military nations in the world.

Before the Great War the German Empire—known as the German Realm—occupied nearly 209,000 square miles, with a population of about sixty-seven millions. Now, owing to a rearrangement of its frontiers to the east, north and west by



MAGN & MEYER

PEASANTS OF WURTEMBERG IN THEIR SUNDAY CLOTHES

In the country districts around the city of Stuttgart the people wear charming but simple costumes on Sundays. Both the men and the women have curious little pork-pie hats on their heads, but those of the women have ribbons attached. The white trousers and coats of the men look very smart when worn with coloured waistcoats.

THE GERMAN HOMELAND

the famous Versailles Treaty, its area has been reduced to about 182,000 square miles. For instance, Alsace-Lorraine has been given back to the French, from whom the Germans had taken it in 1870.

Now Germany, defeated in the Great War, is settling down to regain her once vast trade and is starting life afresh as a Republic, the Kaiser having renounced the throne and fled to the Netherlands.

Agriculture plays a most important part in Germany. In north Germany there are both agriculture and manufacturing industries, but the east and south are given up almost wholly to farming. The farm work is done very efficiently by the peasants, who seem to like it. The manufacturing industries, however, are more important to the Germans, and all manner of machinery, toys, dyes and other articles are produced by the huge factories in the towns of the Rhineland, Westphalia and Saxony. There are also large shipbuilding yards at the ports on the Baltic and the North Sea.

The Germans had to overcome many natural disadvantages before they became a great manufacturing nation. For instance, they were unable to get sufficient ore locally for their great steel and iron industries, and coal for smelting had to be transported long distances. All these natural disadvantages the Germans have painstakingly overcome, and just before 1914 Germany was, perhaps, the greatest commercial country in the world. She used to flood Great Britain with her cheap but well-produced merchandise, which ranged from hardware to beautiful dyes. Of course during the Great War this trade was lost, but after 1918 the Germans made every effort to



HARTNELL

QUAINT HAT WORN BY A GIRL OF GUTACH

Gutach is a village in the Black Forest, and here the costumes of the girls are very plain and sombre. The hats of the unmarried girls are covered with big red pompoms, those of the married women with black ones.

regain their former markets and, as they work very hard for small wages, they will, perhaps, achieve their ambition.

The most backward districts of Germany are to be found in the two states of Mecklenburg and East Prussia. Here the big estates are ill-managed, and the peasants have been prevented from bettering themselves by a system that closely resembles the old-time "feudalism."

The chief characteristic of the Germans, both of the children and the grown-ups, is their love of education. There are no children who need less persuasion to go to school than German boys and girls. They are taught very early to read and write and to do simple sums—indeed, the



IN THE MARKET-PLACE at Worms we may buy the garden-produce of the surrounding countryside. There seem always to be plenty of cabbages for sale, but this is only natural, as the Germans are very fond of them. In the background we can see part of the cathedral, which is one of the finest churches in Germany.

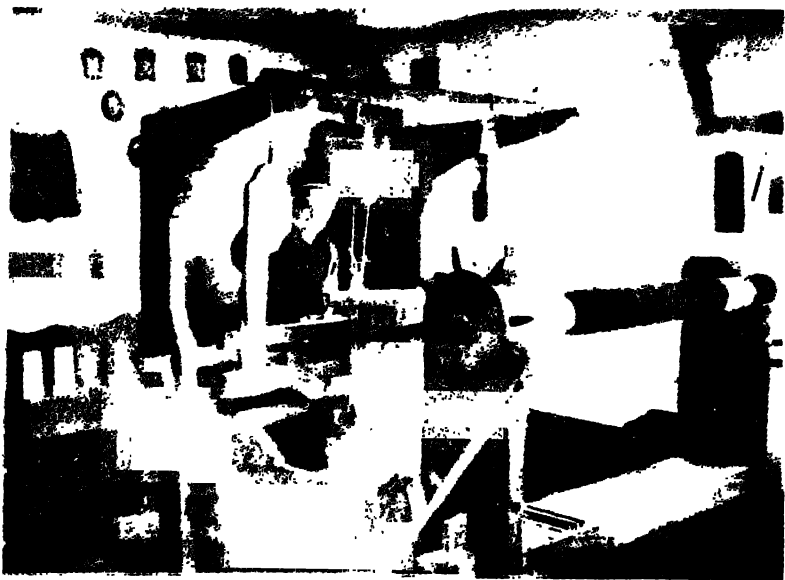


THE OLD MARKUSTURM in Rothenburg is a relic of the earliest town-wall. As we walk through the streets lined with red-tiled gabled houses we might almost imagine ourselves to be back in the Middle Ages. This delightful Bavarian town is very old, for in a document of 942 it is mentioned as being a place of some importance.



AFTER THE FLAX IS GATHERED MUCH WORK REMAINS

These peasants of Württemberg have gathered the flax-harvest and are now preparing the fibre for the market. The man is carrying out the process known as "scutching," in which the stems are pressed and then beaten in order to separate the fibres from the wood. Modern methods are now generally employed, but some work is still done by hand.



WOMAN OF RUGEN ISLAND SEATED AT HER WOODEN LOOM

Rugen is the largest German island in the Baltic Sea and is separated from the mainland by the Strait of Strelasund. The east coast is very beautiful, with woods coming down to the shore, white cliffs and blue water. The women of the island still weave in their homes, and a loom is often the most important piece of furniture in the house.



HARD WORK IN THE ROMANTIC DISTRICT OF THE BLACK FOREST

Though they live in a region that is a home of legend and romance, the people of the Black Forest have to work just as hard as anybody else. Here we see a peasant "heckling" the flax fibres to separate the long ones from the short. This process follows those of breaking and scutching, illustrated in page 1972.

"kindergarten" (children's garden) system of teaching infants has become so well-known in Great Britain that the German word has been absorbed into the English language.

The German schoolchildren have longer hours than the English. They are always neatly dressed, but their manners leave much to be desired. They are taught never to wear an untidy or unmended garment, and, as we see in

page 15, to take care of their teeth and nails; but good table manners are not thought to be so important as in Britain. The boys, after they have left school, go to the universities, of which, perhaps, the best known is that at Heidelberg, where many Englishmen completed their education in the days before the Great War.

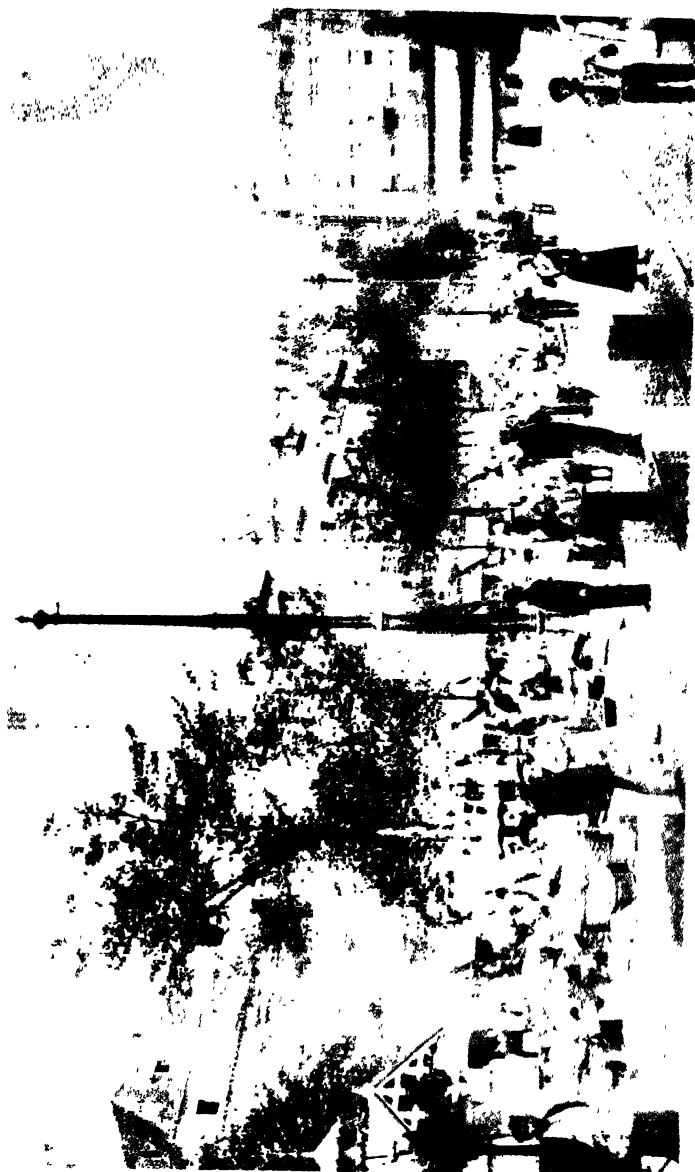
This beautiful university-town is surrounded by vineyards and forests, and round its sleepy, red-roofed houses and



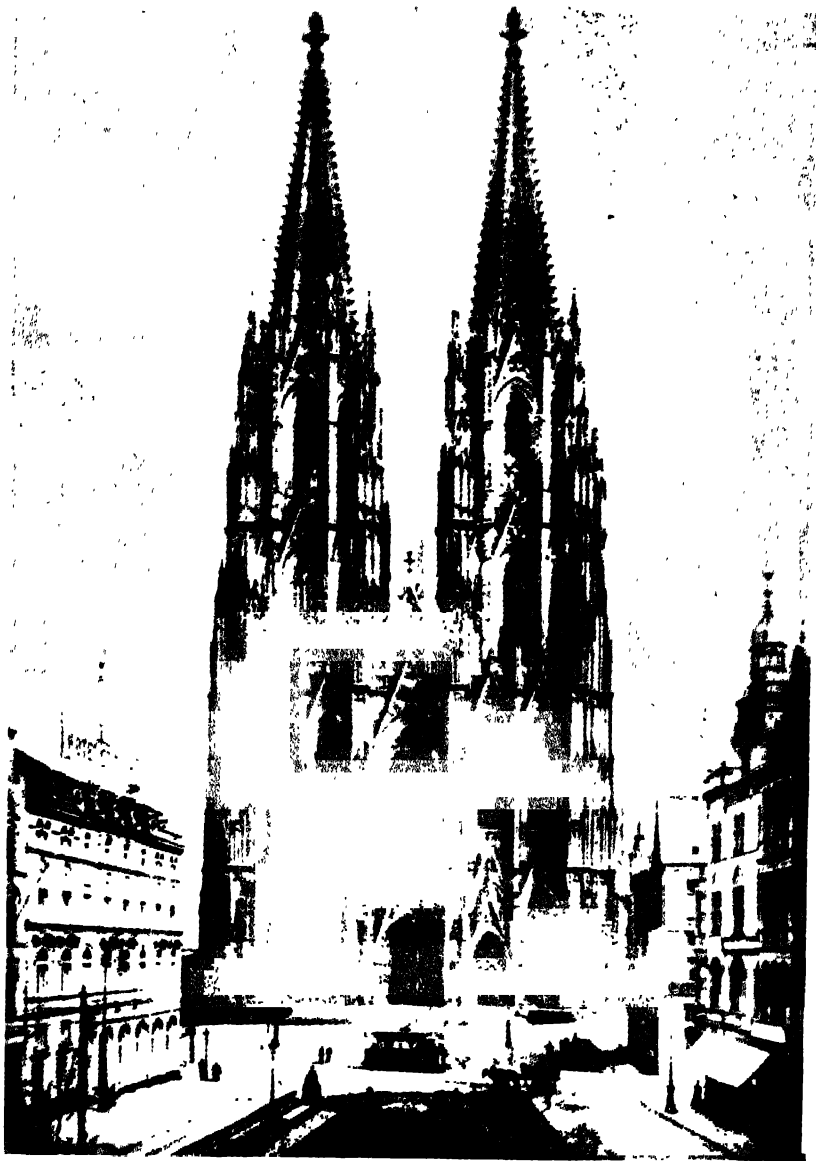
MEDIEVAL COSTUMES are not worn by all the people who live among the hills of the Bavarian Highlands, but only by those who wish to keep alive the old customs. The three-cornered hat, secured by a ribbon under his chin, and long, flowing coat and **knee-breeches** of the man are even stranger than the clothes of the women.



BRIDES OF BUCKEBURG wear head-dresses of flowers, starched ruffs and cloaks of brocaded ribbon. These costumes may give the brides an imposing appearance, but make them look extremely uncomfortable. Buckeburg is the capital of the former principality of Schaumburg-Lippe and is about 30 miles south-west of Hanover.



IN THE CITY OF COLOGNE IS THE ALTEN MARKT, DOMINATED BY THE TOWERS OF THE CATHEDRAL. Beneath the shade of the trees in the Alten Markt, or Old Market, the largest city in this part of Germany. The chief building is the cathedral, which we see in page 1977, but in the old town are many fine churches. Cologne is one of the commercial centres in Germany and produces, among many other things, the famous *... ..*



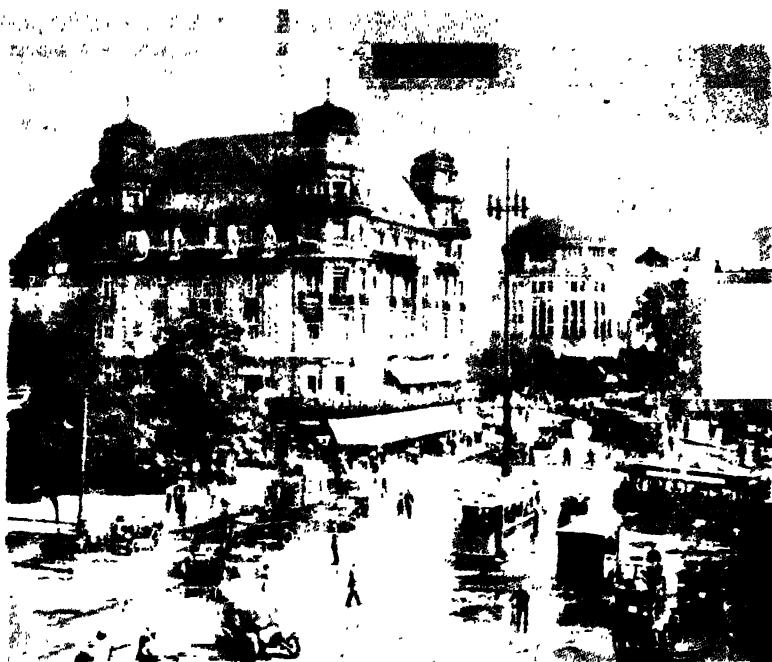
TWIN TOWERS OF COLOGNE'S MAGNIFICENT GOTHIC CATHEDRAL

Cologne Cathedral, which is dedicated to S. Peter, is one of the finest examples of Gothic architecture in the world. It was founded in 1248, but was not completed until 1880. The towers are 512 feet in height. The great bell, which at one time was the largest that was ever actually rung, was melted down during the Great War.



NEAR ST. GOARSHAUSEN is some of the most lovely scenery in the famous Rhine gorge. Vineyards cover the hillsides and many of the heights are crowned by castles, from which the robber-barons of the olden days levied toll upon the traffic passing up and down

the river. The little village of St. Goarshausen is commanded by just such a stronghold, which is called Katz Castle. The original building was erected in 1393, but it was destroyed by the French in 1806, and the present one was erected upon its foundations.



ONE OF BERLIN'S BUSIEST CENTRES: THE POTSDAMERPLATZ

The Potsdamerplatz is at the western end of the Leipzigerstrasse, which is one of Berlin's principal thoroughfares and appears on the left in the photograph. The square is traversed by streams of traffic from early morning till late at night, and the clanging of the bells of the electric trams is incessant, as it is in many parts of the city.

quant churches flows the winding River Neckar. Here many tales are told of the favourite sport of the students—duelling with swords. This method of settling differences, while appearing to be very drastic, was, in reality, seldom very dangerous, although slight cuts that healed into red scars, of which their owners were inordinately proud, were frequently inflicted.

The Germans are great family people and home-lovers. Home comes first, and most Germans believe that a woman should look after her home and children and not bother her head about outside affairs. This idea is gradually changing, and, as in Britain, the German woman wishes to do other things than housework and so is entering various professions.

Nowhere in the world, perhaps, are there such clever, economical and efficient cooks

and housekeepers as in Germany. Every German girl has an elaborate training in the art of managing a home. This makes her well fitted for marriage. When she gets married her parents give her a wedding present of clothes, which are very expensive and beautifully embroidered. These have very often been handed down from one generation to another. Besides clothes, the parents usually make a gift of beautiful linen for the new home.

Everyone in Germany has to be married by the State. Afterwards, if they like, they can be married in a church. The church ceremonies are very picturesque. The men wear evening clothes, and the bridesmaids dress as if they were going to a ball. Afterwards there is always a splendid banquet, which is accompanied by speeches, toasts and music. Then the ceremony of presenting



LOOKING WESTWARDS ALONG THE FAMOUS UNTER DEN LINDEN
In the distance we can see the Brandenburg Gate, which was erected in 1790 at the entrance of the Tiergarten, a splendid pleasure ground. In the Unter den Linden ("under the lime trees") are the former palaces of the Hohenzollerns, and the street is to Berlin what Piccadilly is to London. On either side are splendid shops, magnificent hotels and restaurants.



BUSY HAUPTSTRASSE LINKING BERLIN WITH THE SUBURBS

Schöneberg and Wilhelmsdorf, two suburbs to the south-west of the city, are joined to the capital by Hauptstrasse, which is called the Potsdamerstrasse during the later part of its course, and eventually debouches on to the Potsdamerplatz. Berlin has grown enormously since 1890, and now Greater Berlin has a population of nearly 4,000,000.



BAVARIAN BRIDES sometimes receive presents that seem rather strange. This girl has been presented by her father with a cow and seems to be very satisfied with the gift. It is customary in Germany, as it is in France, for the parents to provide their daughter with a dowry, and a girl without one will find it difficult to obtain a husband.



WENDISH GIRLS are very fond of wearing their old costumes, but they do not despise such modern things as bicycles. The Wendish peasants live in the Spreewald, which is not far from Berlin, and the girls work in the capital to save money for clothes. When they get married they will have a stock of dresses that will last them a lifetime. Haeckel



rollins

HUGE DOCKS AND QUAYS THAT LINE THE BANKS OF THE RIVER ELBE AT HAMBURG

Hamburg is a free city and the principal German port. The quays extend along both banks of the River Elbe for about five miles, and at them we may see ships from all parts of the world loading or discharging cargo. Not only are most of the exports and imports of Germany handled here, but also those of the Central European countries. In 1911 a tunnel, which passes under the river, was opened, giving easy access to the left bank, along which many of the principal docks, engineering works and shipbuilding yards have been established.



ONE OF THE MANY CANALS IN THE OLD QUARTER OF HAMBURG

In the old portions of Hamburg we are reminded of Rotterdam and other Dutch towns by the many canals and inlets that flow through the city. At certain times these waterways can be crossed dry-shod, but on the occasion of a very high tide they flood the lower storeys of the adjacent buildings. Here we can see the spire of S. Nicholas Church.



RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CASTLE IN THE GIANT MOUNTAINS

Twenty-three miles in length, the Riesengebirge, or Giant Mountains, separate Bohemia from Prussian Silesia. The valleys are very beautiful, and the lower slopes of the hills are covered with woods of silver pine, larch and beech. On a point above the village of Hermsdorf are the ruins of a castle destroyed by lightning in 1675.

the "Haube," or morning cap, to the bride is solemnly performed. This "cap," which is the symbol of a married woman in Germany, is presented to her on a silken cushion. A German bride and her husband are not pelted with confetti or rice when they go on their honeymoon, as in England, because no one is supposed to see them depart from the feast.

In most parts of Germany very few people live in the country, except the peasants. The Germans like living in towns and dwell mostly in flats which are heated by tall, white stoves. The streets are wider than ours and lined with trees.

In the towns, especially before the Great War, nearly all the men wore uniforms of some sort or other, which made them look

THE GERMAN HOMELAND

very smart. The women, however, did not look particularly smart; they were usually plainly and not very tastefully dressed. Now they are becoming more fashionable and are taking a greater interest in their clothes.

The pleasures and amusements of the Germans often differ greatly from those of the British. The theatre occupies a very important place in German life. This does not necessarily mean that the Germans are more pleasure-loving, for they regard the theatre as a great educational force.

They are not nearly so fond of outdoor sport as the British, although the men receive excellent physical training during their compulsory military service. Gymnastics and fencing are usually preferred to most of the organized British games. The Germans are, however, gradually beginning to appreciate the

merits of cricket and football, and lawn tennis is becoming very popular.

Germany is still a country of keen hunters, and excellent sport may be enjoyed by those who hold shooting licences. The Government is very strict in preserving the game in the wonderful natural forests, and roe deer, wild boars and various game birds, such as woodcock, blackcock and pheasants, are to be found in these preserves.

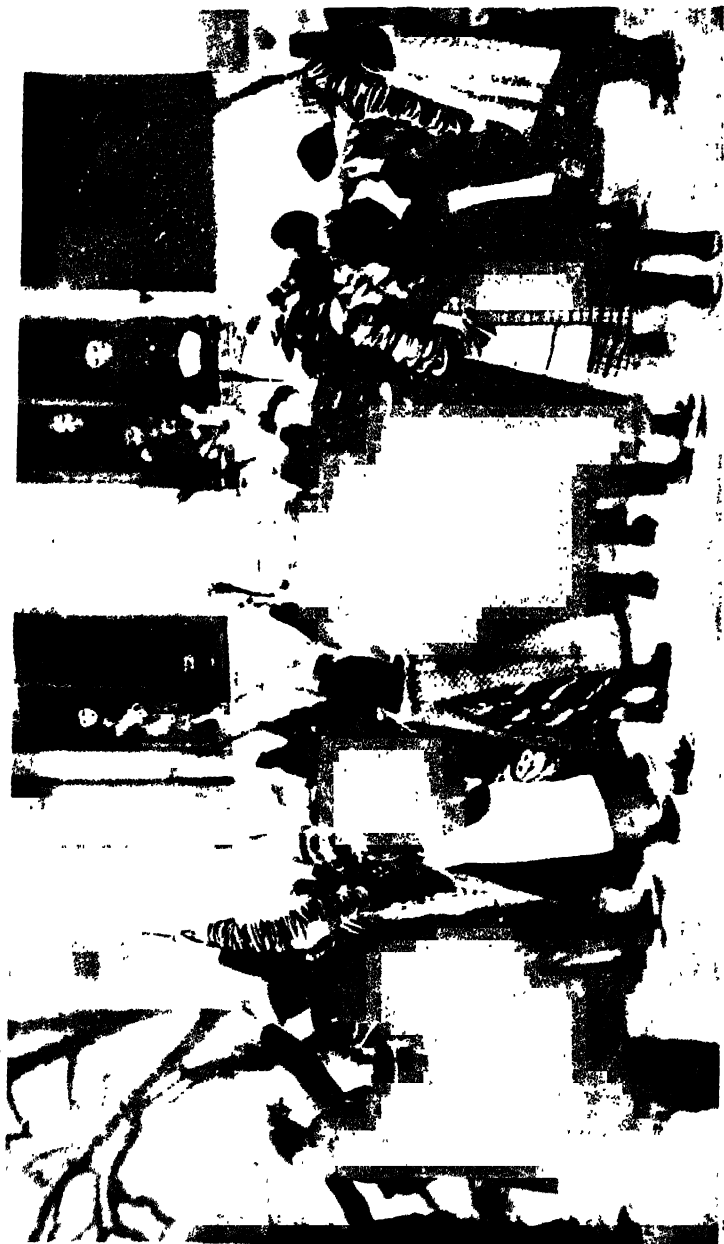
Everywhere the Germans impress us as being very formal and polite. A German would not sit down at our table in a restaurant without first making a stiff bow; and the etiquette of the University students used to be so strict that even the slightest breach often caused a duel. When a German is introduced to anyone, he clicks his heels and makes a low bow.

Titles used to be prized very highly, and people who could not put "von" in front



TOWERING LORELEI ROCK JUTTING OUT INTO THE RHINE

Over 400 feet high, the Lorelei rock towers above the river on the right bank near St. Goarshausen. According to an old legend, the rock is haunted by a siren who, by her singing, entices boatmen into the dangerous rapids at its foot. The rock is pierced by a railway tunnel and stands at the point where the Rhine is narrowest.



27

PARTY OF HAPPY CHILDREN IN BRANDENBURG OBSERVING A QUAINT OLD CUSTOM

Just before the beginning of Lent, carnivals are held in many European countries, and though the people of North Germany do not usually indulge themselves in this form of merry-making, the children of Brandenburg still keep alive a curious custom. In this photograph we see a crowd of them before a house, waving branches of birch and carrying piles of flat cakes which the people of the house can buy. It is believed that this custom is of pagan origin, the cakes representing the sun and the branches the renewed fertility of the earth.



BOYS IN A GERMAN SCHOOL STUDYING NATURE UNDER THE MOST PERFECT CONDITIONS

In Germany the children receive a very thorough education, and many schemes have been devised in order that they may take their lessons under the most favourable conditions. For example, these boys are studying Nature in the country. In page 11 we can see the way books and lunch in a long satchel, and the boys wear peaked caps.



PIED PIPER'S HOUSE IN HAMELN

Hameln is a town in Hanover, and there we may see this old house, which was built in 1602 and is supposed to have been the home of the legendary rat-catcher whom we know as the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

of their names were considered very plebeian. This distinction divided the people into two different classes, those who could use the prefix "von" and those who were not entitled to do so. Great respect is paid to titled personages, and their full title is always given them. Thus a German title, translated into English, may be something like "Mr. Privy Councillor Professor Dr. Brown." An editor would be called "Mr. Editor Brown." Sensible Germans laugh at the extremes to which this practice has been carried, but it still continues.

The Germans like rich food and good cooking, but some of their favourite dishes would not appeal to us. Sausages, sauerkraut—a kind of preserved cabbage cooked in vinegar—goose-breast, smoked ham and herrings are some of the dishes of which they are particularly fond. They drink vast quantities of beer, but as it is of a very light type it is not harmful, and even the children are allowed to drink it occasionally. They love to sit outside the cafés on fine evenings and to smoke their large pipes and drink their "lager" beer from tall tankards.

In Berlin many of the people leave their flats on Sunday to work on their allotments, and acres of such gardens are to be seen just outside the city. Those who have no gardens may spend Sunday in making excursions with their family into the country or to Potsdam. Others go to the theatres, all of which are open on Sundays, where for a few pence they can hear good music, of which all Germans are very fond, and see the best plays and operas of every nation.

Berlin is the most modern of European capitals. It has

grown so rapidly that its expansion almost rivals that of some of the cities in the United States. This is due to the rapid increase in its population, which just before the War was about four millions. The centre of Berlin is the Unter den Linden, a long, wide street of great beauty and historical interest. Along this street are many of the most splendid palaces and buildings of Berlin.

Sixteen miles or so from Berlin is Potsdam, where lies the beautiful palace of Sans Souci, surrounded by a magnificent park, with fountains playing and



GIRLS OF SANKT GEORGEN IN THEIR OLD-FASHIONED DRESSES
Sankt Georgen is a little village in the Black Forest, and if we visit it on Sunday we shall see the people of the neighbourhood in their distinctive costumes. These girls look very prim in their neat clothes, and, indeed, the folk of Sankt Georgen are less high-spirited than are the peasants of many other districts.



FORMER ROYAL PALACE SPANNING THE SCHLOSSTRASSE, DRESDEN

In Dresden, the palace, which was the residence of the ruler of Saxony until 1918, spans one of the main streets of the city at a point known as the Georgentor. Looking through the archway we see part of the Frederick Augustus Bridge, by which we can cross the River Elbe to that quarter of Dresden which is called the new town.



WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE WARTBURG IN THURINGIA

At the north-west end of the Thuringian Forest is a peak crowned by a fine old castle which is known as the Wartburg. The stronghold was built about 1100, and is of special interest because hither Martin Luther was brought by the Elector Frederick III. in 1521. Many relics of this great man may be seen in the castle.



MEN AND WOMEN OF THE NORDLINGEN DISTRICT OF BAVARIA ON THEIR WAY TO MARKET
 In the Black Forest and Bavaria we may still see the fascinating old affair. Many of the folk in South Germany are Catholics, and a procession on a saint's day, with the women in their vivid dresses, makes costumes that are fast disappearing. People from one valley wear costumes that are quite different from those of the people from another, a charming sight. Three of the women have baskets so shaped that they can be held close to the side and thus are less tiring to carry so that a gathering of peasants from several valleys is a very brilliant



WOMEN OF HESSE-NASSAU WEARING THEIR TINY HATS, SHORT SKIRTS AND BUCKLED SHOES

On Sunday the people of this village near Ziegenhan, in Hesse-Nassau, girls wear bodices with white sleeves. Sunday is kept very quietly put on their best clothes and go to church. The women, both old and young, wear funny little round hats that look rather like pill-boxes, places of amusement, especially the theatres. In the summer, Sunday is the day on which families leave town to go into the country. short skirts, white stockings and shoes with silver buckles. Only the



RIVER ZACKEN TUMBLING THROUGH A LOVELY GORGE IN SILESIA

Many parts of Silesia are very beautiful and few are more so than the valley of the Zacken. The river has carved a way for itself through the north-west spurs of the Giant Mountains, and, whether we see it flowing through the flower-clad meadows of a valley or through rocky gorges, it is always very lovely.

statues of gods and goddesses under the leafy branches of the limes and chestnuts. This is deservedly the favourite pleasure resort of the people of Berlin.

About two hours' journey from Berlin is the Spreewald, a low-lying district of about 162 square miles intersected by the tributaries of the Spree. Here the peasants wear their quaint national costumes and have retained many strange customs. The children go to school by boat, and even the cattle are taken to market in this way, for the streams are

almost the only roads. A magnificent royal forest, full of wild life, adds to the natural beauty of this region, which is a part of Germany not easily forgotten.

The most impressive sight in the Spreewald is the funeral of a peasant. The hearse is a boat which glides slowly on its way, carrying the coffin to its last resting-place. Behind it is a procession of mourners in boats, the women wearing long white scarves which make them look like ghosts.

Another great German city is Leipzig, which is a particularly progressive town.

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Most of it is modern and some of the buildings are very fine; but the older portions of the town are a maze of narrow streets. At Leipzig, the Germans hold huge commercial fairs, which are attended by business men from all parts of Europe.

In contrast with the modern cities of Berlin and Leipzig, there are towns like Hanover, the capital of the old kingdom of Hanover, where the buildings and customs have survived through centuries. This town holds a particular interest for us, as it was a king of Hanover who became George I. of England. The three Georges who followed him and William IV. were also kings of Hanover, as well as of Great Britain. Hanover has many crooked streets winding between fine old buildings that artists never tire of painting. From Hanover it is no great distance to Bückeburg, where some of the inhabitants still wear the quaint but beautiful costumes of long ago. A photograph of the wedding-dress of a maiden of Bückeburg is shown in page 1975.

Where Old Germany May be Found

It is to the country, especially to the districts of the south and west, and to the little towns that we must go if we wish to see the old Germany. Here, in spite of war and revolution, time seems to have stood still, and we can almost imagine that we are back in the Middle Ages. After the well-built towns of North Germany, with their elaborate town-halls and wonderfully carved public buildings and monuments, really medieval and quaint towns like Königsberg, Rothenburg or Greifswald are an extraordinary contrast.

A little farther up the valley of the River Neckar from Heidelberg, of which we have already read, is the district of Swabia. Here, among beautiful hills and valleys, we may see many old castles and fortresses. It is a land of healthy woodmen and quaintly-garbed peasants, and has many health-giving springs, which have been visited by invalids from early Roman times. In the little town of Marbach the great poet Schiller was born. Wimpfen and Heilbron are other old

towns in which we can see something of the quiet life of the German peasant.

In the old German towns there is always a quaint market-place, which is generally cobbled and surrounded by medieval-looking, gabled houses. Here the peasants bring their wares from the surrounding countryside. The fairs and markets are totally unlike those held in England; they are more like scenes from a fairy-tale of the brothers Grimm. The stalls are shaded by bright umbrellas, and some of the peasants still dress as their ancestors did hundreds of years ago.

Far-Famed Beauty of the Rhine

Every spring the storks come to Germany and build their nests amongst the chimney-pots of the picturesque buildings. They remain until the autumn, and, as in other countries, it is believed that the storks bring good fortune to those upon whose house they build their home.

Lovely scenery is to be found all over the country. Everyone has heard of the magnificent beauty of the valley of the River Rhine, which is made even more romantic by the old castles crowning so many of the heights. The most lovely parts of this lovely district lie between Bingen and Bonn. There are many wonderful legends about the Rhine and the Rhineland. Wagner, the great German musician, has composed three world-famous operas which he based on these legends.

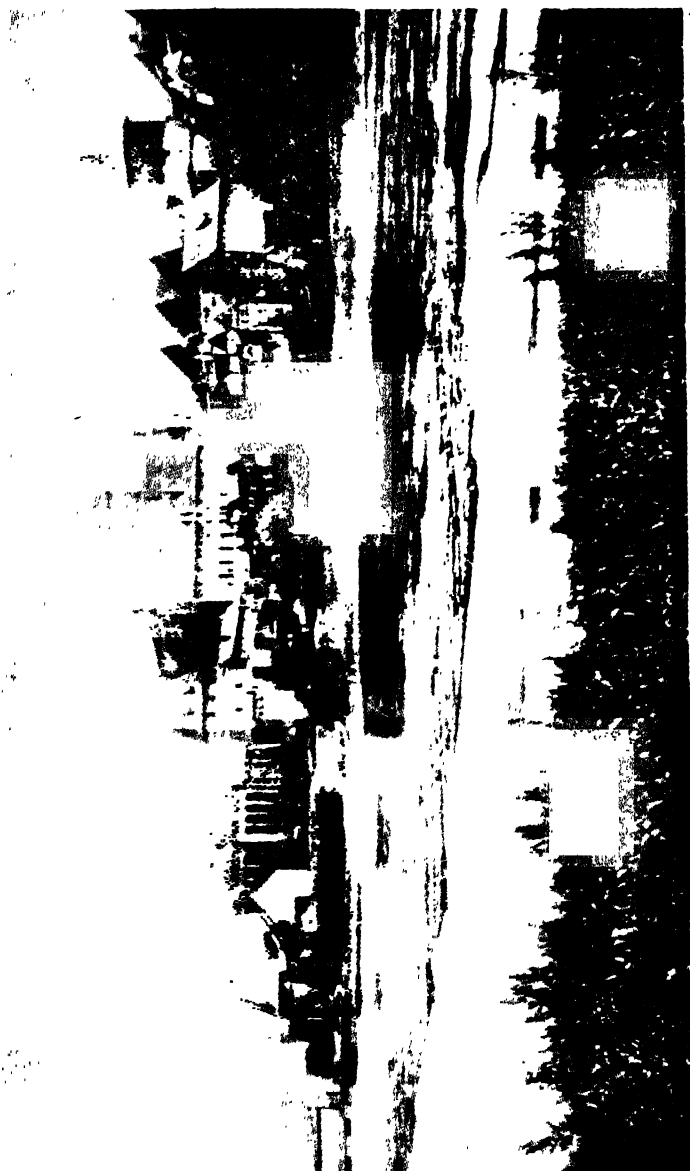
Story of Cologne Cathedral

The chief town on the banks of the River Rhine is Cologne, a large city with many historical treasures and monuments, and old buildings side by side with modern shops. Here there is a beautiful and famous cathedral, concerning the building of which a strange story is told. The architect who was to design the cathedral was urged to make it the most beautiful in the world. He drew many plans, but none of them seemed worthy of his ideal. Miserable at his failure, he was taking a walk along the



M. Lent

FROM A HEIGHT THE FORTRESS OF EHRENBREITSTEIN OVERLOOKS THE RHINE AND THE MOSELLE. Placed on a rock overlooking the junction of the Moselle with the Rhine, Ehrenbreitstein was, until 1918, one of the strongest fortresses in Germany. The town and fort are on the opposite side of the river to Coblenz, to which they are joined by a bridge. The present through famine. The summit of the rock is 385 feet above the river.



HUGE CASTLE OF MARIENBURG ON THE BANK OF THE RIVER NOGAT IN EAST PRUSSIA

Marienburg is an old town on the Nogat and in the olden days was the seat of the powerful knights of the Teutonic Order, the castle being the residence of the Grand Master of the Order. The Teutonic Order was founded in the twelfth century and undertook the conquest and

the conversion to Christianity of the heathen Prussians. After the knights had conquered a district they protected it by castles. This castle was founded in this way about 1280, but was not completed until 1383. It is said to be the finest medieval secular building in Germany.



BEAUTIFUL TIMBERED HOUSES IN A VILLAGE OF THE RHINE

The Rhine valley is famous for its scenery, and many of the villages have along their cobbled streets just such delightful houses as those we see in this photograph. Oxen are still used to draw clumsy, wooden wagons, as they are in other parts of Europe, such as France and Portugal. In the Black Forest the houses resemble Swiss chalets.

THE GERMAN HOMELAND

banks of the Rhine, endeavouring to solve the problem, when a stranger came up and spoke to him.

"You are in trouble," he said, "because you are unable to draw a design for the new cathedral worthy of your ideal. Let me help you." Then the stranger sketched a most lovely design on the sands of the Rhine. So marvellous was it that the architect began at once to copy it into his notebook. "Stop," said the stranger, "you must bargain with me for the plans. I will give it to you in exchange for your soul." "Nay, verily," said the architect, "in the name of God I bid you begone." The stranger immediately vanished and, though the design remained, the foot of the departing demon had obliterated the spire.

One of the most interesting parts of Germany and in connexion with which many legends have arisen, is the mountainous, wooded Black Forest, which lies in the south-west corner. Here the winter is intensely cold, and not very many years ago wolves were still to be found in the wildest parts. Now, people go there in the winter to enjoy the skiing and other winter sports.

Handsome Folk of the Black Forest

The handsome peasants live in timbered houses which they build themselves and which have quaint stables and granaries attached. The villages are not planned regularly, so that the streets are crooked. The peasants sometimes wear their national costumes, the children being dressed just like small editions of their parents. The best time to see the people of the Black Forest is on Sunday, because on week-days, when they work on their farms, they do not put on their elaborate clothes for fear of spoiling them. Besides farming, the peasants make the well-known cuckoo-clocks, carve wooden toys and animals, and make their elaborate clothes.

Travellers who visit this part of Germany almost invariably go to see the famous old clock and cathedral of Strasbourg. At noon all strangers in the city

gather in front of the famous clock to see the figures work and to hear the chimes. They watch the moving iron figures of Christ and of the twelve apostles, the cock that crowed after S. Peter had denied Christ, and many other interesting mechanical novelties.

The Home of the Christmas-Tree

In South Germany especially we may see the romantic national costumes. The men usually wear a long coat or a jacket of expensive cloth or velvet, with knee-breeches of leather or cloth. The women wear black or gaily coloured frocks with tight-laced bodices. Each district has its own particular costume, some of them being very elaborate. By her hat especially we can tell from what district a woman comes, as we may read in pages 1232 and 1969. The embroidery done by the peasant women is famous for its artistic workmanship.

The Christmas fairs are especially picturesque, for no nation makes so much of this festival as the German. It is from the Germans that the people of Britain borrowed the custom of having a Christmas-tree, for in Germany every home, no matter how poor it may be, endeavours to have one of these decorated trees.

The Germans, especially the peasants, attend Divine worship more frequently than the people of most other European countries, and few Church festivals are allowed to pass unobserved. In the north most of the people and nearly all the churches are Protestant, for, as everyone knows, the Reformation began in Germany, spreading thence to England through the teachings of the German reformer Martin Luther. In South Germany we shall find that nearly everyone is a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

Future of the German Nation

The German Republic is not nearly so powerful as the old Empire, but the Germans are a great nation and will, no doubt, through industry and peace, become once again one of the most powerful countries to be found in the world.



ANGON. MAN OF NYASALAND WHO IS AN ORCHESTRA IN HIMSELF
This wonderfully attired musician of the forest of Nyasaland plays with a bent bow upon a strange one stringed instrument, from the end of which dangles a little bell. He wears leggings made of large, dry nutshells, each of which contains a few small stones that rattle as he moves. He sings lustily and dances as he plays.

Music-Makers Savage & Civilized

CURIOUS INSTRUMENTS AND THE MEN WHO PLAY THEM

If we were to see gathered together all the various kinds of instruments that man has invented in order to produce music, there would be a most amazing medley—primitive African drums of wood or earthenware, alongside the elaborate, modern kettledrum so essential to the production of "jazz" — ~~many, unbrokenly stamped instruments, made from a wide and almost in-~~

carved from an elephant's tusk side by side with the dainty clarinet. Yet all the many curious instruments, as we should find, could be classed in but three groups—percussion, stringed and wind. Man, throughout the ages and all the world over, has found many means of giving expression to the music that is in him, yet every musical instrument he has made comes into one of these three classes.

PRIMITIVE man doubtless experienced a desire to be able to give vent to his emotions by some other means than his voice, and the fulfilment of this wish led to the making of musical instruments. The first instruments that he employed were probably things that could be beaten together to make a noise, but very soon he evolved more elaborate ones.

He stretched a piece of animal hide over a hollow gourd and thus fashioned a drum, or he blew through a pierced reed to produce a clear, shrill sound, thus making a pipe. When a hollow instrument was partly filled with small pebbles and then shaken, he found it produced a rattle; thus a third instrument was made. There are still people in many parts of the world who use the drum, the pipe and the rattle as their chief instruments for music-making.

Between the early, primitive methods of making noises and the modern, elaborate orchestras, with instruments of many kinds, we have to build a bridge that will stretch across centuries of time, for music has only gradually grown to be what the Greeks first called it—"the art of arranging sounds."

The Finest Drummers in the World

If we were to watch the face of almost any native musician among coloured peoples, we should see, by the movement of his head, that the beat, or rhythm, is the most important thing to him. To the Red Indian, with his tom-tom, or the

negro, with his drum, the beat is the ruling idea, for rhythm is much more than melody to the uncultured mind. The negro is a master of drumming. He has, indeed, a drum-language, by means of which he can send messages for miles.

Fate of Some African Musicians

Even when he has been educated and partially absorbed by other nationalities, he still keeps his primitive love of rhythm, and many dances of the present day are merely developments of the African "tangara," that was danced to the accompaniment of the drum, the rattle and pipe. The negro's idea of music is generally somewhat monotonous, although, as he becomes filled with religious fervour, it develops into plaintive and haunting tunes that are called "negro spirituals" and delight musical folk.

The Central African tribes are great music-makers, and any member of a tribe who can play and sing and dance is assured of a welcome wherever he goes. There may, however, be a sad and serious side to the welcome, for, as one famous traveller states, if a chief discovers a man to have the gift of music-making, he may order his eyes to be put out to prevent him from wandering farther afield.

While the negro is fascinated by rhythm, the yellow man most loves tone, or the modulation of sounds. This is even the case in speech, for in some Eastern countries a word will have totally different meanings, according as to whether it is pitched in a high or



HOPING TO LOOSEN PURSE-STRINGS BY MEANS OF PATHETIC AIRS

Just as, in Britain, people play the fiddle or turn the handle of a barrel-organ at the pavement's edge to get pennies from passers-by, so in the streets of Algeria we shall find negro musicians strumming on curious instruments of home manufacture. Indeed, all over the world we shall find music—of a kind—to be part of the mendicant's art.



WE CAN SEE THAT THIS NEGRO IS MAKING A NOISE

The negro's idea of music is a good loud noise. He likes the roll of drums and the blare of horns, mingled with other and stranger sounds. The beautifully fashioned reed instrument of this young negro of the Sahara was designed, we should have thought, for delicate airs. From his distended cheeks we can see that such is not his opinion.



LITTLE LADIES OF JAPAN PRACTISING A DUET

The gentle Japanese are great music lovers and, as we might imagine, do not aim, like the negro, simply at making a noise. On the other hand their music is very different from ours, and we probably should not appreciate it. The instruments these two women are playing are the gekkin, on the left, and the samisen, on the right.

low tone. Music has had very little chance of developing marked characteristics in China, because the hand of the government controls everything and progress is slow. In Japan, however, where there is a marked love of melody and of beauty and form, music has developed rapidly. Of late years, following their adoption of Western civilization, the Japanese have held symphony concerts and recitals, and have sent their young men and women to study music in Europe.

Each Eastern race has its own favourite instruments. The Chinese love

the "king"—a kind of rack hung with two rows of sixteen stones which are struck with a wooden mallet. The Burmese have a wonderful drum-organ, which is composed of twenty-one drums of different sizes arranged in a semi-circle, the player sitting or standing in the centre. The Japanese have a set of bamboo tubes, called the "anklong," which are sounded by striking them on the outside. They have, too, many forms of stringed instruments, and some wind ones also are known in the East. Indian music is more developed than

MUSIC-MAKERS SAVAGE & CIVILIZED

that of most other Eastern lands, and the Indian people use a large variety of stringed instruments. The vina is, perhaps, the most popular and best expresses the peculiar quality of Indian music. One end of it is semi-circular in shape, and is hollowed out of a single block of wood; its flat top measures about a foot across. The body of the instrument is made of the same wood and is also hollow. There are seven strings.

The vina may be held across the player's knees, slanted against his shoulder or laid flat upon the ground. It is played with the finger nails or with a small piece of ivory, horn or metal. The Indian sarangi, or violin, is played with a bow, but resembles the guitar in shape. There are many other varieties of stringed instruments in India, also flutes, trumpets, drums, gongs and cymbals. Schools of music are springing up, and many Indian



McLain

HAPPY LITTLE MUSIC-MAKERS OF BISKRA, AN ALGERIAN OASIS

This little Arab boy plays a fife made from a reed; his negro companion thumps a tambourine made of sheepskin stretched over a wooden hoop. Both they and their well-fed audience are perfectly content with the result. It does not matter to them that there is no tune and that the two performers disagree as to the rhythm.



McGraw

DRUMMERS THAT PLAY FOR ROYALTY ALONE: THE PRIVATE BAND OF THE KING OF BUNTUKU

Throughout primitive Africa we shall hear the roll of the drum, but not the drum we know. It is made, in many shapes, of clay or wood, or a great hollow gourd, with a head of stretched skin. The round ones sometimes sends messages (see page 1777). The people of Ankoli even carried by the two end men of this Ashanti band are beaten with the worship their two drums, for they think they are inhabited by spirits.



THE TRUMPET, THE CYMBAL AND THE DRUM MARK THE TIME FOR THE MARCH OF THE LAMAS
 In the chapter on Three Forbidden Lands we have already seen the musical instruments of the lamas of Tibet and Bhutan. These red lamas of the Phodong lamasery at Tumlong, Sikkim, are equally well provided. Behind the censer bearers come two trumpeters whose aloft on straight handles and beaten by curiously curved sticks,



merican Museum of Natural History

RATTLE-DRUMS AND HORNS OF IVORY IN A CONGO VILLAGE

The percussion instruments used by these Mangbettu tribesmen of the Belgian Congo are very remarkable. They are made in any size that suits the player. The horns are made from the tusks of elephants, elaborately carved or covered with leopard skin.

The mouthpiece, which is carved in the semblance of a man, is at the side.



STRINGED INSTRUMENTS THAT ACCOMPANY THE ABYSSINIAN SINGER

These white-robed minstrels of Abyssinia consider their queer harps and lyres to be the ideal accompaniment to their voices when they raise them in praise of heroes of ancient times. Drums are also played by the Abyssinians, especially during the priests' ceremonial dances. Curious mouth-organs are also used on those occasions.

MUSIC-MAKERS SAVAGE & CIVILIZED

musicians come to Europe to take degrees.

The "Redskin" of North America is very musical, though he has not evolved many instruments—only drums, whistles, rattles and flutes of a somewhat primitive kind. He expresses himself best in song, and many of his songs are very beautiful, even to the "white man," who cannot often appreciate the music of other races. Some of the American Indian tribes, however, accompany their voices upon an instrument peculiar to the people—their "tom-tom," which is nothing like the tom-tom that is known in Africa and the East.

It is a small drum containing a little water; the amount of water in the drum, of course, alters the tone, and so an Indian may have to re-make the tom-tom several times before he can get one with a tone that exactly matches his voice. He would, therefore, not dream of singing to another man's instrument.

The Indian tribes of Central and South America are also very musical and play upon a variety of instruments, some of them being very curious. For instance, a traveller, who recently journeyed among the people of Guatemala, writes:

"A large, palm-thatched dwelling was crowded with them, and we sat in the centre on chairs made from animal hides. An open space was cleared in front and into it marched fourteen Indians carrying their long marimbas. These instruments, fashioned by themselves, were made of various lengths of wood, each piece of which, when struck, gave out a different note and then they started to play. Whether it was the weird environment or the actual music itself we do not know, but it seemed to us we had never heard such stirring music."



PLANTATION "NIGGER" AND HIS BANJO

The American negro, when he is happy, likes to make a noise. This one, sitting at the door of his dwelling after a hard day's cotton picking, is singing plantation songs to the music of his own banjo.

The marimba is a favourite instrument with the Mexicans also, as is shown in our illustration on page 2014, and it is thought to have come originally from Central Africa. It has not altered in character by passing from one people to another.

The ancient Egyptians, in their music, required exact expression on lines that had to be strictly followed. Everything was done on a magnificent scale. They used stringed instruments such as the harp, the lute and the lyre, as well as pipes and drums and horns; noisy instruments, such as cymbals, were kept for use in processions. Music played at religious festivals must have required a very high state of efficiency on the part of the performers and seems to have been at its best about 3000 B.C. After that time it declined steadily



GLOOMY-FACED PERFORMERS OF A PHILIPPINE STRING DUET

Many people have testified to the musical aptitude of the civilized Filipino; every village, they say, has its band, almost every house a harp or piano. This photograph of two gaily clad men about to play a duet shows us that this love of music is shared by the wild tribes, for they are members of the half-savage, half-cultured Bagobos of Mindanao.



American Field Museum, Chicago

FUZZY-HEADED FIJIAN "MAKING A NOISE THROUGH HIS NOSE"

It seems queer that anyone should play a pipe by breathing into it through his nose, yet this is done not only by this Fiji Islander, but also by the Sakais of Malaya, as we see in page 1051. The Australasians have not evolved many musical instruments; they use chiefly drums, very simple flutes and sometimes the pipes of Pan.

The Jewish people probably learnt much about music when they went into captivity among the Egyptians, but the first mention of musical instruments in the Old Testament concerns a man named Jubal, of whom we learn, in Genesis, that "he was the father of all such that handle the harp and organ," and an old Spanish book discovered in the eighteenth century tells us that Jubal learnt his music by listening to the tones produced from a smith's anvil.

After the return of the Jews from Egypt, the Old Testament is full of references to various kinds of musical instruments and of songs and dances; we are told, for instance, that Moses was commanded to make two trumpets of silver for calling the assembly together. Much of the music still used by the Jews in their services is almost identical with that which David learnt in the school of Samuel the Prophet. The psaltery, for which many of the Psalms of David were written, consisted of a flat,

wooden sounding-board with thirteen strings. The shofar, or ram's horn, on which only two notes can be blown, is still sounded in every Jewish synagogue throughout the world on the Jewish New Year's Day and on the Day of Atonement.

The Greeks developed music on scientific and artistic lines, and they were the first to introduce a scale and to write down a score for the use of the players. To the Greeks we owe the word music, which meant the harmony of all spheres, and though they were not a very musical people, they lifted the art and science of music-making on to a much higher plane than they had ever reached before. They also passed down to us many charming legends and fancies connected with music, such as that of the god Pan and his pipes, and of Orpheus with his lute, who played so marvellously that rocks, trees, winds and waves were charmed by the magic of his art. The Romans devised



A DUET UPON A "PIANO" MADE OF GOURDS

This strange instrument is the African equivalent to our piano. The depth of sound made by striking on the keys with sticks varies according to the size of the gourd beneath. The Africans who were carried as slaves to the Americas knew the use of this gourd piano, the marimba and a similar instrument is very popular across the Atlantic.



FOUR MEXICAN HALF-BREEDS PERFORM ON ONE INSTRUMENT

Here we see a Mexican marimba, with pointed wooden boxes as sound producers instead of gourds. More primitive ones, very like the one shown above, are played in remote parts of Central America, in Guatemala they are sometimes called "tecomates," or gourds. Many are made large enough to accommodate six musicians.



INSTRUMENTS OF EXTRAORDINARY SHAPE SEEN IN BALUCHISTAN

Like the Algerian negro that we see in page 2004, these two old men of Baluchistan play their strange, stringed instruments by the wayside or in the crowded market, hoping to win thereby enough to get them food. In page 1463 we see another queer, Indian musician whose instrument, the vina, lies on the ground as he plucks the strings.

the octave and gave names to the seven notes within it.

There is a big gap between the Early Egyptian and Greco-Roman period in music and the time when the Renaissance of the fifteenth century gave new life to all the arts. That gap is more or less filled by Arabian music. The Arabs were a cultured people and made a definite contribution to music as a science as well as an art. The Arabs were sensitive to fine tones rather than noise—the pipe and tambourine, the harp and lyre were their favourite instruments.

Another factor that filled the gap caused by the period known as the Dark

Ages, during which Europe fell into a semi-barbaric state, was the Christian church, which kept music alive in the hearts of the people. So also did the folk songs, many of which—the songs of farmers and labourers, weavers and cobblers—have remained with us to this day. In addition to these, there were the singers and wandering players, the troubadours of the south, the trouvères of the north, the minnesingers of Germany, the bards and minstrels of our own land. Every English baron at that time kept his own band of minstrels to entertain him.

The evolution of musical instruments in form and type has certainly stimulated

MUSIC-MAKERS SAVAGE & CIVILIZED

musical composition, but composition in its turn has called for the improvement and invention of yet further instruments. Indeed, manufacturers have been hard pressed to keep pace with the demands made by producers of great orchestral works.

Such a composer as Berlioz, for instance, who has been called "the friend of instruments," was continually inventing new ways of producing new sounds—putting bags over horns; hanging up the cymbals so that they could be struck with hammers instead of being clashed together; covering the drummers' sticks with sponges; and putting a trombone to be played beside a piccolo. In so far as he produced effects undreamt of before, he contributed largely to musical knowledge and helped to promote "the unrelenting progress of art."

But the greatest progress of all has probably been shown by the development of one of the most modern of all instruments—the pianoforte. When people began to seek something that could express more sound and feeling than harps, clavichords and viols, a harpsichord was evolved which could play both "piano" (soft) and "forte" (loud). It was designed by an Italian, improved by a Frenchman and developed by a German. An Italian instrument-maker in London had

a Scotch assistant named Broadwood, who later became his partner and originated the firm of Broadwood and Sons. The pianoforte underwent many changes with the passing of the years and many additions were made to it, but for long the chief difficulty was the wooden frame, that would not

stand the strain of the strings. Finally came the iron frame that could withstand the strain; hammers that struck the wire strings; and other improvements to produce resonance or softness.

The following account will enable us to understand what a triumph the completion of a pianoforte was considered to be. When a German manufacturer had the instrument ready for conveyance to its destination, the workmen and apprentices went with him.

"The wagon conveying the precious burden was decked with flowers, so were the horses, and a band led the procession. Then followed the town's dignitaries and schoolmasters. At the place of destination it was received with shouts of joy. The pastor said a prayer and blessed the new instrument and its maker, and showed the importance of the occasion to the whole community and how the possession of such an instrument in their midst gave them a standing in the eyes of the whole country."



INSTEAD OF WEDDING BELLS

When there is a wedding to be celebrated in his neighbourhood, this Indian trumpeter is sure to be present, for his great S-shaped horn provides the "music."

The Great

GLIMPSES OF THE REGIONS FORSAKEN BY MAN

We usually imagine a desert to be a wilderness of sand or a monotonous plain, but this is not quite accurate. In some deserts large areas are covered by an endless succession of dunes; but in others we shall find vast mountain masses and bare, rocky tracts. Deserts are regions in which few forms of life can exist, owing to lack of rain or extreme cold, and they are to be found chiefly in Africa—the Sahara and Kalahari deserts—and in Asia—Arabia, Persia, Mongolia, Turkistan, Siberia and Tibet—though North and South America, Australia, Antarctica and the Arctic contain barren regions. Some of the regions that are now desert were formerly under water or were fertile lands supporting a large population. In this chapter we shall read how deserts are formed and of the mysteries they guard so carefully.

IFEN we think of a desert, we generally imagine it to be a waterless, treeless expanse of sand, quite devoid of any sign of life. This idea is not absolutely correct, for most deserts contain strings of oases—fertile spots that provide enough water to support human and animal life.

Were we to visit various deserts we should observe many strange things—storms without rain; rain clouds from which no moisture falls; rivers that disappear into the sand; seas that shrink or grow larger for no obvious reason; lakes with no outlets, that are so highly impregnated with salt that they do not freeze in the coldest winter; waterless river-beds and plants without leaves.

One curious thing found in a desert is described by an explorer in Libya. He tells of an oasis where there was an enormous number of snails, which lay so thickly upon the ground as to give the appearance of a light fall of snow. Another mystery of the desert is the mirage. About an hour after dawn in the southern Libyan desert a mirage regularly reveals the country lying from twenty to seventy miles ahead. The Arabs call this optical illusion “the country turning upside down.”

Ocean Vastness and Solitude on Land

Deserts are among the most interesting places upon the face of the globe. Like the sea, they give travellers an impression of infinity, with their vastness and overwhelming solitude, and they present to them a wonderful contrast with the crowded cities and busy countryside of civilization.

Most deserts are situated in areas that are very far from the sea or are separated from it by lofty mountain ranges, so that by the time the rain-bearing winds have reached them they have discharged all their moisture. Deserts are thus almost rainless, and the atmosphere above them is very dry.

How Heat and Cold turn Rocks to Sand

It has been stated that deserts are plains of smooth sand which, ages ago, lay at the bottom of the sea, from which they have been raised by upheavals of the earth's surface. Scientists tell us, however, that the sands of most of the large deserts of the world, as we find them to-day, have been formed by the breaking-up of rocks.

When a rock gets very hot—as it would when exposed all day to the heat of the sun—it expands when it becomes cold again it contracts. In an absolutely dry atmosphere the sun's rays, meeting with no obstacles such as vapour, have abnormal strength, and the nights are correspondingly cold. The change from intense heat to cold is very sudden, and the expanded rocks contract so rapidly that they split. The pieces split again and again and again, until at last the rock becomes sand, the fine particles of which are blown about and made into hills and dunes by the wind.

The sands of the desert can be compared with the dust that forms on our own high roads during a long, dry summer. But when the autumnal rains and storms of winter come all this dust is washed away, only to be renewed when summer arrives



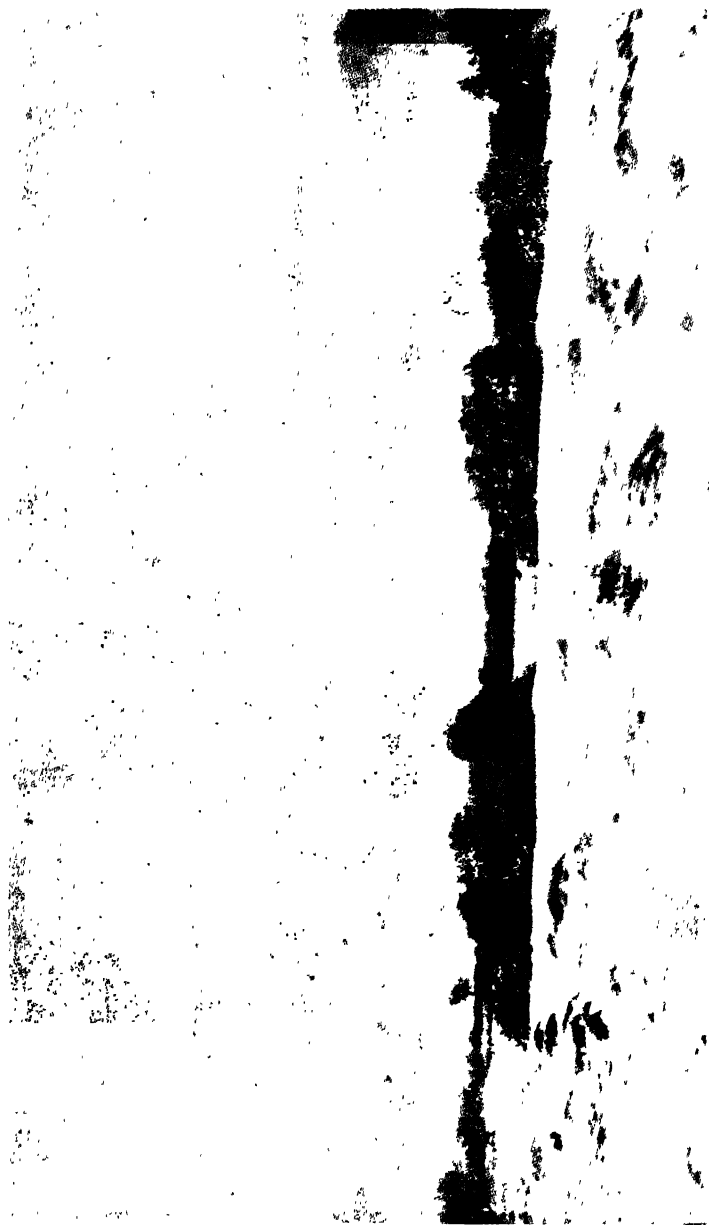
THE SANDS OF THE SAHARA are rarely smooth and flat. They form miniature hills and valleys, sharp-edged ridges and cup-like hollows, the contours of which are for ever shifting and altering. Should one of the dreaded sandstorms occur, this long ridge, that casts so deep

a shadow now that the sun is low, may disappear entirely; the strong wind will raise the dry and powdery grains of sand high in the air until it carries with it a thick veil of sand. A caravan that meets such a wind has little chance of reaching its destination



WANDERERS IN THE DESERT of North Africa wear long, full robes of white and thick, white turbans to shield them from the scorching sun that beats down unceasingly from dawn to dusk. The Sahara is not all sand; there are great stretches of wilderness

strewn with boulders, and there are high, rocky mountain ranges. It has not always been as dry as it is now, for we sometimes see what is obviously the bed of a vanished river, and in other parts come across flat land encrusted with salt—and once covered by a marsh.



GLIMPSE OF THE DESOLATE RAINLESS LAND THAT LIES BETWEEN PRODUCTIVE PERU AND THE PACIFIC
The coastal zone of Peru is one of the most desolate places imaginable. This photograph shows us a particularly favoured stretch of desert near Pacasmayo, for here, beneath the sand, flows a stream. We can mark its course quite clearly by the line of shrubs that grows above it. The soil is fertile enough to produce good crops; water only is lacking.



DESERT THAT A LITTLE WATER WOULD TURN INTO A GARDEN

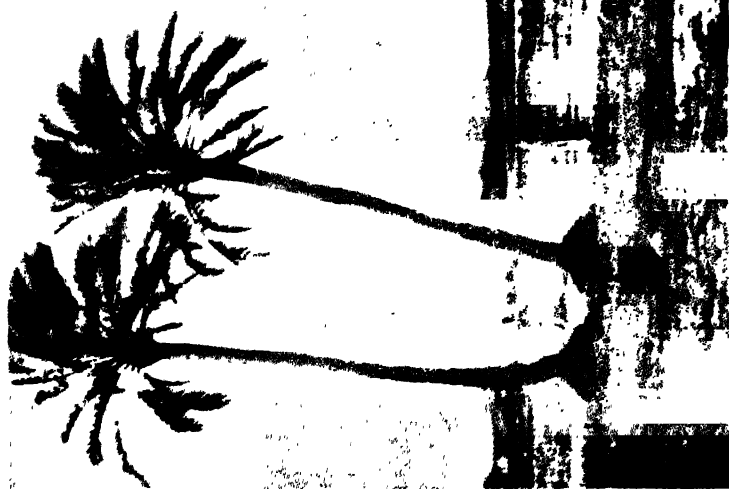
In the North American state of Arizona there are stretches of land which lack of rainfall has turned into arid desert, bearing only sparse scrub and that curious American plant, the cactus, about which we read in page 2030. Wherever irrigation has been introduced, however, this seemingly sterile desert has been turned into fruitful plantations

again. In a desert no such removal is possible; there is only the wind to blow it from place to place. The sand increases year by year, owing to the disintegration of the solid rock that is continually being exposed by the wind.

Just as the camel has been poetically called the "ship of the desert," so can a huge expanse of sand, such as the Sahara, be likened to the sea itself. Its surface, lashed by fierce gales, sometimes rises in waves of sand which move before the wind at a great speed.

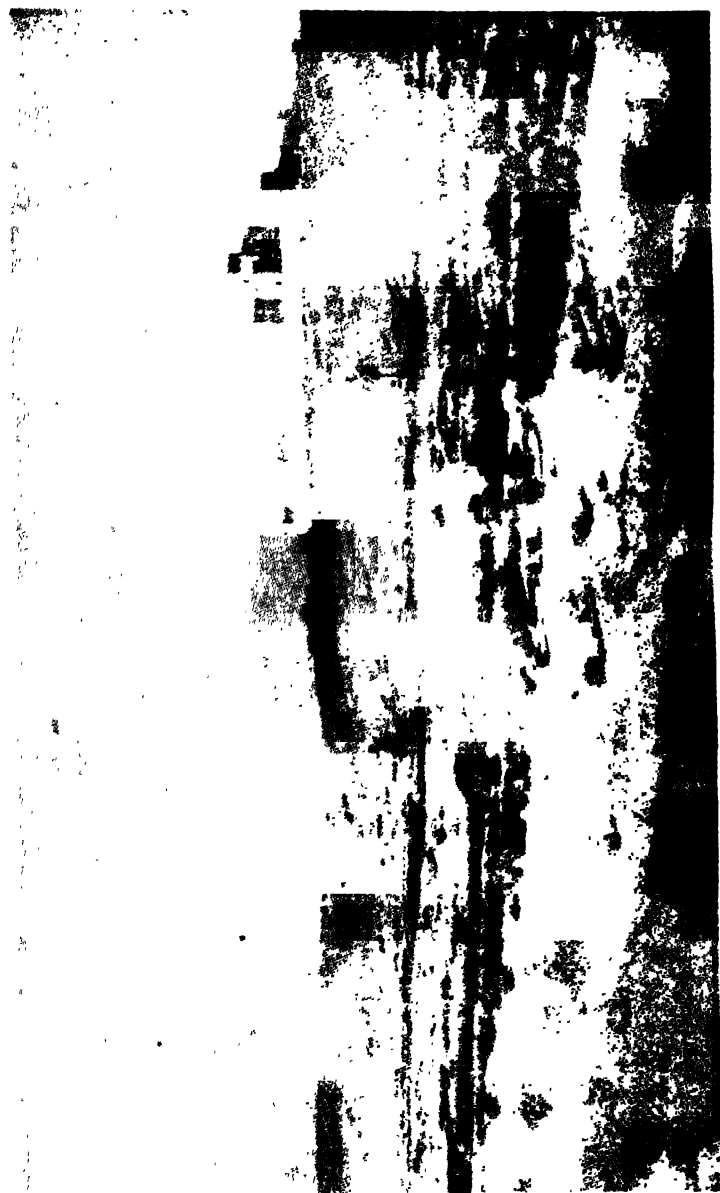
Sometimes, too, whirlwinds will sweep over the desert and raise mighty pillars of sand that may be compared with the waterspouts of the ocean. Twenty or thirty of these sand-spouts have been seen at the same time, all moving in the same direction and their tops reaching almost to the clouds. Oases—still to compare the desert with the sea—are fertile islands without the existence of which travellers could not cross the vast ocean of sand.

At these havens the thirsty and wearied travellers find refreshment for themselves



THE BARBARY STATES all merge, on the south, into the great Saharan desert; oases, at first frequent, become fewer and fewer, until nothing but desert lies before the traveller. The oasis that we see here, Gafsa, in south Tunisia, was, like many another town of north

B. N. A. Africa, a Roman settlement. It has hot springs, and to the west of it lie large beds of phosphates that make the desert, usually so useless to man, a source of riches. Gafsa lies near the low-lying Shats, or salt lagoons, which, probably, were once an inlet of the Mediterranean.



THE GREAT DESERT of Arabia is well named the Dajna, which means "empty quarter," for it is a waterless stretch of sand and rock that has never been crossed by a white man, and rarely by an Arab. Here, on its western edge, where it is known as El Ahkaf, we see an

Arab citadel, built, probably, to protect the oasis nearby from predatory Beduins. That there is water we can see from the scrub and few palm-trees; there may even be a stream, but if so it will be dry for most of the year, for that is the fate of all Arabian rivers.



SPOUTING GEYSERS IN A DESOLATE LAVA FIELD OF SOUTH-WESTERN ICELAND

This gloomy stretch of land is not, like most other deserts, barren because it lacks water: a river flows through it and it is rich in many springs. These springs are hot, but so are those of Gafsa, seen in page 2022, which, nevertheless, make the district fertile. This land is desert because it is covered with a lava flow, as are thousands of square miles in Iceland, which is a volcanic island. The surface lava powders into a fine sand that, being carried by the wind, travels for long distances and renders sterile land that would otherwise be fertile.

THE GREAT WASTE LANDS

and their camels, are enabled to refill their water-bottles and to recover their strength for the next stage of their weary journey. But it should be remembered that an oasis can sometimes betray the traveller by vanishing entirely. In 1803 a caravan proceeding from Timbuktu to Tafillet, in the Atlas Mountains, reached an oasis only to find that the water had disappeared. Two thousand human beings and 1,800 camels perished.

All deserts do not consist of unbroken tracts of sand. Sooner or later stone-strewn wastes or even outcrops of solid rock will be encountered, and often, as in the Libyan desert and the Sahara, we may find mountain ranges rising to a height of many thousand feet above the level of the plain. Sometimes such mountains cause rain to fall and so their valleys are often fertile, hence in many so-called deserts there are tracts which are capable of supporting a large population.

Vast Deserts of the World

Perhaps the most famous desert in the world is the Sahara Desert of North Africa, which stretches from the Atlantic to the Nile and from the south of the Barbary States to the region of the River Niger and Lake Chad.

An almost uninterrupted series of deserts stretches eastwards from the Nile through Arabia, Mesopotamia and Persia. Then, by means of the more or less desert-like tracts of Baluchistan and Sind, we reach the Thar, or Great Indian Desert, in Rajputana. North-east of the Thar, across the Himalayas, lie the barren plateau of Tibet, the Gobi Desert of Mongolia and other wastes of Central Asia.

In South Africa is the Kalahari desert. North America possesses, in the south-west, such barren regions as the Painted, Gila and Mohave Deserts; and in the southern continent of America there is the desert of Atacama, stretching along the border of Chile and Peru and the Peruvian coast. Almost the whole of the interior of Australia is desert.

Most of Tibet is more or less desert. It is a wild and mountainous region with

an average elevation of about 14,000 feet, which makes it one of the coldest desert regions of the world. Tibet is a waste and is, for the most part, bleak and forbidding, the rainfall being so scanty and the atmosphere so dry that the nails and skin split. Freezing winds sweep across this inhospitable land and raise up great whirlwinds of dust.

Life 23,000 feet Above the Sea

Nevertheless, there is an abundance of animal life. Yaks, gazelles, goats, marmots, wild asses and hares are to be found on seemingly barren mountains, for they find food somehow. The yaks, for example, will wade into icy lakes to feed on the waterweed that grows on the bottom. In considering the forms of life that may be found in the most utterly barren land, it is interesting to learn that the Mount Everest Expedition found small spiders, living on islands of broken rock in seas of snow and ice, at a height of about 23,000 feet above the sea. There was no vestige of any other living creature or vegetation near them. For food they ate one another!

The desert of Thar extends for three hundred miles between the oldest mountain range of India—the Aravallis—and the River Indus. On the northern edge of the desert the barren character of the plains gives place to scrub-grown wastes. On the south-west the desert is continued by the sands of Sind.

The sun-glare on the sandy plains that form so much of the north-west of the Indian peninsula is so unceasing that it is said that, even before the British introduced the heliograph signalling system into India, the prices of grain in the Punjab were signalled by mirrors across Rajputana to Sind and Bombay.

Wastes of Northern Siberia

Across the north of Siberia, within the Arctic circle, stretch the Tundras—marshy moorlands and immense tracts of treeless swamps. These marshes are totally uninhabitable and are buried beneath snow and ice for eight months out of the twelve.

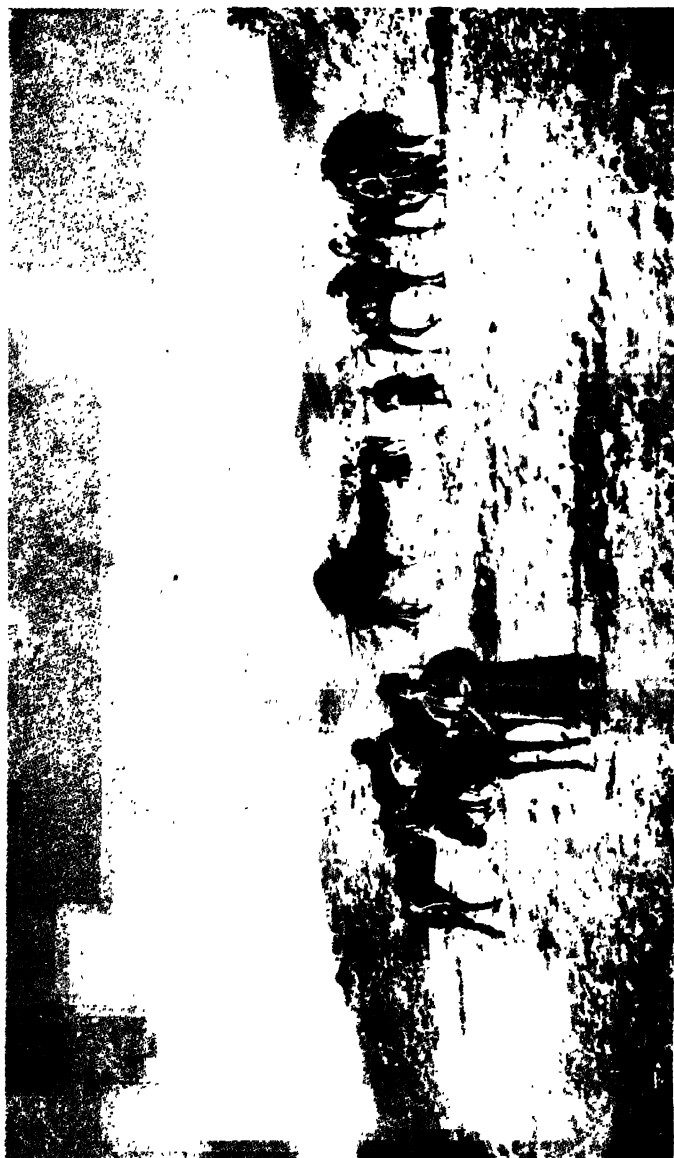


AN OASIS IN THE SAHARA seems a veritable paradise to one who has for days seen nothing but stretch upon stretch of burning, shifting sand or rocky waste. Sometimes, when crossing desert sands, a traveller sees before him a pool of water ruffled by the wind.

He hurries forward to find, when he nears the spot, that there is nothing. He has seen a "mirage." This used to seem like magic, but now it is known that what he has seen is the reflection of a distant cloud, and is caused by the radiation of the heat from the sand.



DATE PALMS are the chief trees of the Saharan oases, and they provide the staple food of the desert tribes. Sometimes an oasis is merely a grove of palms around a well; sometimes, when the water is supplied by a stream, as in this Tunisian oasis, it is much larger and may include a permanent village or even a small town.



ON THE ARID STONY DESERT OF KHORASSAN THE PERSIAN PROVINCE THAT BORDERS ON TURKISTAN As we have already read in pages 1281-96, Persia is a land of deserts, not wise for anyone to venture into the desert unless he know where where rain rarely falls and rivers are few. In the Great Desert of the interior there are no rivers at all; the few lakes are very salt and pack camels are well acquainted with the desert. They are bound for the mud-village of Kupkan, among the mountains of Khorassan drinking-pools are few and far between. So few are they that it is

THE GREAT WASTE LANDS

June and July, however, are two months of continual day, when the sun is very hot indeed. The ice melts; the snow disappears; and vast fields of buttercups, dandelions, forget-me-nots and other flowers are to be seen. Acres and acres of crowberries and cranberries ripen towards the end of the Arctic summer, and the air is full of mosquitoes and flies.

At the beginning of this period come the migrant birds from southern Asia and Europe—chiff-chaffs, blackcap-warblers, willow-warblers and others.

If the berries do not ripen till the end of this strange summer of continual daylight, upon what do the fruit-eating birds

their water is undrinkable, and stretches of ground encrusted with salt; these districts were once inland seas that are now almost entirely evaporated. In southern Arabia and in Sin-Kiang travelers have discovered, buried in the sand of the deserts, ruins of mighty cities.

Scientists have also virtually proved that mankind originated in the plateau of central Asia, which is now, to a great extent, desert land. We know for certain that during the dim and distant days of the Stone Age human beings dwelt on the shores of the large lakes and rivers that were then to be found on what is now the barren Gobi Desert. That this land must



THIS STERILE DESERT IS THE MAIN SOURCE OF CHILE'S WEALTH

Nothing at all grows on the rainless desert of north Chile, and yet it is a very valuable area. The men whom we see here are prospecting for its treasures—beds of nitrate that, as we read in page 1577, will be used to make other lands fertile. How water is brought to the workers in this desert we see in page 600.

live? Here we encounter an almost incredible fact—the birds live upon last year's fruit! When the summer comes to an end much of the ripe fruit still remains, and throughout the bitter winter it is preserved in a natural cold-storage system. Thus, when the summer comes again, the winged visitors can fly straight to the food so carefully preserved for them.

Because an area is now an arid desert, it does not follow that it always has been and always will be. In the heart of the Sahara are great depressions and valleys that once were undoubtedly occupied by large rivers. In the deserts of Persia and elsewhere there are lakes so salt that

once have been able to support life on a vast scale is proved by the fact that an expedition which, in 1922, set out to explore this inhospitable region, discovered not only the eggs, but excellently-preserved skulls and skeletons of dinosaurs—those prehistoric reptiles.

The Gobi Desert has comparatively few oases. It extends for a distance of about 1,500 miles from east to west and about 600 miles from north to south, the greater part of it being occupied by large stretches of sand dunes that are unrelieved by any form of life. We can get a vivid idea of this barren land by looking at the photograph that is shown in page 1072.



GIGANTIC CACTI grow in the deserts of America, being able, owing to their peculiar structure, to live long without moisture. Their stalks are thick and fleshy to absorb any rain that falls, and as they have no leaves, the function of which, in normal plants, is to exhale

moisture—to "breathe," for the plant—they are able to retain all the moisture they get. Their sharp spines save them from being eaten by animals. These great columnar cacti grow on the outskirts of the Atacama Desert in Chile. Many kinds of cacti have beautiful flowers



THE SINAI PENINSULA, that inhospitable triangle of land that joins Arabia to Egypt, is the desert through which the Children of Israel wandered after the Exodus. It is even more barren now than it was then, for the trees that used to grow upon it have all been cut

down. This bare, rugged mountain rising steeply from the plain is Jebel Musa—the Mountain of Moses. Many people believe this was the mountain upon which Moses received the Law, but the peninsula has many such heights, and Mount Sinai might be any one of them.

THE GREAT WASTE LANDS

That deserts may be reclaimed has been proved by the fact that many former desert areas are now being profitably cultivated. Desert soils are especially rich in potash and lime—chemicals that are splendid fertilizers—and where a river crosses a desert, irrigation can usually be carried on with great success. This has been done in the valley of the Nile and in parts of the Great Basin of North America. But if the river has cut a deep channel in the rock and flows far below the surface, artificial irrigation becomes too expensive to be profitable. In parts of the Australian desert artesian wells have been sunk successfully.

Although the Kaiahari desert of South Africa contains seemingly endless expanses of sand, and although rivers are unknown and its sand had the same origin as those of other deserts, there are periods

of the year when parts of it could most certainly not be called desert. To quote one explorer: "During the brief weeks of rainfall no land can assume a fairer or more tempting aspect. The long grasses shoot up green, succulent and elbow-deep; flowers spangle the veldt in every direction; the air is full of fragrance, and pans of water lie upon every side. Another month and all is drought; the pans are dry again, and travel is full of difficulty."

The same applies to parts of the Arabian desert, that, for a short time, provide the wandering Beduin with pasture for his herds. These facts and the fact that, wherever there is a spring in the Sahara, a grove of fruitful date-palms is found, all prove that desert soil is often far from sterile, and only water is needed to make it "blossom like the rose."



AFGHAN CARAVAN PASSES THROUGH THE BLEAK BOLAN PASS

That India has its deserts we have seen in page 1680. This is another stretch of barren land in the north-west—the dry and desolate Bolan Pass that cuts through the Sulaiman Range, between Afghanistan and Baluchistan. The caravan is composed mainly of camels; but the donkey shows that it travels along a made road, where there is water.

A Peep at Peking

CHINA'S ANCIENT MONGOL CAPITAL

Under various names and dynasties, Peking has been the capital of China for a thousand years, and on its battlemented walls, in the wonders of the former Imperial Palace and in its streets, invader and conqueror have left their mark. Yet Peking has always remained essentially a Chinese city—elusive, forbidding, but still attractive to the stranger. Much of its old-time colour and romance has disappeared since the revolution of 1911, which abolished the ancient imperial system and set up in China an ill-conceived republic, that has since in places given way to temporary dictatorships of rival war-lords. But, as we shall read in this chapter, Peking remains a city of rare and unflinching interest, and happier days may be in store for the great people who have built it up throughout the ages.

OF all the cities in the world Peking is, perhaps, the most attractive, with its huge walls, its historic past and its curious mixture of things old and new. It has a history that few cities can equal. It dates back centuries before the Christian era, for a city existed here or near here about 1100 B.C., and it has been, under various names, the capital of China for a thousand years. In the construction of the city and of its many monuments and palaces nearly all the great countries of Asia have played a part.

It may be said with truth that the history of China is contained within Peking, for here reigned the emperor, known as the Son of Heaven. His word was law, and he was believed by his subjects to rule over everything beneath the sun and to have no earthly rival. He acknowledged only Heaven as his master, and all states and countries throughout the universe were regarded merely as his vassals, and their emissaries could only be received at the Chinese court as inferiors.

The Four Cities of China's Capital

The present city of Peking is very much the same as the one created by the Emperor Yung Lo, who reigned from 1403 to 1425, but he built on the foundations laid by the great Kublai Khan. The Manchu Emperor Ch'ien Lung did much to improve Peking during the latter half of the eighteenth century. The city is situated in a plain that extends southwards for about seven hundred miles and

eastward to the Gulf of Chihli, ninety-one miles distant. Forty miles to the north-west is the Great Wall.

It is from the walls that we can get the best impression of the city. They are about twenty-four miles in circumference, approximately forty feet in height and enclose four cities—the Forbidden, the Imperial, the Tartar and the Chinese cities—all of them being, since the fall of the monarchy in 1911 and the substitution of a republic, in a state of more or less dilapidation.

Why None Might Walk on the Walls

At one time no one was allowed to walk on the walls, because it would have shown great disrespect on the part of the observer to have looked down upon the emperor and the palaces in which he lived. It was only after the war between the Chinese and the British and the French, in 1860, that an order was given permitting foreigners to enjoy the privilege of walking along the top of them. This was a great advantage, since the roads were often ten inches deep in dust during the summer, and in winter were masses of mud and slush, carts often being bogged up to the axles.

There are many wonderful buildings in the city; but perhaps the one that is most interesting to us is the Observatory, for we know that hundreds of years before astronomy came to be studied with care by the Western men of science, the Chinese had evolved a system of their own, which led them to believe that the earth was the centre of the universe, and that the



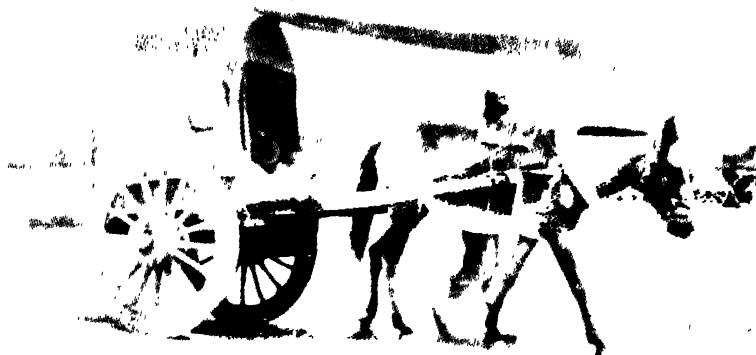
CHINESE JUGGLERS PERFORMING THEIR TRICKS IN PEKING

Anything unusual soon attracts a crowd in China, and here an appreciative audience occupies the roadway while it watches two jugglers. The man on the right is swallowing a sword, and his partner is calling upon passers-by to stop and see this marvellous trick. Obviously the half-naked performer can have nothing up his sleeve!



LITTLE CHINESE ACROBAT READY TO DELIGHT THE CROWD

Almost as soon as he could walk, this little fellow was made to practise various acrobatic feats so that his limbs might become used to assuming unusual positions. His father was probably an acrobat, and his grandfather as well, for trades and professions run in families in the East. A collection is usually taken before the performance commences.



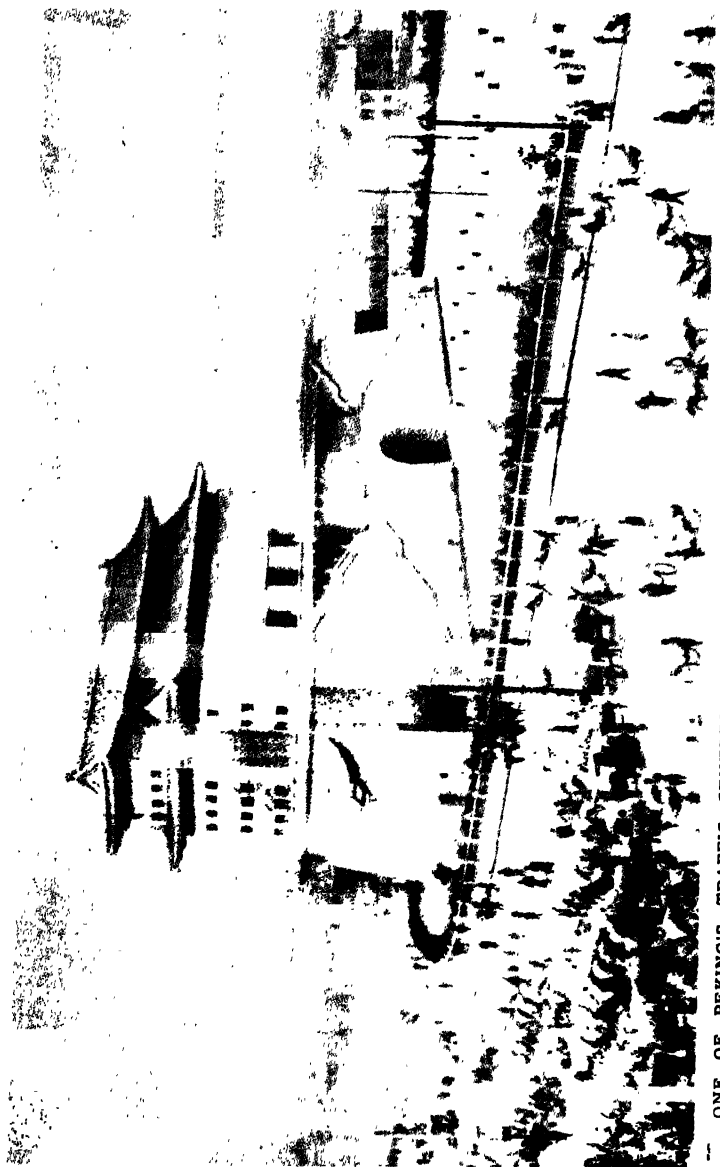
Camera Craft

PEKING CARTS ARE VERY SLOW AND NOT VERY STEADY AS A RULE
 In Peking we can have a ride in a rickshaw or in one of the native carts. There are no seats in the carts, so the passengers must sit on the floor-boards, and since there are no springs, they get bumped against one another as the vehicle goes over ruts and into pot-holes. There is, however, plenty of protection from the sun.



Camera Craft

SIX LITTLE GIRLS OFF TO WORK EARLY IN THE MORNING
 One of the saddest sights in China is that of the little children going to work in the factories. They sometimes have to remain at their tasks for sixteen hours, and their monotonous lives give them dull expressions. Wheelbarrows of various sizes are popular forms of conveyance in Peking, as in many other parts of China.



ONE OF PEKING'S TRAFFIC CENTRES: THE CH'EN, OR SOUTH, GATE OF THE TARTAR CITY

The Ch'ien Gate stands at the northern end of Ch'ien Men Street, the busiest thoroughfare in the Chinese City, and on either side of it is a railway terminus. At one time the traffic at this point was very congested, so that the walls on both sides of the gate were pulled down for a short distance to make room for the lines of carts and rickshaws waiting outside the stations. There are ten gates in the Tartar Wall and these are surmounted by large towers, some of which date from the fifteenth century, though others are more modern.

A PEEP AT PEKING

sun, moon and stars moved round it and gave it warmth.

In the seventeenth century Jesuit priests came to the city from Europe, and made known the wonders of Western astronomical science, which the Chinese endeavoured to apply to their own system. They worked out eclipses and forecasted them with great accuracy, but the arrival of each eclipse caused a complete change in their opinions. For centuries they had been taught that the only efficient method of counteracting the dreadful consequences of an eclipse was to assemble all the priests, nobles and astrologers, and to beat drums and other instruments to frighten the dragon who, so they were convinced, was within the eclipse and would descend and destroy them.

The next most interesting buildings are the famous Examination Halls, where the examinations for official posts were held for centuries. The higher positions in the civil and military services were always filled with candidates who had passed the examinations held here, and this system was the leading feature of Chinese administration.

No part of their administration was so carefully organized, and the possession of a literary degree was at once a distinction and a passport to an official appointment. The final examinations were presided over by the emperor in person, and the candidates were all those who had successfully come through the eliminating trials which had been held at the various provincial examining centres.

The Examination Halls contained about 10,000 cells, each nine feet long by four feet wide, light and food being admitted through a narrow grating in the wall.



BELL TOWER IN THE TARTAR CITY

In the Bell Tower, which is about one hundred feet high, is hung a huge, bronze bell that dates back to about 1420. It is fourteen feet high, and is struck with a beam. Upon it a watchman marks the passing of the watches.

Each candidate was thoroughly searched before entering to ensure that he possessed nothing that might assist him in the coming ordeal. He was then locked in and left there during the week, or perhaps more, required for the examination.

The questions were so hard that many of the more highly strung candidates went mad under the strain. They could only sit for this final examination after years of intense study, and if they made the slightest mistake in composition or the fault of misplacing a character, they would not pass and they would not be



(China Press)

BUYING A CRAB IN PEKING IS A WEARISOME BUSINESS

Crabs are much liked by the Chinese, and we may see baskets of them by the wayside in Peking. In Great Britain the buying of a crab would take less than a minute, but the Chinese love to haggle over the price of everything, and the completion of such a simple transaction as this may occupy half an hour.

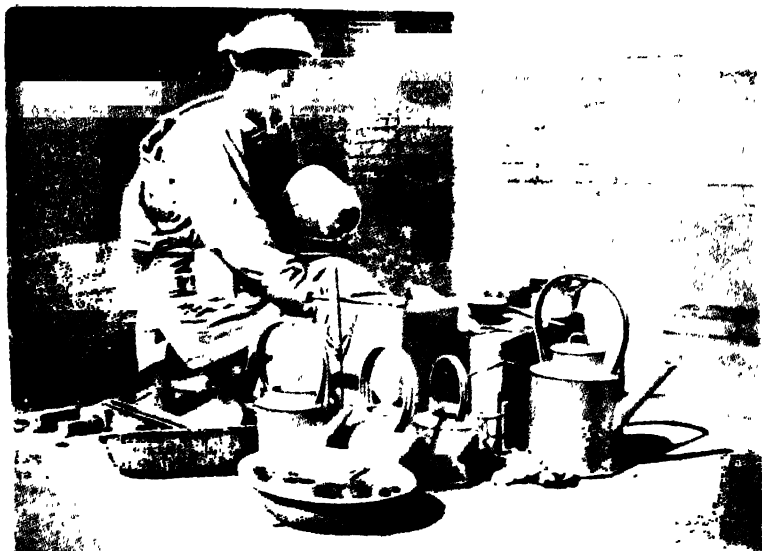
allowed to present themselves for examination again.

Confucius, who lived about 2,400 years ago, spread the religion that many of the Chinese follow, and his teachings have ever since, directly and indirectly, affected the whole of the Chinese race, and many of the questions set at the examinations were taken from his works. There were, of course, many objections to this system of selection, but, whatever its faults, it ensured that the man chosen was a scholar both in style and penmanship. Strange as it may seem to us, a Chinese official is always much more influenced by the way in which a petition, a letter or a document of any kind is written and in the manner of expression, than by the actual merits of the case itself. If the letter be at all indifferently worded it has a bad effect and fails to gain its object, so highly regarded is literary merit.

The centre of foreign life and activity in Peking is the Legation quarter, an international colony where dwell the foreign representatives. Here are all forms of architecture, each of the nations having endeavoured to set up a portion of its country, with its own particular style of architecture, within the walls of Peking.

The city has motor-cars, electric light and other conveniences, and a police force modelled on Japanese lines. Within the city are divisions which are sub-divided into wards, each ward being in charge of a minor police official, with watchmen for day and night duties. As a Chinese official is never adequately paid by the state he has to do the best he can to make both ends meet, and this largely accounts for the bribery and corruption that have always existed in China.

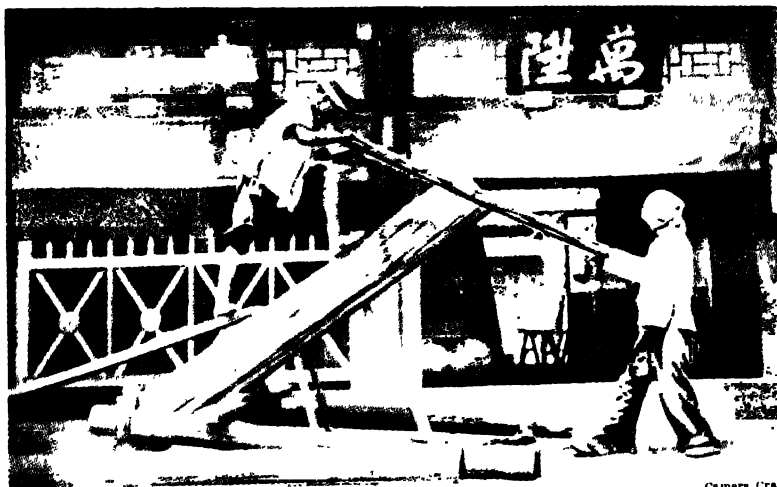
For example, the police-watchmen in all Chinese towns are entitled to the collection



Corbett-Smith

CHINESE TINKER BUSY AT HIS TRADE IN A QUIET CORNER

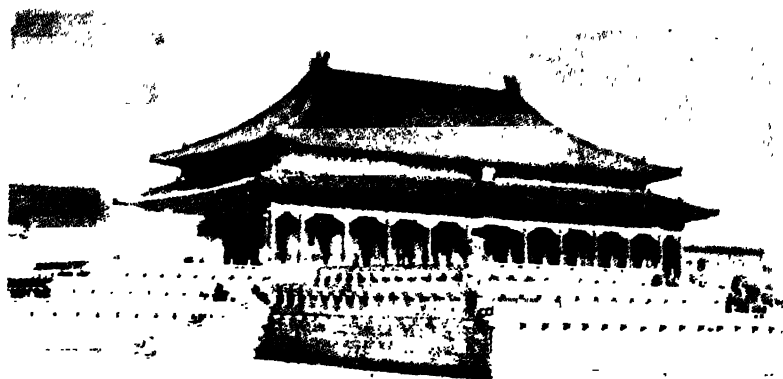
In Peking, as in many English towns, itinerant tinkers ply their trade in the streets, carrying their fires, hammers and portable stove about with them. This man goes to the houses in one street and collects all the kettles and pots and pans that need mending, then he retires to some quiet corner where he can work undisturbed.



Camera Craft

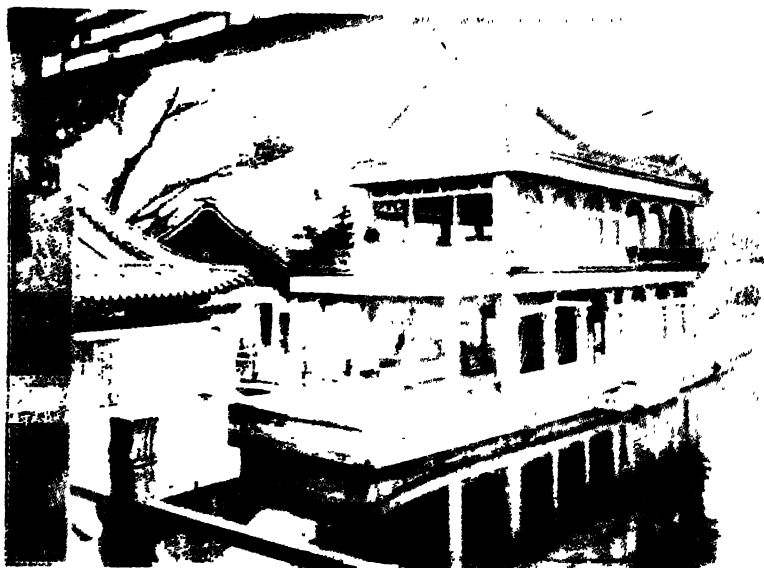
SAWING TIMBER FOR A BUILDING IN THE CITY OF PEKING

Many of the buildings in Peking are constructed mainly of wood, so that the carpenters and their assistants are people of considerable importance. Instead of using a sawpit, these workmen have erected a clumsy contrivance that forces one of them to work in a very uncomfortable position. As the work progresses so they must move the supports



DOUBLE-ROOFED THRONE ROOM IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY

Within the "Forbidden City" are the many buildings that formed the old Imperial Palace. In this photograph we can see the "Throne Room of the Supreme Peace," whither the emperor came on grand ceremonial occasions. Five flights of steps lead to the terrace, which is twenty feet above the ground.



Galloway

ON THE LAKE OF THE SUMMER PALACE IS A MARBLE BOAT

Many of the old buildings of the Summer Palace, which lies about eleven miles northwest of Peking, were destroyed in 1860, the present ones having been erected by the order of the Empress-Dowager Tzu Hsi. This beautifully carved marble boat is only one of the many marvels in this home of the former rulers of the Chinese Empire.



TEMPLE OF HEAVEN WHITHER THE EMPERORS CAME TO WORSHIP

In the Outer City of Peking is the Temple of Heaven, which was erected in 1420. Here the emperors used to come to offer prayers on certain stated occasions or in times of drought or famine. The triple roof is covered with blue tiles, and the steps are of white marble. The central carven portion is for the use of spirits only!

of a small fixed sum once a week from every shopkeeper and householder in their ward. This sum is usually paid regularly, for should there be any failure in payment the police have their own way of bringing the debtor to book. They first ignore his house or shop, and if this should prove to

be of no use they achieve the desired result by arranging a burglary.

Chinese police administration makes no provision for the poor and those in want, but we must not imagine that there are no beggars in Peking. On the contrary, there are gangs of them. As these



PEKING'S HALL OF CLASSICS is an old Imperial university, and the emperor used to sit in the main hall to preside over the examinations. In the grounds are tablets upon which have been carved extracts from the thirteen Chinese classics. They were set up by the famous Chinese emperor Ch'ien in the eighteenth century.



BEFORE THE IMPERIAL PALACE at Peking is a large bronze lion, which the Chinese consider to be a symbol of courage and generosity. The Forbidden City, or Imperial Palace, is enclosed by the Imperial City, and contains a number of palaces, halls and temples. Formerly the Imperial City was solely occupied by the emperor and high court officials.



BARBER OF PEKING WORKING IN THE SHADE OF A TREE

In China both the barbers and the actors are looked down upon to a certain extent by the other members of the community, and they may not take part in state examinations. The barbers usually set up their booths in the open air: they shave the heads of their customers as well as their faces.



HELPLESS EQUINE VICTIM OF A FARRIER IN OLD PEKING

Either Chinese horses are very fractious or this farrier is very nervous, for we rarely see a horse in Britain bound with ropes while it is being shod. This man rests the horse's hoof upon his knee, but an English farrier usually holds it between his thighs. A firm grip is not very necessary here, as the horse cannot move

A PEEP AT PEKING

beggars might be a danger to the state, they are placed under the control of a headman, who is held responsible for the good conduct of his ragged army. He reports periodically to the governing authority and arranges with shopkeepers and householders for the payment of certain sums so as to save merchants and traders from being pestered during business hours. Should there be any refusal to give the amount in question, the beggars soon bring the refractory one to a more reasonable frame of mind.

A party of dirty men will appear and demand alms, and the odour arising from their presence is such as to scare away all intending customers. no one can get any where near the shop even if he wish. traffic is held up and all business is at a standstill. If the shopkeeper should continue in his refusal, his resistance is met by an increase in the number of beggars, who press their demands for charity until nothing can be heard above the din. Finally he is forced to submit, and the beggars then retire with flying colours.

A Theatre in the Street

The native, or Chinese, city is the most interesting, for there we see the real life of the people and come in contact with their pursuits and amusements. The Peking people, in common with all Chinese, are fond of theatricals. The plays are mostly historical and deal with the sayings and doings of sages who died more than two thousand years ago. This is important, because anything that is old is revered by the Chinese.

In walking through the streets we occasionally come across a theatre, not in a building but in the open street. The scenery is of a rough and ready kind, and much of it is left to the imagination. There are no dressing-rooms for the actors, all the changes of costume, the arranging and plaiting of the hair and painting and powdering of the complexion being carried out in full view of the audience.

Peking is an admixture of ancient and modern; mule litters of the most ancient type stand alongside the latest motor-cars:

the telegraph line brings news from all parts of the world. Formerly the famous "Peking Gazette," the oldest journal in the world, was the only newspaper, but it contained only what the imperial court considered it advisable for the people to know. Although modern ideas are gradually coming in, there is, amongst the bulk of the people, a certain amount of prejudice against anything new, this feeling being just as strong elsewhere in China.

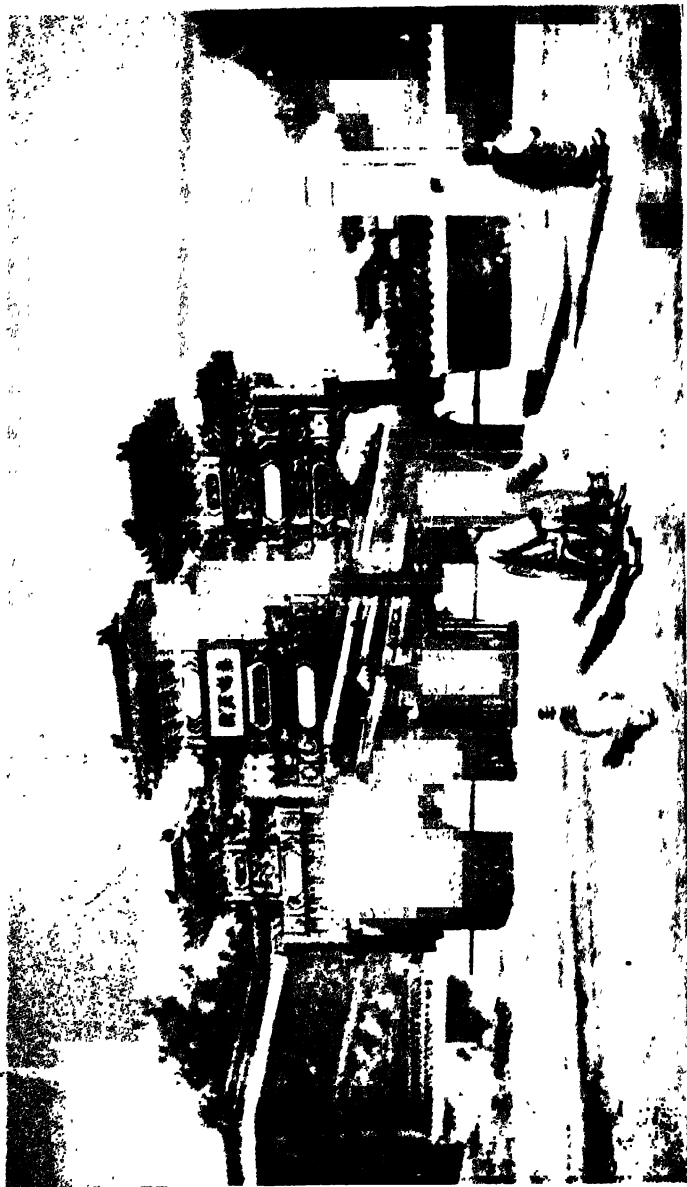
Coalfields Guarded by a Dragon

For instance, it was proposed to develop the rich coalfields in the province of Shensi, but the priests and people were against it, because they argued that the area to be tapped was the home of the mighty dragon Feng Shui, the guardian of hidden treasures, who destroys anyone offending him. If the coalfields were opened the sleep of the dragon would be disturbed, and he would come out and spread fire, death and pestilence through the land. So the dragon slept on, and the coalfields remain untapped.

It is in the streets of the essentially Chinese part of the city that we see the shops, the restaurants and the everyday life of the people. Houses and shops are all of the same pattern. The shopkeepers place their counters in the roadway, and often the space available for traffic is so small that carts can only pass in single file. There are shops containing the beautiful silks for which China is famous, others with lacquer work or vegetables and fruits, and here and there are restaurants where we can taste the various foods for which China is noted.

Sharks' Fins and Stags' Tendons

Let us go into one of these eating-houses. We can have small dishes containing fresh and dried fruits, sliced ham, hard-boiled eggs, morsels of chicken, melon seeds and sundry other tit-bits. There are also soups and sharks' fins served in thick sauce. We can order wild duck and cabbage, pigeon's eggs stewed with mushrooms fried fish of various kinds. sea



10 Harry
 lacquer. In the principal streets of the city motor-cars rush past rickshaws, as these highways have been made suitable for modern traffic. Many of the things that formerly made Peking so attractive have disappeared since the revolution that took place in 1911.

MEMORIAL ARCHES commemorating famous men or events of national importance were often erected by the Chinese, and we frequently see them in some of the busiest streets in Peking. This arch is made of teak and decorated with bronze, copper, gilt and red



TWO FEARSOME DRAGONS guard the entrance to one of the buildings within the Forbidden City. Since China became a republic, some of the halls and palaces have been used as government offices and barracks. Many of them, however, have remained empty since the day upon which the young emperor received orders to leave the Imperial Palace.

A PEEP AT PEKING

slugs from the waters around Japan, pork crackling, chicken with ham, ducks' egg soup, stags' tendons, bamboo roots, as well as the shoots of the young bamboo, stewed lotus, eggs many years old that have been preserved in chalk—the older the egg the greater its value—fermented eggs, boneless chicken and ducks stuffed with little pine needles to give them a fine flavour. Beef we shall not find, because it is considered a sin among the Chinese to kill and eat animals that are used as beasts of burden.

Then there is the travelling restaurant which a man carries about on a couple of wooden stands secured to a long bamboo pole that he slings over his shoulder. When he meets a customer he chooses a corner and there ladles out the meals.

Many and varied are the sights in Peking, for it is the centre of Chinese life, and its quaint streets and shops, its

temples, its wonderful walls and palaces are full of history and romance. We can visit the Great Hall of Audience where the emperor, on his birthday, used to release 10,000 birds from huge cages, so as to bring good luck; and the Temple of Heaven, whither once a year he took a scroll on which was written the names of executed criminals. This scroll he burnt there, so that the ashes could go up to Heaven and make it known that he had done his duty.

The wonder and delight of all these places passes expectation. Although the city remained closed for so long to foreigners, it has not proved disappointing, and nowhere else in the world can we learn more, or come into closer contact with the ancient and the modern, the beautiful and the squalid, and all the marvels of science as the ancient Chinese understood them.



OLD MEANS OF TRANSPORT PASSING BENEATH OLD WALLS

Camel caravans from Mongolia and Siberia still bring merchandise to the city as they have done for centuries. The Peking of to-day was built by the great Kublar Khan, the grandson of Jenghiz Khan, a little to the north of an older city that was captured by the Mongols in 1215. The earlier city was known as Chung Tu.

Islands of Fire and Ice

ICELAND'S NORSEMEN & THE ESKIMOS OF GREENLAND

Iceland, so-called because the Norsemen who landed there in the ninth century found ice in one of the fjords, is rather a land of fire than of ice. The island is composed entirely of volcanic matter and more than one hundred volcanoes still exist, while there are scores of hot springs and lakes of boiling mud. The folk of Iceland are the descendants of the piratical Norsemen; but, as we shall read in this chapter, they have developed into a community of hard-working farmers and fishermen. Greenland was first settled by sea-rovers from Iceland in the tenth century, and is far from being a green land, for about ninety per cent of the island's surface is covered by a mass of ice. Only a few relics remain of the first colonists, for they were exterminated by the Eskimos, who first came to this land from Canada about a thousand years ago. Though they were then conquerors, the Eskimos live under the Danish flag, Greenland being Denmark's sole colonial possession.

ALTHOUGH Carthaginian mariners left fragmentary records of voyages into northern waters, Iceland remained unknown to Europe till some adventurous Norsemen, sailing to the Faroe Islands, were driven out of their course by a storm and landed on the east coast of the island in 870. These Norsemen, and many others from Norway and the British Isles, settled there. One of them, Eric the Red, voyaged across the Arctic seas and discovered Greenland in 983.

The Icelandic Vikings, like their Norwegian brothers, were no less fierce than the piratical rovers of other ages. They sailed along the coasts of Europe plundering and burning, until the lure of their northern home and a sufficiency of loot sent them homeward once again.

These Norsemen only allowed the healthiest babies to grow up to take their place in a world where, in their opinion, brute strength was of more account than good manners.

Battle-Madness of the Norsemen

"I can find no place, king," said a guest at the court of the king of Norway. "Place! Get a place for yourself, man! Throw out one of my thanes, if you can. If not, you may stand!" replied the savage Norwegian.

In battle the Norsemen knew no fear, and in the heat of a fight they were often possessed by a murderous frenzy that made them terrible to their foes. Being seized by this overwhelming battle-madness was known as "going berserk," and the crazed

Norseman, who thus charged raging to his death, was called a "berserker." Naturally the literature of such a people was an expression of their own fearless life and ideals. The Norsemen's Sagas, or story-poems, rank high among the world's literature.

Peaceable Descendants of Pirates

Time has tempered the old ferocity of these people, and the Icelanders of to-day are very different from their piratical forefathers. Far from manifesting any desire to practice piracy, they are the most honest of men and, though they are conscious of their Viking ancestry and speak the tongue used in the sagas, there are no more peaceable persons than these men of the North.

Iceland is one of the most volcanic countries in the world, and its largest volcano is Hekla, shown in page 1182. This volcano has made the surrounding country a desert owing to the dust and boiling lava that it hurls out from time to time. Its last great eruption occurred in 1845. Iceland is a land of peasant-farmers, fowlers, and fishermen, who seldom leave the district in which they were born and live their simple, quiet lives far from the turmoil of modern industrialism.

Around the rugged coasts there are many islands, and on one group, called the Vestmanna Islands, the chief means of support of the inhabitants are the countless sea-birds which have made their homes in the cliffs. These cliffs are the property of the government, and are leased out to the islanders, who are experts in scaling the



TOWERING CLIFFS hem in the Umanak Fjord, opposite the little village of Umanak, which is situated on an island off the Nugsuak peninsula. The Umanak Fjord is on the west coast of Greenland, and at its head is a glacier that sometimes advances as much as

fifty feet in a day. Icebergs are continually breaking from this glacier, so that the waters about here are never free from masses of ice. Umanak is a prosperous settlement, and there are coal mines near by. Many of the cliffs in Greenland look very beautiful in the summer.



ESKIMO CHILDREN look forward eagerly to the spring, for then the ice breaks up and flat pieces come drifting to the shore. The boys stand on these and use them as rafts. They must balance themselves very carefully, or else the ice will overturn and throw them into the bitterly cold water, which would be very serious, as they cannot swim.

LANDS AND PEOPLES OF THE WORLD

J.A. HAMMERTON

The Editor of Peoples of
All Nations & Countries of the world



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People of Sunny Italy

FOLK WHOSE FORBEARS WERE MAKERS OF HISTORY

When the Romans were at the height of their power Italy was the head and heart of Europe, and during the golden period of the Italian Renaissance, which began in the fifteenth century, it was the centre of the world's new culture. Many relics of the country's former greatness still remain, and strenuous efforts are being made by the people to create what they term a "Third Italy." The Italian peasants are generally cheerful and gay, and know how to squeeze the best out of their simple lives, whether they live in the Plain of Lombardy or in the south. We have read about Rome, Venice and Sicily elsewhere, and in this chapter we shall be taken to some of the other marvellous cities and into the homes of the people of this romantic land.

A BROAD, oblong stretch of land, which is hemmed in by mountains on all sides except the east, where it sinks to the blue waters of the Adriatic Sea, then, running south from this, a narrow peninsula shaped very much like a boot—these two tracts, with the small Istrian peninsula in the north of the Adriatic and with Sicily and Sardinia and a host of lesser islands, make the kingdom of Italy.

The Apennines follow the Ligurian coast, curve round the Gulf of Genoa and run down the whole peninsula like a backbone. In the lands on both sides of this rocky backbone, but more particularly on the western side and in the big plain to the north, are scattered cities of old renown, cities which stand out vividly in the history of the world, for this land of Italy might be termed the birth-place of the culture of modern Europe.

When Greece was the leading power of the world, the southern half of the Italian peninsula contained many Greek colonies. Meanwhile, farther north, a certain Latin

tribe was sending out young colonists who settled on one of the hills overlooking the River Tiber. This settlement became the mighty city of Rome.

When the torch of learning fell from the hand of Greece, Rome picked it up and carried it on, for in conquering Greece Rome seems to have absorbed that nation's love of all things beautiful. In the fourth century the Roman Empire was divided into two portions—the Eastern and the Western Empires.

The Eastern Empire, with its capital at Constantinople, was to last for over a thousand years; the Western Empire broke up under the assaults of barbarians from the north—Goths, Vandals, Huns and Lombards—who, at one time or another, poured through the passes of the mountain barrier to take and hold the wonder city of Rome and to seize the riches of this favoured land.

Though Rome was sacked again and again, her vitality was indestructible, and the city of the Caesars became the centre of a rapidly-spreading new religion—Christianity—and



Kodak Snapshot

A LITTLE DAUGHTER OF ITALY
This child of Naples, beautiful both in feature and expression, is a fitting representative of lovely Italy. Italian women have long been renowned for their beauty.



NAPLES, THE "SIREN CITY," lies, as we see in page 1185, upon the northern shore of a lovely bay, at the southern end of which is Mount Vesuvius' smoking cone. It is a beautiful city in a beautiful position, but it is noisy and, in many parts, squalid. In the great

harbour lie all kinds of vessels—warships, liners, cargo steamers, and pleasure and fishing boats. It is the last that we see here, graceful craft with huge lateen sails that overtop the buildings, craft manned by sailors whose fishing-ground is the blue Mediterranean.



THE CASTLE OF ARCO, from its lofty crag above the River Sarca, once protected from all enemies the town that lies in a half-moon at its base. But more than two hundred years ago the French destroyed it, and since then only its ruins crown the peak. The ancient town of Arco, among the olive groves, prospered well enough without its protection, however, and is now, owing to its sheltered position, a thriving winter resort. Were it not for Mount Brione in the distance we should see the lovely Lake Garda.

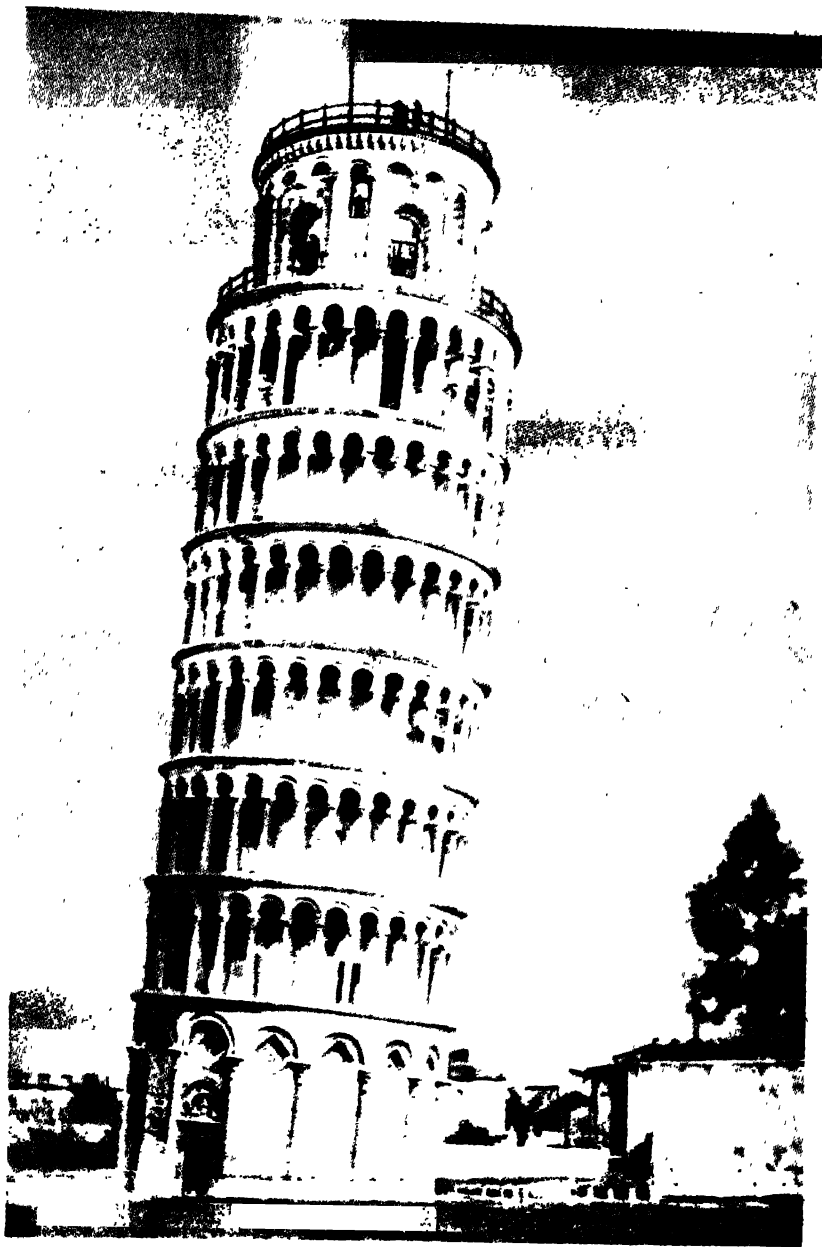


LEISURELY, LUMBERING OX-WAGON THAT IS USED ON THE LEVEL ROADS OF THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA
Once upon a time many prosperous cities occupied the wide plain known as the Campagna di Roma. Many people dwelt therein, and the fertile ground yielded abundantly under the hands of the peasant farmers. Then, long ago, their small farms were replaced by large estates, and that started the ruin of the district. The land was neglected; mosquitoes bred in marshes no longer drained, and they brought malaria. The cities now lie in ruins, and the population is fever-stricken. An olive grove, such as this, is a rare sight.



MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF AN ISTRIAN VILLAGE ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH

The peninsula of Istria, at the north end of the Adriatic Sea, is rather mountainous, and its mountains are mostly clad in forests that provide the material for many ships. Much of this is planted with vines for Istria is famous for its wine. The peasants—farmers, foresters, shepherds and fishermen—are not all Italians, by any means ; some are Yugo-Slavs and some Austrians, for Istria was Austrian until 1919.



THE LEANING TOWER of Pisa, the cathedral's bell-tower, is famous, not for its beauty nor for the tone of its seven bells, but because it is $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet out of the perpendicular.



THE DUOMO, the cathedral of S. Maria del Fiore, in Florence, is the fourth largest church in Europe. The square campanile is considered to be the finest of its kind.



SOURCE OF THE RAW MATERIAL FOR MANY A WORK OF ART

The marble quarries of Carrara have been famous from the days of the ancient Romans, and have since then provided stone for many lovely buildings and many beautiful sculptures. The marble blocks, obtained by blasting, are roughly squared and dragged over the white debris by means of ropes and wooden rollers to the waiting ox-carts.

the Bishop of Rome, as Pope, became the spiritual ruler of all Christendom. As the Church grew wealthy it fostered learning and the arts, and when Constantinople fell in 1453 and its scholars fled from the Turks, it was Italy that welcomed them and was foremost in that revival of learning known as the Renaissance.

During the centuries the country was parcelled out between various rulers. A gift of land from Pepin, the King of the Franks and the father of Charlemagne, to the Pope was the beginning of the Papal States, which were situated in central Italy and included the city of Rome. Naples and most of southern Italy, with Sicily, became "The Kingdom of the Two Sicilies," and so on. Many cities, with their surrounding lands, became little republics, and when not fighting invaders, they fought each other. They were not united into the kingdom of Italy until 1871.

Considering the almost constant fighting, it is a wonder that medieval Italy found time for anything else. Yet the fact remains that her architects have given us some of the finest cathedrals and palaces in the world, her poets rank amongst the "immortals," and her artists have left a wealth of wonderful pictures and statues.

There are many types among the people. The Italian with olive skin and very dark hair and eyes is found in the south, but going north we find a sprinkling of other types. The red-gold or auburn-haired beauties of Tuscany and Venice are famous, and north of the Apennines it is easy to see that the people, both in appearance and character, have a good deal of the blood of the fairer and more energetic northern invaders in their veins.

The northern portion of Italy is a vast plain, usually known as the Plain of



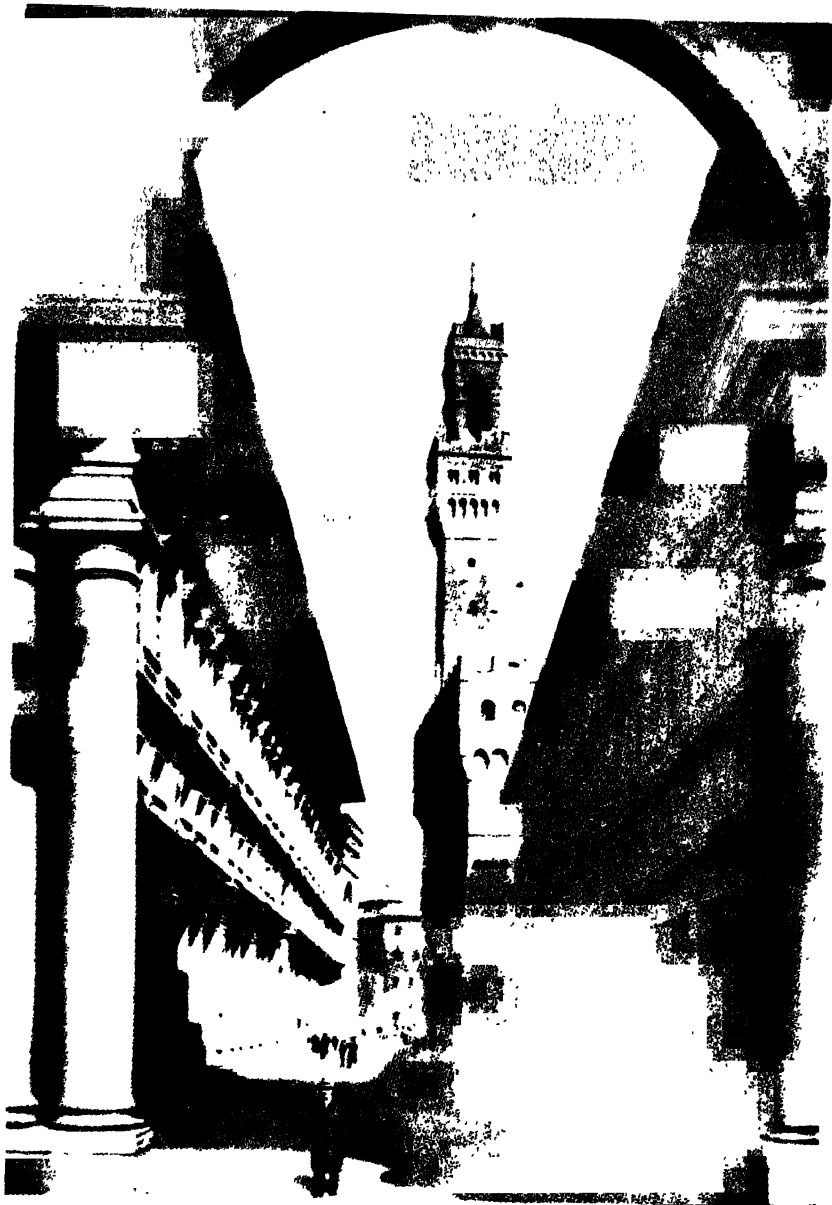
GLIMPSE OF TRIESTE AT THE HEAD OF THE ADRIATIC SEA

The great port of Trieste has not been Italian very long, though it was originally a Roman colony. It came under Austrian rule in 1382, but after the Great War it was given to Italy. The new part of the city lies on the level ground around the enormous harbour: the old town, with its winding, narrow streets, climbs up steep Castle Hill.

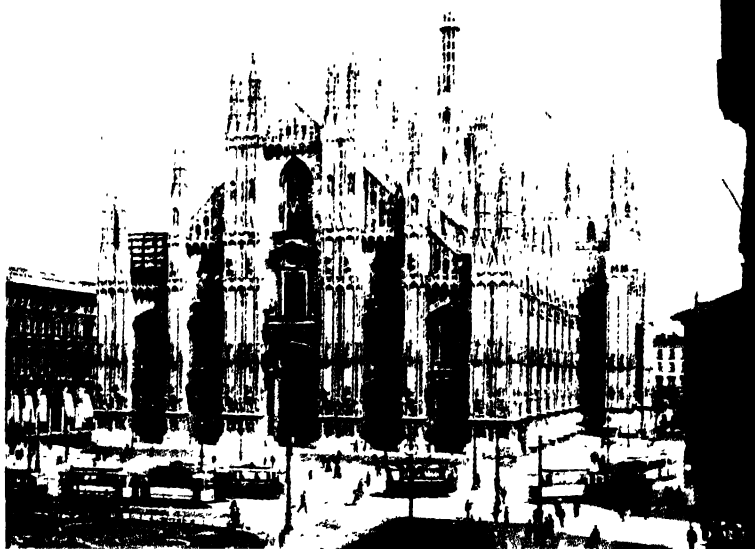


Nicholls

IN OLD SAN REMO, backed by a semi-circle of hills and faced by a bay of the Ligurian Sea, tall, narrow houses crowd together along narrow alleys, steep lanes and flights of rude steps. The arches that span the thoroughfares are designed for support in case of earthquakes. Modern San Remo, a typical Riviera town, sprawls along the sea-shore.



THE SLENDER TOWER of the Palazzo Vecchio, the battlemented town hall of Florence, is seen here from the banks of the River Arno. On either side of the quiet street that leads to it are the dignified arcaded buildings that compose the Palazzo degli Uffizi, which now houses a famous picture gallery, a library, the post office and the Archives of Tuscany.



MILAN'S CATHEDRAL WITH ITS FOREST OF MARBLE PINNACLES
 The cathedral of Milan, the capital of Lombardy, is one of the wonders of the world, with its white marble traceries, pinnacles and flying buttresses, and its thousands of statues. It was started in 1386, but was not finished until 1815. Milan has always been one of Italy's most important towns, even as far back as the third century B.C.

Lombardy, through which, from west to east, flows Italy's biggest river, the Po, with its numerous tributaries. This plain is covered with fields of maize and wheat, with vineyards and mulberry trees. From the plain rise fair cities, with stately castles, cathedrals and towering campanili.

Milan, the most important city of the plain, is a thriving commercial centre. Its lofty cathedral, adorned with turrets and pinnacles and over 4,000 statues, is like a mountain of marble. Indeed, the design for it is supposed to have been suggested by the appearance of Monte Rosa away to the north.

In a former monastery, adjoining another church in Milan, is what, in spite of being terribly faded, is one of the world's greatest pictures—"The Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci, the famous painter and sculptor. Italy gave us the opera, and at Milan Mozart

produced his first opera when he was a boy of fourteen.

Monza, a few miles from Milan, is connected with the history of Theodolinda, a Bavarian princess who, in the sixth century, became the wife of a Lombard king. This lady was to the Lombards what Bertha, Ethelbert's queen, was to the Saxons, and for her missionary zeal Pope Gregory the Great sent her a most precious relic—a thin circlet of iron, made, so it was claimed, from one of the nails used at the Crucifixion. This iron band, set in a circle of gold and jewels, is the famous Iron Crown of Lombardy. Charlemagne, Frederick Barbarossa, Charles V. and Napoleon I. have all worn it. It is kept at Monza, in the cathedral where Theodolinda is buried.

The Lombardy Plain is rich in interesting cities. Mantua, near which the poet Virgil was born, appears to rise from a



THIS STREET OF BORDIGHERA WAS NOT DESIGNED FOR VEHICLES
In olden days, towns were built, for safety's sake, in the most inaccessible places. That is why the ancient quarter of a town so often scrambles up a hillside, and the new part spreads over level ground at its foot. Bordighera, on the Riviera coast, is such a town. Needless to say, this narrow, arched, stepped street is in the old quarter.



RIVA, ON LAKE GARDA, is a pretty and drowsy little town, sheltered by the steep mountains around it not only from cold winds but also from the hot afternoon sun. It stands at the north-westernmost point of the lake which lies before it, narrow and enclosed by

precipitous walls, like a Norwegian fjord. In the south, Lake Garda widens and its banks are low. The azure waters are rarely as still as those of the other Italian lakes, and when a sudden squall races down from the north it becomes almost as rough as an angry sea.



WHITE WALLS OF SORRENTO rise, from amid orange and lemon groves, on precipitous cliffs above the Bay of Naples. It faces the north, and even in summer the heat is tempered; it is therefore a popular resort all the year round. An old town—the Surrentum

of the Romans—it was an important trading centre in the Middle Ages, though it has not many relics of those bygone days. Torquato Tasso, the poet, was born here in 1544, but his house has been swallowed up by the sea. Here we see the town from the Capo di Monti.

PEOPLE OF SUNNY ITALY

lake, because the River Mincio spreads out and completely encircles it. Piacenza, C. emona, Bologna, Parma, Modena and many other Lombard cities were Roman colonies planted here when the people of the plain were Gauls.

A Former Capital of Italy

Cremona was the home of three generations of the Amati family and of their pupil Stradivari, who about two centuries and a half ago made violins that have never been equalled. Near the Adriatic lies Ravenna, formerly, like Venice, situated by the side of a lagoon. This city for a time took the place of Rome as Italy's capital. It is extraordinarily rich in churches, which are famous for their pictures in mosaic.

As the plain rises towards the snow-clad Alps of the north and west, we find the lower slopes of the hills covered with vineyards. Here and there are fruit orchards and rich pastures, then forests of chestnut, and, higher up, pine trees. Here are beautiful lakes, each formed by the widening of some tributary of the Po as it rushes down from the snows to join the main river. These lakes are among the most romantically beautiful spots in Italy, and by their shores, as in the time of the ancient Romans, wealthy people have built their villas.

Simple Life in the Hill Villages

Life in the upland villages is very simple. The peasant tends his vines, makes wood into charcoal and, like his brother of the plain, lives mainly on polenta. This is maize meal, cooked with salt and water until it becomes a thick, yellow mass. Cut into slabs, it is eaten as bread or is crumbled into soup. Sometimes it is fashioned into flat cakes and cooked on the hearth. In some form or other polenta, with thin soup in which are vegetables and scraps of meat, forms the staple food of the working classes of the north, varied occasionally with eggs and cheese, and with fish on fast-days.

At one time of the year the village housewives are very busy, for in every

cottage an attic is reserved for the rearing of silkworms. Here, with a fire always going to keep the air at the right temperature, the little caterpillars are spread out on frames covered with mulberry leaves. As their size and appetite increase, the mother, father and all the children are kept busy supplying the worms with fresh leaves, for they must be fed constantly, and no rest can be taken till the yellow cocoons are all finished and sold, to keep busy the silk looms of the cities. Italy is one of the greatest silk-producing countries of the world.

Another big source of income is the wine industry, and here the vine-growing peasants have a great enemy to combat—hailstorms, which, coming with startling suddenness, may strip the grapes from the vines and destroy the year's harvest in half an hour. Lately the practice has been adopted of firing cannon at the dark clouds that precede a hailstorm; in this way the vines are often saved, as the clouds precipitate snow and sleet instead of hail.

Olive-Clad Hills and Green Valleys

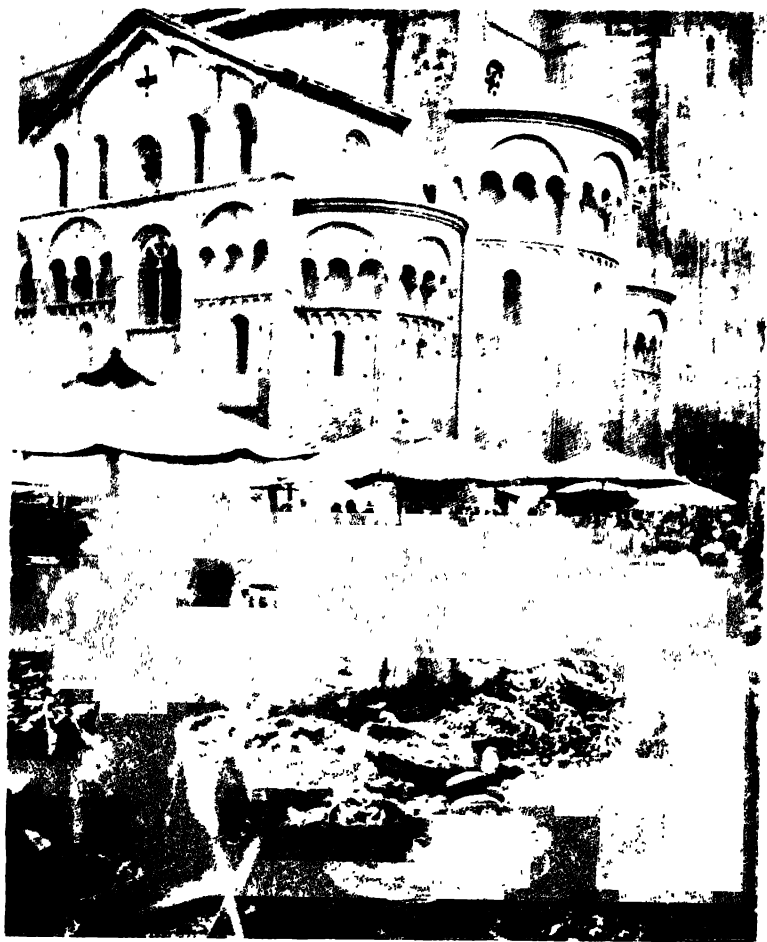
During winter the northern plain is very cold, for bitter winds sweep down from the Alps, and on the south the Apennines keep off the warm air of the Mediterranean. South of the Apennines, along the coast from just east of Mentone to Spezia, is the Italian Riviera, with its pleasure resorts of San Remo and Bordighera.

So fine is the climate and so fertile the soil that oranges, lemons, olives and other fruits thrive well, and the mountains are cultivated in terraces to a considerable height. Genoa, which is on the coast, has a long history as a seaport and commercial town of world-wide importance. Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of the New World, was a Genoese mariner.

West of the Apennines and in the northern half of the peninsula lie two fascinating provinces, Tuscany and Umbria, to which flock the artists of the world, for here the land is a picture. Man has done his best to add to its beauty, for well nigh every town, no



THIS OLD FISHERMAN, in a green woolen stocking-cap, dwells in Salerno when he is not sailing the seas in search of little sardines or anchovies or great tunny-fish. Salerno is in south Italy on a beautiful gulf to which it has given its name, and is not far from Naples and Mount Vesuvius. It is a delightful old town, lying beneath a hill crowned by the ruins of a castle.



BUSY BARGAINING BENEATH THE WALLS OF MODENA'S CATHEDRAL
Modena, in north Italy, has, like most Italian cities, a long history—it was founded about 215 B.C.—and an eventful one. Its great cathedral, started in 1099, is almost in the centre of the town, and every week a market is held in its precincts, where an extraordinary variety of fruits and vegetables is sold, also grain, meat and wines.

matter how small, that graces the olive-clad hills of Tuscany or is tucked away in the green valleys or on the mountain slopes of Umbria, is rich in artistic treasures.

The River Arno flows through Tuscany, and on its banks, a few miles from the sea, lies Pisa, once a great maritime republic that rivalled Genoa and Venice. It was a

powerful city with brave citizens, but it was faced with overwhelming odds, for it was midway between two powerful enemies, Genoa and Florence. The Pisans were defeated by the Genoese in a naval battle in 1284, and in 1509 the possession of the city passed to Florence.

The magnificent cathedral of black and white marble was built to commemorate a



McLennan

YOUNG METAL-WARE MERCHANT IN THE ALPINE TOWN OF AOSTA
 Aosta, a little town surrounded by walls, built by the ancient Romans, and with many other relics of those ancient warriors, lies in a beautiful valley of the Italian Alps, not very far from Mont Blanc. To this dark shop come the peasant folk for saucepans and strainers and buckets, great copper cauldrons for cheese-making and cow-bells.

naval victory. Near by is the cemetery known as the Campo Santo, a beautiful cloister surrounding a greensward. It was built on fifty-three shiploads of earth brought from Mt. Calvary by a certain archbishop, so that the proud Pisans might lie in the holiest of ground.

About fifty miles up the Arno lies Florence—"the flower of cities and city

of flowers"—which was the intellectual and artistic centre of Italy for more than two centuries. In its dark, narrow streets, where the palaces of the nobles are like grim fortresses, history has been made. Here the two factions of Guelph and Ghibelline fought out their quarrels. It was through his taking part in such a fight that one famous Ghibelline, Dante,

26714



THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA, that vast, dreary plain that stretches around Rome between the mountains and the sea, is the home of these bright-faced, gaily-clad boys. The malaria that is the scourge of the district in the summer does not seem to have affected their spirits, but then they probably move up to the mountains in May.



Kodak Snapshot

A DAUGHTER OF ABRUZZI, this laughter-loving girl comes from a land of forest and pasture, snow-capped mountain and deep fertile valley. In olden times its inaccessibility made the district important, for it was then Naples' natural protector on the north. The result is that now it is one of the most backward departments of Italy.



IN THE VIA SAN GIUSEPPE, A THOROUGH STREET OF OLD SAN REMO
 This street in the old quarter of San Remo is so narrow, and the houses are so tall, that little light can enter through the small windows, and the rooms must be dark and ill-ventilated. Yet mother and grandmother are hale and cheerful, and baby sleeps the sleep of the healthy. But then San Remo is a famous health resort.

greatest of all Italian poets save Virgil, was banished from his native Florence.

The cathedral is a stately building of marble. Beside it rises the most beautiful campanile in Italy, a peerless thing of delicate tracery. It is called "The Shepherd's Tower," because its architect, Giotto, was a ten-year-old shepherd lad minding his flocks when the artist,

Cimabue, found him drawing a picture of a lamb on a flat stone. Cimabue took the boy to Florence and had him taught art.

Many Italian cathedrals have beside them a building called the baptistery. This was needed during the centuries when baptism took place only three times a year and everybody in the diocese was baptised by the bishop. The Baptistery



FAIR-SKINNED NATIVES OF THE MOUNTAINOUS NORTHERN FRONTIER
 The Val de Cogne, among the Alps of north Italy, is not very far from Switzerland, and it is not unusual to find peasants there who are fair and look Teutonic rather than Latin. The women wear collars of beads and of lace and keep their aprons pinned up all the week, only letting them down on Sunday.

at Florence is famous on account of two of its bronze doors, that Michelangelo said were "fit for the gates of Paradise." The making of these doors occupied a celebrated goldsmith for fifty years.

In the older streets may be seen little shrines—sacred pictures in a frame with a lamp always burning before them—reminders of the ancient practice of praying

at the street corners. Here, too, we may see the sick carried to hospital on a litter borne by men who wear black robes and curious pointed hoods which conceal their faces. These men are the "Brothers of Mercy." The members are of all classes, and a certain number are always on duty that they may be ready to help the sick and injured or to carry the dead to burial.



THE ISOLA SAN GIULIO lies, like the enchanted island of a fairy tale, in the still, turquoise waters of a little lake. The church upon it is very old, for it is said to have been founded in the fourth century by S. Julius, who came here to convert the inhabitants of the shores of Lake Orta. In the foreground are the roofs of Orta town.



WASHERWOMEN of Omegna, a small town at the northern end of Lake Orta, kneel upon their back doorsteps and wash their clothes in the Nigulia, a stream that does not feed, but drains, the lake. This waterway soon joins the River Strona, which flows into Lake Maggiore, and so water from the small lake is always being poured into the large one.



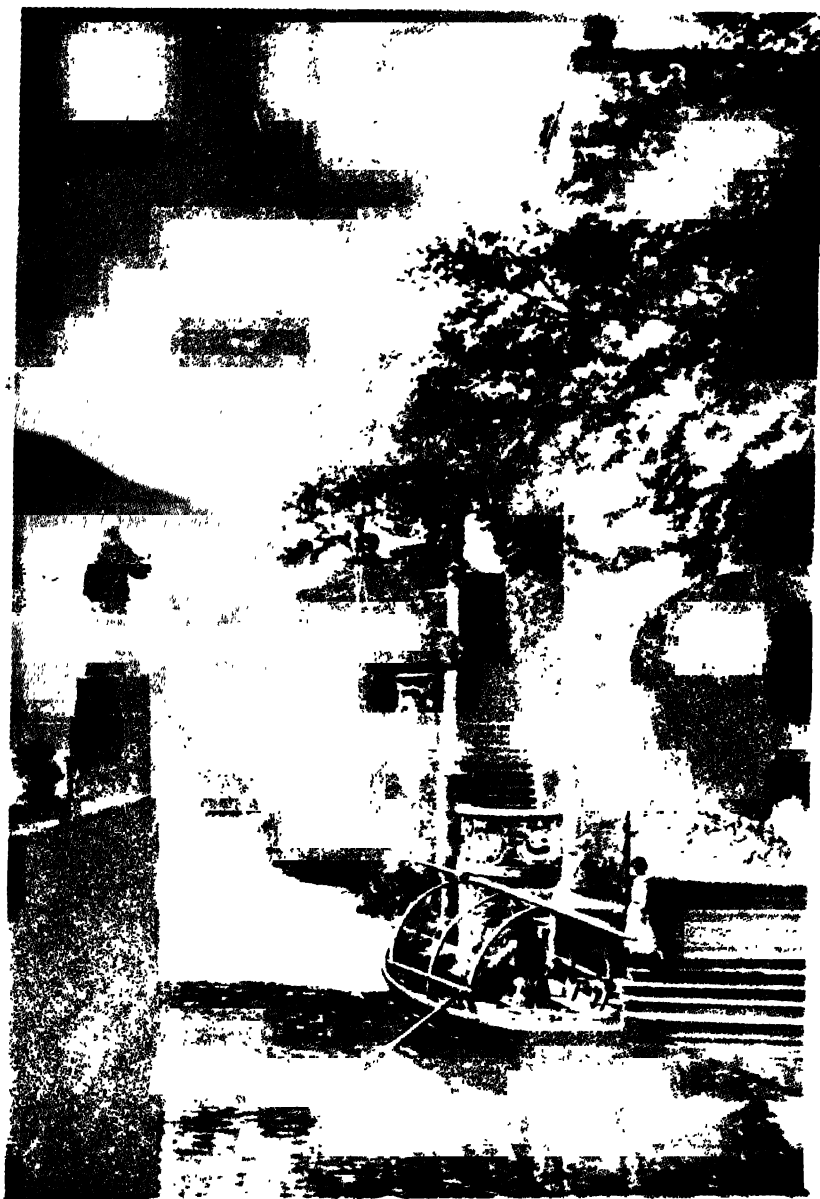
FISHERMEN'S QUARTER AT SORRENTO AND A FEW FISHERFOLK

The fishermen of Sorrento bring their laden boats to the west end of the town to the Marina Grande, or large harbour. Most of Sorrento, as we see in page 1743, is built on the cliff-tops high above the sea, but here room has been found for a few humble houses at the harbour's edge, below the sheer wall of limestone.



OLD, WALLED TIVOLI ABOVE ITS THUNDERING CASCADES

Tivoli has been famous for its beauty for many, many years. It was a popular summer resort of the Romans—it is only 25 miles from Rome—who built temples here and beautiful villas. Even the Emperors Augustus and Hadrian had dwellings here. Below Tivoli the River Anio, issuing from a ravine, falls in many streams for a distance of 350 feet.



LOVELY LAKE COMO is surely the most beautiful of lakes. Between its blue waters and the forest-clad mountains that rise so steeply from its shores lie many humble villages among vineyards and flowery gardens, and many a stately palace, with its flight of steps to the water. This is the water-front of the Villa Balbianello.



McLellan
ACROSS LAKE MAGGIORE, from the woods above Arona, we can see the old castle of the Visconti above the little town of Angera. In 1439 this castle became the property of the Counts of Borromeo. On the west side of the lake, near Arona, is a colossal bronze and copper statue of S. Carlo Borromeo, Cardinal-Archbishop of Milan, 1538-84.



ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER RECINA WHERE, AT FIUME, IT FLOWS BENEATH MONTE CALVARIO
The great port of Fiume, which lies on the Adriatic Sea east of the Istrian peninsula, used to be in Austria-Hungary. Then after the Great War, Italy and Yugo-Slavia both laid claim to it, and the soldier-poet, Gabriele d'Annunzio, took it for Italy and ruled it for over a year, entirely against the will of his country. At last, in 1920, it was made an independent state. It did not remain so long, however, for Italy took it again in 1924, giving Yugo-Slavia other land in exchange. Fiume was called St. Vitus in Flumine in the Middle Ages.



WHERE OIL AND WINE WERE BOUGHT AND SOLD IN OLD POMPEII

From Pompeii, now being cleared of the volcanic ash beneath which it has lain buried for eighteen centuries and more, we can gain a very good idea of the lives that people led in A.D. 79. We see the narrow, paved streets, the shops and taverns, dwelling-houses, theatres and temples. There are even posters in red letters on the walls.

The carnival in Florence lasts from Christmas to Lent and is a time of merry-making. Florentine children do not hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve, but at the Epiphany, or Twelfth Day, which is the children's festival, they put their shoes out overnight, hoping that "La Befana," an old woman who in the Italian nursery takes the place of Santa Claus, will fill them with presents.

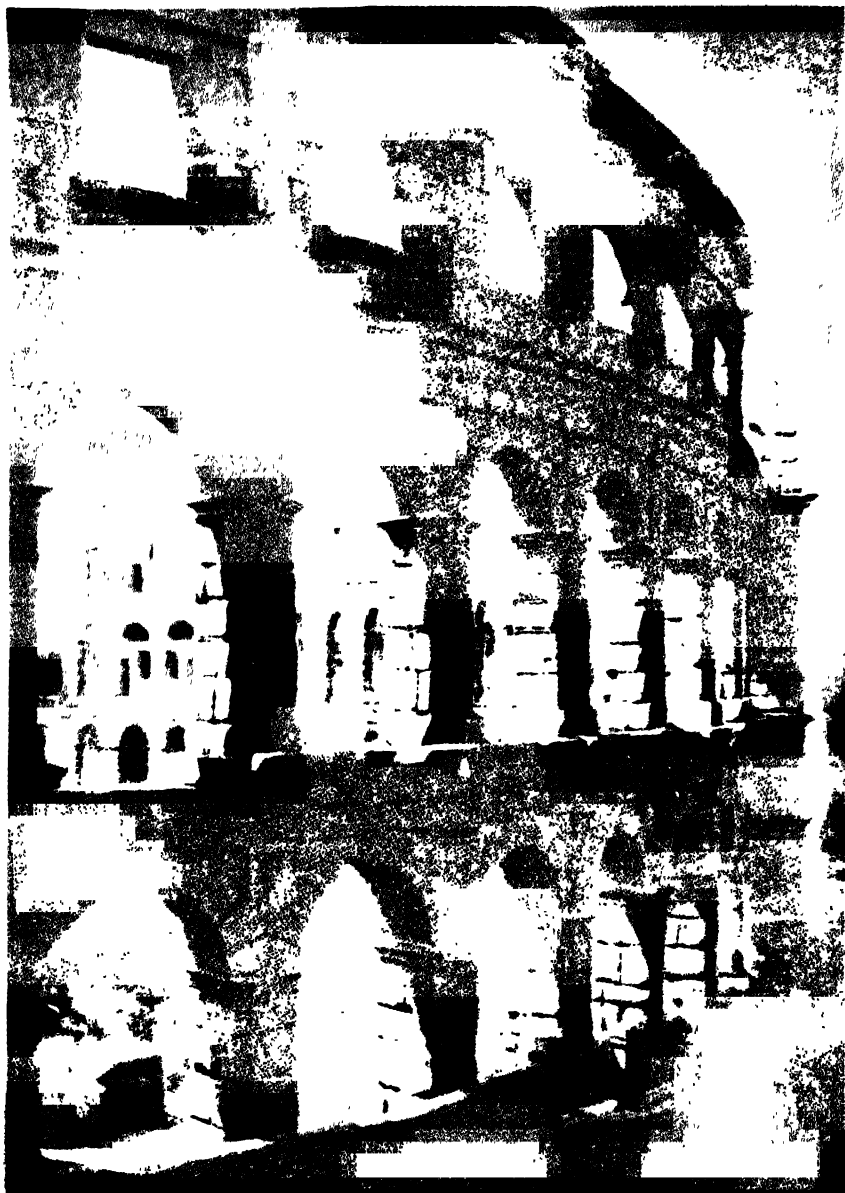
On Easter Eve there comes "The Feast of the Dove," which has been celebrated in Florence for eight centuries. From early morning the peasants flock in from the country and join the crowd of townspeople in front of the cathedral. Then appears a huge wooden car festooned with fireworks and drawn by four milk-white oxen whose horns are tipped with gold. It halts in front of the cathedral, within which Mass is being celebrated.

When the Archbishop comes to the words, "Glory to God in the Highest," he releases a little, white, artificial dove

which, carrying a light in its mouth, slides along a wire from the High Altar through the open door to the car. The dove is greeted with tremendous shouts of welcome, and the people watch anxiously to see whether it will succeed in setting alight the fireworks. If so, the explosions that follow will be a matter for thanks and blessings, for the Tuscan peasant firmly believes that, according as the light succeeds or fails, so will the harvest of the year be bountiful or poor.

We have little time to spend in Umbria, but one spot must not be passed. It is the town of Assisi, where seven hundred years ago that gentle man, S. Francis, gave up all for the love of God and his fellow creatures. He gathered together a little band of men vowed to poverty, and sent them out as preaching friars to work among the poor and wretched. These are the Franciscans, or Grey Friars.

Over the Apennines to the east lie the Marches, the granary of ancient Rome,



THE AMPHITHEATRE at Pola, a port of Istria, is a relic of the ancient Romans, and could seat 25,000 people. The Venetians, who took the town in 1148, used its stone seats as building material. Taken by Austria in 1815, Pola became, thanks to its fine harbour an important naval station, just as it had been in the days of the Romans.

PEOPLE OF SUNNY ITALY

which is still mainly an agricultural district. North of these is the strange little republic of San Marino, about which we have read in another chapter.

In the Apennines themselves, especially in the upland valleys of Abruzzi, lie the coldest parts of Italy—sometimes in winter the villages are cut off from each other for months by deep snow. Naturally, the hill folk differ from the people of the sunny plains; they cling to the old ways, and, where the ground is level enough for ploughing, they use the same form of plough as did their Roman ancestors. The hillsides are clothed with Spanish chestnut trees, which are very important to the people, for in these districts chestnuts, dried and ground and made into flat cakes, largely take the place of bread.

Land of Fruitfulness and Desolation

The story of Rome has been told elsewhere, and we must pass the Imperial City, noting only the big lighthouse on the Janiculum that flashes its signals in the national colours of red, white and green. It was a present from the Italians living in the Argentine to commemorate the fiftieth birthday of "United Italy."

On the coast, about half-way between Rome and Naples, lies Terracina, and here southern Italy may be said to begin. Thence right round the coast to the Adriatic runs a series of bays where blue sky and bluer sea and golden sunshine are well nigh everlasting, and groves of fruit trees alternate with vast stretches of land which have been abandoned and are now left desolate.

All along here, before Rome had risen to power, ran a series of Greek city-states, strong and prosperous, standing in fertile country that was highly cultivated. When the Carthaginians fought the Romans for the mastery of the world, most of these cities, especially those in the far south, sided with the Carthaginians, and were destroyed by the victorious Romans. Then the land went uncultivated, the rivers silted up and overflowed, and malaria completed the ruin. For instance, Paestum, once a city

famous for its temples and for its roses and violets, is to-day only a mighty ruin in a wilderness.

But if man's handiwork is behindhand in southern Italy, Nature's is to the fore; neither green and gold Lombardy nor beauteous Tuscany can vie with the richness of colouring and the delightful climate of Naples and of the surrounding country.

Pleasure Resorts of the Romans

The Romans were quick to note the natural beauties of this district. On the island of Capri, which is near the southern extremity of the Bay of Naples and to which everybody goes to visit the Blue Grotto and to see the effect of yellow sunlight filtering through azure water, the Emperor Tiberius spent the last ten years of his life and built no less than twelve palaces.

Baiae, nestling in the northern corner of the bay, was a fashionable bathing-resort of Roman society, and all the coast is rich in remains of ancient villas. Pompeii was one of these pleasure resorts, and from its ruins we can reconstruct much of the life of the ancient Romans.

There are many beautiful buildings in Naples, but in a large part of the city the people are unpleasantly crowded together. Even in the new buildings that the city is providing for the working classes, a family may be crowded into a couple of rooms, and frequently hens or even turkeys share the apartments. To the poor Neapolitan the house is merely a place in which to sleep; his real life is lived in the streets, which are full of life and bustle.

Life in the Streets of Naples

Early in the morning the milkman comes along and drives his goats up four or five flights of steps, and there and then milks them into the jugs. Cows are milked in the street, the customers from the upper floors letting down the necessary receptacle in a basket.

The streets are full of stalls heaped with flowers and brightly coloured fruits' and vegetables. Here, too, food of all sorts is cooked and eaten, hot from the pot, in the



STRAW-PLAITER OF FIESOLE WORKING AT HER WOODEN LOOM

By means of a simple loom this woman is making lace out of straw! For, like most other inhabitants of Fiesole, she is a straw-plaiter. Fiesole is a delightful place, built on a hill above Florence, and possesses many relics of days long gone by. A villa near by was once the favourite residence of Lorenzo the Magnificent, ruler of Florence.

PEOPLE OF SUNNY ITALY

streets. Macaroni takes the place of the polenta of the north, and snail soup, roast chestnuts, starfish, sea-urchins, octopus tentacles and all kinds of queer things appear on the menu, and the air is richly scented with the all-pervading odour of unrefined oil and garlic, which seems inseparable from the south of Spain and Italy.

They are a handsome, vivacious, merry people, these children of the Sunny South, fond of colour in their clothes and their surroundings, not energetic perhaps, but happy, musical, light-hearted, excitable and easily moved to laughter or anger. They take tickets in a lottery and play their games, quite indifferent to the ever-present menace of smoking Vesuvius.

The Italians are good horsemen, but horse-racing is not a favourite pastime. Football is a relic of the Great War, when

they learnt it from their allies, and there are various other ball games, including one in which the ball, like a shuttlecock, is not allowed to touch the ground.

In the streets of Italy, as in England, we come across "Punch and Judy" shows, and are reminded that "Punch"—or "Punchinello," to give the gentleman his rightful name—was born in Italy, perhaps near Naples, whence he has travelled to France and England.

The people of Italy are not crowded so closely together in manufacturing towns as are the inhabitants of more highly industrialised countries. Most of the people, on the contrary are employed in tilling the soil, which is just as well, for when the Italian leaves the country for the town he undergoes a change which is unfortunately for the worse.



YOUTHFUL HELPERS IN A FACTORY OF SUNNY AMALFI

In Amalfi, a lovely little seaport on the Gulf of Salerno, we can see many beautiful many ancient and many curious things. This is surely one of the curious sights. It is the drying-ground of a macaroni factory, where long ropes of wheaten paste are hanging in the sun. Macaroni is one of the chief foods of the Italian peasant.



CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTED WELL-HEAD AT BANYO IN THE GRASSLANDS OF THE ADAMAWA HIGHLANDS
The Adamawa district contains great tracts of upland savanna, which afford excellent pasturage for the herds of cattle kept by the tribesmen, who are chiefly Fulas. The cement and rough stone work round this much-frequented well was constructed by the Germans, for the time many of the native cattle, such as we see here, were exported.

In the Heart of Africa

AMONG THE CANNIBALS AND PYGMIES OF THE CONGO

The Congo, Africa's second longest river, flows through the dark heart of Africa and, with its mighty tributaries, taps the vast territories of the French and Belgian Congo and Angola, Portugal's largest colony. Forests, where all is dim and damp, cover huge portions of the Congo lands, and some of the most savage and primitive people in the world are to be found in these mysterious regions. In some places we shall be following the trails blazed by two famous explorers, Livingstone and Stanley, who tore the veil of mystery that had hidden the face of the Congo regions from the eyes of civilized man. The Congo kept many of its secrets for centuries, and it is possible that some of them have not yet been revealed. Its basin is one of the richest regions in the world, but it will probably be many years before the white man can obtain the treasures that are hidden there.

IN the year 1484 a little fleet of galleons was cruising along the west coast of Africa. The huge sails were emblazoned with large red crosses, and from the mastheads fluttered the banner of Portugal. For many months the fleet had sailed slowly along that low coast, with its lines of palm trees and with the white surf breaking ceaselessly upon the yellow sand. The swampy mangrove thickets at the mouths of the Niger were passed; the vast Cameroon's volcano was sighted and the Equator was crossed. Then the mouth of a wide river opened out before the adventurers.

From the natives, the Portuguese learned that the river was called the "Kongo," and that the country just to the south of it was ruled by a great chief called M'wani Kongo ("Lord of the Kongo people"). So the Portuguese got into communication with this African monarch, began to trade with him, and eventually established a Jesuit Mission among his people.

Savage Guardians of the Interior

The Portuguese did not go very far up the river. Little more than a hundred miles from the mouth they found rapids that barred their progress, and more than once, as the years passed, little expeditions that tried to penetrate into the great interior were attacked by savage tribes and forced to retreat. So it came about that, although the mouth of the "Kongo" was marked on maps, virtually nothing was known of the river itself.

Three years after Livingstone's death the famous Welsh explorer H. M. Stanley, after exploring Lakes Victoria and Tanganyika, struck a river, that the natives called the Lualaba, at a point where it was about 1,400 yards wide. A great desire came upon him to follow this big river and to find out whither it flowed. He thought that it might possibly be the head waters of the Nile.

Beginning of a Great Adventure

Embarking in canoes with a large company of carriers, Stanley and his white companion started on the great adventure. Often they had to land to obtain food, and frequently cataracts compelled them to hack their way through the dense bush on the banks, carrying their canoes with them or towing them as best they could. Savage warriors attacked them with flights of arrows. More than once the little expedition was attacked by fleets of large well-manned war canoes.

For some weeks Stanley found the river flowing steadily northward, in a way that seemed to prove it to be the Nile. Seven large cataracts were negotiated and numerous other difficulties were overcome. Then the river took a great sweep to the west. Landing one day among a riverside tribe that proved to be friendly, Stanley asked what they called the river, and the answer was startling: "Heutu ya Kongo!" Then the explorer realized that he was voyaging down the main stream of the mighty Congo.



American Museum of Natural History

FORESTS ABOUT THE WELLE RIVER, CONGO

in tracking game through the dark, swampy forests. Their chief weapon is the bow and arrow. They are nomadic people and make their encampments of round shelters wherever game is plentiful. The Batwa are usually a yellowish-brown in colour and rather thin.

PYGMY ARCHERS WHO HUNT IN THE VAST

The pygmies, or Batwa, are the most backward people of the Belgian Congo and are found in various parts of the country. The average height of the men is about 4 ft. 6 ins., and that of the women 4 ft. Their sole occupation is hunting and they are extraordinarily skilful



CHILDREN OF THE FRENCH CAMEROON LEARN A USEFUL TRADE

In order to spread civilization among the hitherto backward natives of the colony, the French authorities encourage families to have their children trained in some profitable trade. This little group of young negroes is being taught how to spin cotton, which has long been cultivated and promises to be a source of great prosperity.

It took his little flotilla of canoes more than seven months to paddle down that magnificent waterway through the primeval forest. In places it broadened out into an almost lake-like expanse; numerous islands dotted its surface; riverside villages of basket-work huts were constantly passed. At last, on August 9th, 1877, the expedition reached the port of Boma, about seventy miles from the point where the mighty river empties itself into the Atlantic. The great secret of the Congo was then revealed.

A year later, Leopold, King of the Belgians, formed an association for the fuller exploration of the Congo and its tributaries, and for the opening up of the vast basin to commerce and civilization. It was proposed to make roads and railways, to place small steamers on the river, to found trading-stations and bring the tribes into peaceful relationship with white men and with one another.

The Congo is one of the largest rivers in the world, its length being some 3,000

miles. Its basin covers such a vast area, that, if it could be laid upon Europe with its mouth in Spain, its sources would be far away in Asia Minor, its northern tributaries would be in Scotland and Scandinavia and its southern tributaries in Italy, Corsica, Sardinia and Greece. This vast region is believed to have a population of about ten millions. To secure peace and to help trade no fewer than 450 treaties were made with independent chiefs. As trade developed the main products proved to be palm oil and palm kernels, rubber, ivory and vegetable fibres.

At first King Leopold's association was international, but as years passed the Belgian influence increased and at last the "Congo Free State" became solely Belgian territory.

Who are the people of the Congo? Let us journey up the mighty river for, say, a thousand miles, and visit one of their villages. The banks of the river are covered with dense forests; vegetation flourishes with tropical luxuriance.



ARMOUR OF MAGIC WAR-PAINT SHIELDS THESE WARRIORS

When these warriors of the Belgian Congo prepare for a tribal fight they do not put their trust solely in their shields and weapons, but daub themselves with magic paint that has been charmed by their magicians. Unfortunately, if the enemy use stronger magic, the paint is no protection at all. The blade of the spear is notched like that of a saw.



WITCH DOCTOR OF A VILLAGE IN THE BELGIAN CONGO

In many villages the witch doctor is the real chief, and rules his subjects by fear. He is usually a good deal more intelligent than the people whom he deceives with his conjuring tricks, hypnotism and feigned trances. He sells spells and advice to the simple and ignorant folk, and rids himself of his enemies by means of subtle poisons



THE SUPREME CHIEF OF RUANDA, EASTERN CONGO, ADMINISTERING JUSTICE

Though Ruanda is in Belgian territory, the king still hears cases at his court. Here he is seated before the entrance to the royal enclosure, which is a maze of palisaded houses and gardens. The king belongs to the Watusi tribe, which is the ruling class in Ruanda. The is the last and greatest of the kingdoms ruled by negro monarchs.

Here and there villages peep out from amid the green foliage. Our little steamer blows her whistle as she approaches a village, and in a moment we see dusky figures gathering on the beach.

Several dug-out canoes put out to meet us, but there is now no shower of arrows, for the former warriors have become peaceable fisher-folk, and among the riverside people cannibalism has almost disappeared—though it is still practised by some of the tribes along the tributaries.

Our steamer slows down, drops its anchor and we go ashore. The people crowd around us, moved by curiosity. The day has long passed when they feared the white man and thought him a god, but a chance visit never fails to create excitement. They wear very little clothing and their chocolate-brown bodies are tattooed. They have their front teeth filed to points, like the teeth of a saw, and their tribal marks are cut on their faces.

These marks are cut deeply in the flesh of the cheeks and forehead with a sharp iron instrument; it is a very painful process and not infrequently causes blood-poisoning or lockjaw. The strange designs on their bodies are done in a similar way, and, to make the marks permanent, the process has often to be repeated.

On every hand we notice evidences that this is a fishing-village; large and small "dug-outs" are drawn up on the beach, and the fishing-nets, attached to wooden frames, are drying in the sun. Fish-traps, too, made of split bamboo or of the cane called rattan, are in evidence. From one big dug-out the day's catch of fish is just being landed and carried up to the village market.

Beyond the beach is the village, with its two long rows of low huts built facing each other to form a street. The lower



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MAN OF THE NIAM-NIAM CARVING IVORY

Formerly the Niam-Niam tribe was one of the fiercest in the Belgian Congo, but under the Belgians they have given up man-hunting. They are very skilful at carving, as we can see by the work of this man.

end opens on to the shore, but the upper end is closed to enable the villagers to defend themselves in case they are attacked by neighbouring tribes, for behind the village is the vast forest that extends for hundreds of miles.

The huts are oblong, and are made of bamboo and thatch. It is very interesting to watch the people building a hut. First a framework is erected, long bamboo poles being driven into the ground and lashed together with cross-pieces and fibre. Then the big, thatched roof of dry palm leaves is added, and lastly the framework walls are covered with coconut matting. Most of the huts have only one room, and the furniture consists of a few bits of matting on the floor, a stool or two—made of bamboo or cut from a block of wood—and a number of gourds and earthenware vessels.

Near the houses a space has been cleared in the forest to make gardens



FOUR UMBRELLAS GUARD THE STRANGELY ORNAMENTED GRAVE OF A CHIEF IN ANGOLA

Many strange sights are to be seen in Portugal's West African colony, but surely none stranger than this. A chief is buried with elaborate ceremonies after his body has been enveloped in as many yards of cloth as can be afforded—should the man have been wealthy, two there. Formerly, slaves were also killed when their owners died. The natives believe that the dead will still require their belongings, so the grave is covered with all kinds of odds and ends, which must be "killed" before they are placed there.



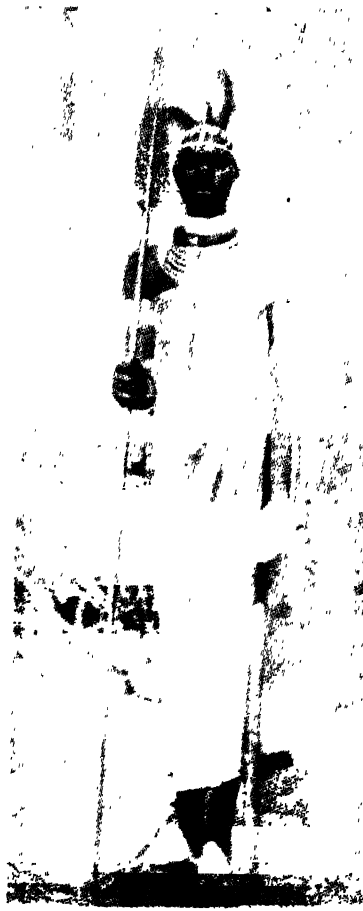
LEAT DWELLINGS OF A TRIBE OF CANNIBALS WHO LIVE ON THE EDGE OF THE CONGO BASIN. The huts are much better made than the homes of most negroes, and the other as a bedroom. The homes of the natives vary considerably from one part of the Belgian Congo to another, according to the material available and to the climate. In the foreground is a fibre ropes being used to secure them. Some of the huts are divided by a partition into two apartments, one of which serves as a kitchen wooden instrument which is used for signalling to other villages.

IN THE HEART OF AFRICA

in which the people grow their yams, cassava and other vegetables; and there is a plantation of banana trees, their broad, bright green leaves contrasting strongly with those of the mango trees and the palms. The women cultivate the gardens and carry the produce to the village, using big funnel-shaped baskets of split bamboo which they carry on their backs. They hoe the ground and gather in the produce, and their task is not a little dangerous, for as a woman stoops to her work it is no uncommon thing for a leopard from the forest to spring upon her.

One strange custom is that the boys, while still quite young, leave home and join in building a hut and begin housekeeping for themselves. They provide themselves with food by catching fish, trapping birds, squirrels and monkeys, and they stretch strings from the trees to catch bats. One of their chief delights is ratting, and many a nice plump rat finds its way into their cooking pot. Large hairy caterpillars, ants and big beetles are also considered dainty morsels.

There are two people in the village we must certainly visit—the chief and the witch doctor—indeed, they will probably



WARRIOR SUBJECT OF FRANCE

This tall native of the French Congo lands, with his long, broad-bladed spear, is a born warrior. Fighting is the greatest pleasure of the wild tribesmen of this region.

be among the crowd of people that comes to the beach to greet us when we land. We exchange greetings, and then the chief leads us to his dwelling or the public "palaver house," where he holds a reception in our honour.

Two or three European camp-chairs are brought out of the dark recesses of some hut and placed for us, while the chief takes his seat on a stool or in a hammock. We again exchange greetings, tell the chief why we have come to his village and make him a little present—possibly a hatchet, a piece of cloth or even an alarm clock. In return, he gives us some bananas, eggs, yams, coconuts, a couple of chickens or perhaps a goat.

The other important man is the witch-doctor. He is the priest of the village, and scarcely less powerful than the chief himself. The people fear him because they believe that he has power to command the evil spirits that are everywhere. He sells them

charms to protect them from wild beasts, snakes, sickness, evil spirits and evil men.

The people also think that he can inflict all manner of evil upon them, that he can bring dreadful diseases upon the village or cause a man to die. He is usually a cunning rogue, able to mix

IN THE HEART OF AFRICA

powerful poisons and is certainly a man to be greatly feared.

The Congo basin is inhabited by very many tribes, quite different from one another and speaking different languages. Some villages are not at all like the one we have described and the customs vary in the different parts. The general features,

however, are usually very much the same. In some parts the villages consist of one long street, often several miles in length. In some places, when a great chief dies, a number of his wives and slaves are buried with him, so that he may have them to work for him in the spirit world to which he has gone.



RIVER OF ANGOLA SPANNED BY A FLIMSY BRIDGE OF CREEPERS

When the natives of Angola wish to build a bridge, they go into the forest and cut down some of the creepers that are to be found on all sides. From these they make the bridge, which is suspended from tree-trunks on either bank. It is not easy to pass over one of these bridges, as the footway is narrow and uneven.



NATIVES FISHING WITH BASKETS IN THE RAPIDS OF THE UBANGI RIVER AT BANZVILLE

The Ubangi River is a tributary of the mighty Congo, and much of it is navigable. Canoes and river-steamers ply to and fro on its placid surface, carrying the vegetable and mineral wealth of forests, plantations and mines to the towns from which it will be exported. At the rapids, however, the rapids make the river impassable for shipping, although the natives appreciate them very much indeed. They fix several wide-mouthed, tapering baskets across the rapids, and so trap the fish that attempt to swim downstream.

IN THE HEART OF AFRICA

For centuries there were rumours that a race of very small black people existed in the heart of Africa, and many old travellers and historians mentioned these dwarfs. In modern times, several explorers heard of them in various parts of the Continent. Then, in 1887, Stanley, while passing through a vast forest between the Congo and Lake Albert, found considerable numbers of these little people. Some of them were only thirty-three inches in height, and none was more than four feet six inches.

These forest dwarfs, or pygmies as they are often called, dwell in villages of small grass huts shaped like bee-hives. Stanley found one village of ninety-two huts—probably inhabited by ninety-two families. The pygmies were very shy, and always deserted their villages as Stanley's men approached; but from time to time a few were captured and examined. They were so small that the explorer often thought his scouts had caught some children, until it was evident that they were full-grown men and women. Thus another secret of the Congo was revealed.

The vast basin of the Congo does not all belong to Belgium. More than thirty years before Stanley unveiled the secrets of the river, the French had settlements on the Gabun River, some five hundred miles north of the mouth of the Congo. As the years passed, distinguished French explorers opened up the whole of the Gabun River and its tributaries, thus extending French influence until it reached the northern bank of the Congo itself and its largest tributary, the Ubangi.

The northern bank of the Congo from below Stanley Pool to the Ubangi, a distance of four hundred miles, belongs to France.



NATIVE WIRELESS IN ANGOLA

Here we see the *mondo*, or message-drum, used in the Zombo highlands. By beating upon this wooden instrument the natives can send messages in code for long distances. News travels very rapidly by this means.

Thence the whole northern bank of the Ubangi is French to the borders of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. Thus almost all the northern tributaries of the Congo flow through French territory.

While many northern tributaries of the Congo water French possessions, some of the southern tributaries rise in Portuguese soil. In the fifteenth century, when the mariners and soldier-adventurers of Portugal found that the way up the main river was blocked by rapids, they turned their attention to the country immediately to the south—the dominions of that King



MATADI, IN THE BELGIAN CONGO, A BUSY PORT AT WHICH OCEAN-GOING STEAMERS CAN CALL

Although seventy miles from the ocean, Matadi ranks as a seaport, since it lies on the River Congo, up which ocean-going ships come directly to its wharves. The voyage is difficult, for the river is shallow in places and elsewhere very swift. A railway runs inland from Matadi and Leopoldville, through which oil is pumped to the former.



YOUTHS OF ANGOLA /WEARING MASKS AND QUAIN'T COSTUMES

In most African tribes the initiation of young men who have "come of age" into the full rights of manhood is accompanied by much elaborate ceremony. In Angola, or Portuguese West Africa, the youths who take part in the rites of initiation wear white masks that are skilfully carven, but hideous, and ruffs and skirts of frayed leaves.

of Kongo already mentioned. Long years of commerce and exploration, of conquest and colonization have resulted in the establishment of Portuguese rule over a vast tract of country known as Angola. It has a coastline of 1,000 miles and extends inland for more than 1,500 miles. Its total area is estimated at 484,000 square miles and its population at well over 4,000,000. It is Portugal's largest foreign possession.

Most of Angola is well watered and is covered with the same luxurious tropical vegetation as the rest of the Congo basin. Yams, tobacco, cotton, rice, indigo and sugar grow well, but owing to Portuguese mismanagement this huge territory is very largely undeveloped. There are very few white people at present in the colony.

In both the French and the Portuguese Congo possessions the natives are of the same race as are those of the Belgian

territories. They all belong to the great Bantu family, and are black-skinned and largely uncivilized. Their villages, their customs and manner of life strongly resemble those of the main Congo tribes.

In the past, both Angola and the French Congo territories were notorious for their connexion with the slave traffic, and it took many years to suppress that evil.

Loanda was a Portuguese settlement as early as 1578; to-day it is the capital of Angola. It was here that Livingstone reached the coast after his first journey across Africa. The port has a fine but somewhat antiquated harbour. Brazza-ville is the capital of the French Middle Congo colony. Both towns are the starting place of railways running up country. All the Congo countries are rich in natural resources, and it remains to be seen what the white man will make of the almost measureless opportunities that lie before him in these wonderful regions.



PARIS SEEN FROM THE MUCH DECORATED ROOF OF NOTRE DAME
 From this vantage point, near one of the many hideous gargoyles that adorn Notre Dame, we look westwards across the city to the slender Eiffel Tower. To the left of it we see the spire of S. Germain-des-Près, the most ancient church in Paris; and, to the left again, the dome of the Hôtel des Invalides, where Napoleon I. is buried.

A City of Enchantment

PARIS A CAPITAL THAT CHARMS THE WORLD

The Parisians claim that their city is the mind of France. The whole country, they say, looks to the capital for guidance in all important matters of national life; and certainly, as a centre of government, learning, science and the arts, Paris exercises a very decisive influence in all French affairs. To its schools and colleges students come from every part of the land, and, indeed—so great is the reputation of Paris—from all over the world. There is much else that attracts us to Paris, however, as we shall read in this chapter, for it is a very gay and very beautiful city, with a long and eventful history.

PARIS has a very powerful fascination that is all its own. Its very name carries a suggestion of romance. When we hear it, we think of the Three Musketeers, of wars and sieges of the past, of gaiety and dazzling splendour. When we go there, it may disappoint us a little at first—but only at first. Whether we visit the old, beautiful Paris, with its grey buildings and air of courtliness, or the new, gay Paris, with its theatres and shops and tourists, we usually fall in love with the city. If we do not, then we are altogether lacking in imagination.

Paris may be described as a city of the world, and not merely of France. People of every continent, race and nation visit it almost as a duty. It has been said that if we want to meet anybody whose whereabouts we do not know, we have only to wait at some central point in Paris and that, sooner or later, our friend will come to our waiting place.

A City of Infinite Variety

What makes Paris a magnet to draw people from all over the earth? Perhaps its charm lies in the fact that it is a city of infinite variety. It has innumerable aspects, and each contrasts sharply with some other. Paris is not only the seat of the French government and a vast and very strong fortress, but also one of the gayest of cities. It contains the vilest of slums and the loveliest of parks and gardens, the meanest of insanitary houses (although they are happily becoming more and more uncommon) and the most splendid of palaces. It is a great manufacturing town, a centre of education and of art and a vast museum of history.

The gaiety of Paris is one of its chief attractions, although, of course, by no means the greatest. Nor is the gaiety confined to tourists, as so many English visitors declare. The Parisians work as hard as most people, but they enjoy themselves even more wholeheartedly. On a summer morning the floating swimming-baths that are moored to the banks of the Seine are filled with clerks and shop attendants having a plunge before going to work. The crowds that arrive from the suburbs seem very much more merry than similar English crowds.

Scene of Tragic Fame

We shall not follow the busy people to their offices, shops and factories, as conditions there are not very different from those existing in any other great city. Instead, we may join a party of sight-seers and stroll along those wide, very pleasant streets known as the Grands (Great) Boulevards. We notice immediately the gay little kiosks, at which we can buy newspapers and magazines of every kind. They stand near the edge of the pavement, like large pillar-boxes.

We begin our walk at the Madeleine, a very beautiful church, from whose steps we can see the vast Place de la Concorde, with its fountains and Egyptian obelisk. A very lovely square it is to-day—one of the finest in the world—although English visitors unaccustomed to the speed of Parisian taxis might wish that it contained more refuges for timid walkers! The history of the Place is, however, darkened by tragedy. Here the guillotine, under whose knife perished King Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette and hundreds of



GRIM PRISON THAT HAS PLAYED ITS PART IN HISTORY

The Conciergerie is part of the Palace of Justice, and is, perhaps, the most famous prison in the world. Here were confined Queen Marie Antoinette, Robespierre and many other great figures of the French Revolution. The bell of the square tower in the foreground sounded to warn people of the Massacre of S. Bartholomew in



McLeish

GAUNT IRON FRAMEWORK OF THE GIGANTIC EIFFEL TOWER

It is difficult to understand why the art-loving Parisians allowed the ugly and very conspicuous Eiffel Tower to be erected in their beautiful city. It is 984 feet high and is used for broadcasting. Visitors can ascend to any of its platforms or to the top by lifts. Here we are looking at the Tower across the River Seine, from the Trocadéro Park.



BETWEEN TWO ARMS OF THE SEINE, THE ISLE OF THE CITY—

The boat-shaped Isle of the City, which we see here from an aeroplane, is the oldest part of Paris. At the near end of the island is the Palace of Justice, a great, almost square block of buildings. Among them is the Sainte Chapelle, described in page 1789, which we recognize by its high, narrow form, its gleaming roof and its little slender spire.



-ON WHICH ARE MANY OF THE FAMOUS BUILDINGS OF PARIS

To the left of the Sainte Chapelle is the Conciergerie (see page 1782). Beyond the Palace of Justice, to the left, is the Tribunal of Commerce, and beyond that a huge hospital, the Hôtel Dieu, which was founded about A.D. 660. In the right background, with an empty white square in front of it, is the magnificent medieval cathedral of Notre Dame.



ARCH RAISED BY NAPOLEON I. IN THE PLACE DU CARROUSEL TO COMMEMORATE HIS VICTORIES

This Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel is a model of the Arch of Severus at Rome. On it are a bronze chariot-group, statues of soldiers of Napoleon's armies and carvings representing great events in his victorious career. The arch was once the principal entrance to the courtyard of the Tuileries, a great pleasure-palace of the kings of France that was burnt in the nineteenth century. The gardens of the Tuileries are still in existence, however, and we can still enter them by passing under the arch. On the right is a part of the Louvre.



1787
E.N.A.
MONUMENT COMMEMORATING THE MILITARY GLORY OF FRANCE

The Arc de Triomphe has a wonderful position in the Place de l'Etoile, on the summit of a little hill at the western end of the long avenue of the Champs Elysées. It was originally built to celebrate the victories of the armies of France under Napoleon I. The tomb of the French Unknown Warrior of the Great War is beneath the mighty arch.

humbler victims, was set up during the French Revolution.

Having proceeded along the Boulevard de la Madeleine, we come to the Boulevard des Italiens; and here (if such things can interest us when we have a great city to explore) we see those elegant crowds that set the fashions in dress for the Western world. How many cafés we pass, and how crowded they all are! In front of each, little tables and chairs are set on the pavement under an awning. We presently come to the Boulevard Montmartre, and, if we are wise, we shall climb Montmartre Hill to view Paris from the huge, modern church of the Sacré Coeur.

Having seen the city from this magnificent viewpoint, we return once more to the boulevards, and make our way to the Porte S. Denis. This is a very elaborate triumphal arch erected to commemorate the victories of Louis XIV., le Roi Soleil—the Sun King. It is on the site of one of the old gates of Paris. It was a very important gate, for through it the French kings made their first entry into their capital after their accession to the throne, and through it they were borne again

when their remains were taken to the royal burial-place in the church of S. Denis.

When evening falls and Paris is jewelled with twinkling lights, we might follow our tourists again and visit one of the many theatres or the great Opera House, where we should enjoy opera marvellously produced. Instead, however, let us go to one of the less fashionable cafés, where we can sit among real Parisians. Here we see whole families listening to a band, while they drink coffee or fruit syrups, or groups of friends who come to the same tables night after night to talk and play games. Or we might go to a haunt of artists to hear poets recite their own verses and musicians sing their own praises. Wherever we go, Paris will enchant us.

We have said already that it is a great centre of education and of art. Its university, the Sorbonne, was a famous place of learning before either Oxford or Cambridge was founded, and is still attended by very many foreign students. The district in which it is, on the left, or southern, bank of the Seine, is known as the Students', or the Latin, Quarter. As



LOOKING EASTWARDS ALONG THE AVENUE OF THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES TO THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE. A straight, tree-fringed thoroughfare over a mile long, the Avenue of the Champs-Élysées runs from the Arc de Triomphe to the wide, beautiful Place de la Concorde, beyond which are the gardens of the Tuileries and the Louvre. On both sides of a stretch of the avenue coloured puppets perform the most absurd and diverting plays.

A CITY OF ENCHANTMENT

we wander through its narrow, old streets, lined with bookshops and queer, dingy restaurants, we can be sure that we are walking in the footsteps of scholars, scientists and writers whose names are known in every civilized land.

Almost as famous as the Sorbonne is the School of Fine Arts. There are probably more artists in Paris than in any other city in the world, and, if we were to inquire, we should find that many of the great painters and sculptors of every nation have received some of their training here. Paris, however, is not only the home of living artists, it is also a museum of art.

Treasures of Art in a King's Palace

On the opposite side of the Seine to that of the Latin Quarter is the Louvre, which houses one of the finest art collections in the world. Apart from the treasures that it contains, the Louvre is one of the most interesting buildings in Paris. A palace of the French kings in the days before France became a republic, it is magnificent and stately and graceful beyond imagination. It is much more beautiful than the other buildings of the city that were once royal residences—the Luxembourg Palace, the Palais Royal (Royal Palace) or the Palace of the Elysée, where the French President now lives. As we turn from the busy streets into the quiet court of the Louvre, we cannot but be moved by the grandeur that surrounds us.

There is only one building in Paris that equals the Louvre in magnificence and that is the cathedral of Notre Dame. It stands on an island in the middle of the Seine, and we can see its two rather squat towers from distant parts of the city. We do not, however, realize its majesty until we approach it. Then we not only appreciate its massiveness and architectural beauty, but see the wonderful carvings that everywhere adorn it. However often we may have visited the cathedral, we always enter its vast, dim interior with reverence. From one of the towers of Notre Dame

we see on our right front, when we look westwards, the Palace of Justice, the rather grim exterior of which conceals an exquisite jewel—the Sainte Chapelle, an old church that many good judges consider one of the most perfect in existence. On our left front we notice, in the distance, the great, golden dome of the Invalides gleaming in the sun.

Long and Romantic History of Paris

Beneath this dome is the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon I. Owing to the colour of the glass in the windows, the vast chamber always seems to be flooded with warm, mellow light, no matter how grey the skies may be. In a kind of open vault stands a huge, red sarcophagus, very impressive in its simplicity, and in this were placed the bones of the Emperor.

Something of the fascination of Paris is due to her long and romantic history. It has been said, wittily and wisely, that "the history of Paris is the history of France." This does not only mean that we can understand the history of the country better by studying that of the capital, but also that Paris has played a very important part in making the history of the country. Because of its river it was an important town at an early date, and in Roman days—it was then called Lutetia—it was comparatively civilized and prosperous.

A Capital for 1400 Years

The founder of the French monarchy, Clovis the Frank, made it his chief city in 508. Except for a short period during the fifteenth century, when the English held it, Paris has been the capital of France ever since. In the Middle Ages, its university brought it fame and its trade brought it wealth; then the cathedral of Notre Dame was built. But its magnificence dates from the period of the Renaissance, when the Hôtel de Cluny was built and the Louvre begun. Later, under Louis XIV., who built the palace of Versailles, a few miles from the city, Paris became the centre of civilization. It was in Paris that nearly all the

A CITY OF ENCHANTMENT

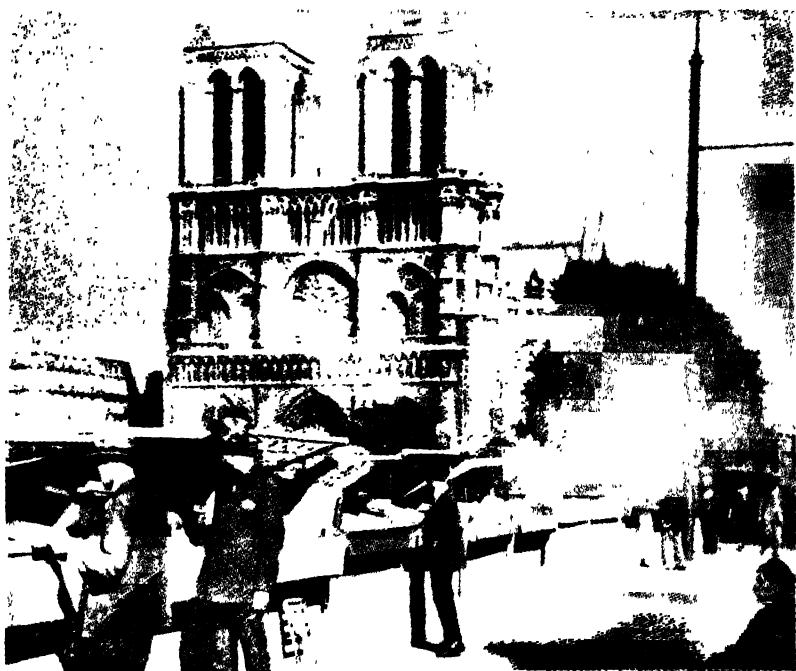
great events of the French Revolution took place. If we visit the city on the 14th of July we find it hung with flags, and everybody makes merry. This holiday commemorates the capture by the Paris mobs of the Bastille, the grim prison that was a symbol to the French people of the tyranny under which they suffered. The building was completely destroyed, but we can visit its site—the present Place of the Bastille.

Napoleon I. did much to beautify his capital, building the Arc de Triomphe as a monument to France's military glory. Under this great arch is the grave of the French Unknown Warrior. After the defeat of the Emperor at Waterloo, Paris was humiliated by the entrance into it of the victorious British and Prussians.

It soon recovered, however, and under Napoleon III. it became very gay and prosperous. In 1870 it was besieged by the Prussian armies, and resisted fiercely.

Even after it had surrendered in 1871, the troubles of Paris were not at an end. The Communists attempted to seize the city, and for two months waged war in the streets. The damage that they did to buildings was irreparable. The suppression of these rebels brought peace to the city, however, and although it was shelled and bombed by the Germans during the Great War, it was not seriously harmed.

Once again Paris is at peace and is recovering all its gaiety. Its charm is as compelling as ever; whoever doubts it has only to visit the city to be converted and to become its lover.



Galloway

RIVERSIDE BOOKSTALLS HAUNTED BY BARGAIN SEEKERS

On the left bank of the River Seine, from the Pont Double, near Notre Dame, to the Quai d'Orsay, very many dealers in second-hand books have their little stalls fixed to the stone parapet overlooking the river. Great bargains may often be found at them.

Behind the stalls shown here we see the front of Notre Dame, with its two towers.

What Other People Eat

COOKERY AND COOKS FROM FAR AND NEAR

All living things must eat and drink or they will die, but no animal eats so great a variety of food—is so omnivorous—as Man! As we shall read in this chapter, the food of a man in one part of the world is quite different from that of a man in another. We, for instance, should not like the raw blubber of which the Eskimo is so fond, nor the rice, flavoured with spiders and tadpoles, of the Malagasy. Man, unlike all other animals, prefers his food to be cooked, and this chapter will tell us of the many ways in which he does this.

WHEN we hear complaints about the difficulty of finding good cooks in countries like Great Britain, where inventors have done so much to help the cook by producing marvellous things in the way of cooking appliances, we may wonder how it is that people who are less fortunately placed are able to prepare anything that they can eat. Yet in less favoured countries we often find that the cookery is almost invariably satisfactory and that all cooks are clever! The methods followed may be primitive, but the results are all that can be desired.

An example of this is the story told by a very old lady who, during her early married life, went to live in Texas, which was then a region of vast wheatfields and ranches. She found there but one kind of cooking vessel—an iron pot with a deep lid, which had to be buried in hot ashes with more embers heaped over it. When first she saw this she said that she despaired of ever producing a good loaf or a well-roasted joint, but she soon had to admit that in some singular way this method of cooking brought out the flavour of the flour or meat as no other method she had known had ever done.

A "Pie" with a Crust of Clay

Another simple mode of cooking is that of the hunter who builds a big bonfire to obtain a thick bed of red-hot ashes and embers. While waiting for that to burn, he makes a paste of wet clay to encase his food. He takes care to let out the blood, but does not trouble to remove the feathers or fur. As soon as the fire has burnt through, he buries this clay "pie" in the embers and leaves it for an hour, or perhaps two. When the ball of clay is broken open

the feathers or fur come away with it, leaving the flesh of the bird or animal perfectly cooked.

There is still another way followed by simple folk who live very much in the open air. They pave their cooking-place with smooth, flat stones, or beat the ground until it is very hard and smooth. Here they build a fire, and when it has burnt out they sweep the place clean, lay the dough or the meat on the hot stones or ground, cover it thickly, first with leaves then with the hot ashes, and leave it to bake.

Crude Methods in Modern Kitchens

Foresters and charcoal-burners were the first to discover how well an iron basket containing hot embers served for grilling and frying, and in many a French and Italian kitchen to-day a brazier is preferred by the skilled cook to either a gas or even an electric apparatus. In the Italian kitchen there is generally an old man or woman who helps to keep the embers red-hot by blowing the bellows. The French "chef," too, will often prefer to use "les braises," as the basket is called, when he wants to make a really good omelette. Thus in the most modern cities there is something left of the primitive, and we are not, therefore, surprised to learn that the Russian peasants sometimes build a fire in a hole in the ground to bake bread.

In the Caucasus, one of the greatest delicacies is meat grilled over a hot charcoal fire. The meat is very freshly-killed and is cut into cubes, which are placed on an iron skewer. The skewer is held over the red-hot embers until the meat is sufficiently cooked.

In Hungary a very popular dish is gulya. This consists of beef or mutton



INDIANS OF BENGAL USE BANANA LEAVES AS PLATES

Knives and forks and plates are dispensed with by the peasants in India. They put their curry and rice upon a leaf and squat before it, conveying the food to their mouths with the right hand. They have only two meals a day, one in the morning and another in the evening. The Hindus eat no meat, in accordance with their religion.



CUSTOMERS GATHERED AT AN OPEN-AIR RESTAURANT IN NAPLES

People who patronise this restaurant must either eat out of their hands or wait till one of the few plates is not in use. Many of the Italian dishes are flavoured with garlic, which having a very strong, onion-like smell and taste, makes them rather unpalatable to many people who are unaccustomed to such methods of cooking.



LITTLE BOWLS OF RICE APPEAR AT ALL MEALS IN SIAM

With the Siamese, as with nearly all Eastern races, rice is the staple food, and a bowl or two of it will form a meal. The rice these people are eating is probably yellowish in colour, as it will not be so clean as the rice we know. As a rule, the grain is simply boiled in water and then heaped up into the bowls.



COOKS BUSY PREPARING FOOD FOR AN HAWAIIAN BANQUET

One of the favourite dishes at a feast in the Hawaiian Islands is a pig roasted whole. The pig is cooked by being placed on stones, which are made red-hot by a fire in an earth oven. The Hawaiians are very fond of luaus, which, as we read in page 1066, are feasts to which each guest contributes some kind of food.



KOREAN FAMILY READY TO DO AMPLE JUSTICE TO THE MARVELOUS FEAST BEFORE THEM. Though the family is very large, only gigantic appetites will enable them to make any impression upon the piles of sweetmeats, fruits and nuts that have been placed before them. A Korean feast lasts throughout the day, so the participants have an opportunity to recover their appetites for a fresh onslaught upon the viands. Usually the food of the Koreans is plain. The principal item of diet is rice. A popular dish called kimche consists of cabbages mixed with red pepper, oysters, oil and garlic, the mixture being kept for two months.



SOVOT FAMILY OF SIBERIA WATCHING THE SIMMERING POT UPON THE HEARTH

The Soyots, who are a mixed people with much Mongol blood, inhabit the Sayansk Mountains in southern Siberia. They are great hunters and fishers, and they own vast herds of horses and reindeer. Their dwellings, which are known as yurtas, have an open hearth in the middle of the floor and immediately beneath the smoke-hole in the roof. Upon this hearth the women do all the cooking. In the photograph a stew is being prepared, and when it is ready they will dip their hands into the pot and take out any morsel they fancy.



TAKING A MEAL IN A SPOTLESSLY CLEAN JAPANESE INN

Before the "nesan," or waitress, is a wooden tub of rice, and upon the low table and the trays may be some delicacies such as boiled fish, sweet potatoes, shrimps, water-melon, rice cakes, and beans and prunes in sugar. Pale tea will also be served as a matter of course. High tables are seldom found in Japan, and cushions serve as chairs.

cut into cubes, with fried bacon and onions added and a flavouring of caraway seeds, spices and paprika, or red pepper. The mixture is put into a pot and stewed slowly. When it is nearly cooked, raw potatoes, cut into cubes, are put in and the stewing is continued. A little salt is added with the potatoes, but not before.

What surprises us most of all when we go abroad, especially among the people of European countries, is the extraordinarily simple fare that satisfies most of them. It is only on feast days that we find extravagance or variety. A

Spaniard, for instance, even of quite high rank, has his morning cup of chocolate, with a morsel of dry bread and a glass of water at eight. At about one o'clock he takes his heaviest meal, which consists of broth with vegetables, very like the Frenchman's "bouillon," followed by another dish of vegetables and fruit. A cup of coffee is drunk in the afternoon, and supper consists of cooked vegetables, lettuce salads, cheese and fruit.

In Italy, too, meals are quite simple affairs among the workers. A group of labourers, for instance, will squat

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE EAT

down and share a loaf of dry, dark-looking bread, a piece of cheese and a flagon of wine. If some fruit is to be had, well and good ; if not, an onion or a bit of garlic, or a few ripe olives will serve as a relish.

As a rule the peasants get very little fresh milk or fresh meat. Their bread is

made chiefly of rye flour, which is sometimes varied with maize or barley. In some parts of France the people live for months on chestnuts, eating them as vegetables or grinding them into flour for bread. In the lands of southern Europe olive oil often takes the place of butter. The hard, unleavened bread-cake, so



INDIAN OF BRAZIL SQUEEZING THE POISON FROM HER FOOD. The root of the manioc, or cassava plant, contains prussic acid, which is a deadly poison. In order to get rid of the poison, the pulped roots are put into a grass cylinder, one end of which is attached to a movable pole. The girl is moving the pole up and down, which causes the cylinder to contract and expand, so squeezing out the poisonous juice.



SIMPLE VILLAGE-OVEN USED BY THE GREEK PEASANT WOMEN

Peasant women in Greece have to make and bake their own bread, so every village has its oven. These ovens are shaped like huge ant-hills and are made of clay. The children watch the fire and the batch of loaves to see that they do not burn. The women cannot all use the oven at once, but have to await their turn.

much liked in Spain, is very poor compared with the large, round disks that are baked by the thousand, wrapped in paper and cartons and stored by the Swedish housewife. Formerly she baked her own, but nowadays all bread is baked in special factories or bakeries, where the most hygienic conditions are assured.

A great contrast with this dry, hard bread is furnished by rice, which is the daily fare of most Asiatic peoples. In China, Japan, Korea and Siam the people live almost wholly on rice.

Rice is nourishing but most monotonous, and to help to relieve its monotony

many devices have been employed. In China they use fish, meat, poultry and various spices as condiments. In Siam the people make a curious sauce called "namphrik," which is made with red peppers, shrimps, prawns, garlic and onions, salt, water and lemon juice. This is served with the rice.

In India ordinary mulligatunny—to give it its proper spelling—is correctly described by the two Tamil words which make the name, molegaa, or pepper, and tunnee, or water. It is actually pepper-water, consisting mainly of chillies and garlic and pepper boiled with water.



NATURE'S OVENS IN THE SOIL OF VOLCANIC ICELAND
Iceland contains many volcanoes and hot springs, and in some districts the earth is very hot just below the surface. The women dig shallow holes into which they put buckets, each bucket containing a loaf of bread. This is some compensation for the discomforts of living on a volcanic island where all the flour has to be imported.



POUNDED RICE FORMS THE EVENING MEAL OF THE MOIS
The Moïs of Annam eat enormous quantities of boiled, pounded rice, and in this photograph we see the women of a village crushing the paddy with huge wooden poles. The Moïs do not grow enough rice to last them throughout the year, and so for certain periods they eat bamboo shoots, which also form an article of diet in China.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE EAT

Added to boiled rice and fried onions, it is the main dish of the Indian. His curry, too, although it is a rich and marvellous concoction, is mainly an accompaniment to much rice, and kitchri, or kedgerie, is boiled rice enriched with butter, chopped egg and minced fish, flavoured with pepper and salt, lemon and other additions. In the Far East the nest of a certain swallow and a kind of sea-slug, or *bêche-de-mer*, are considered great delicacies.

As a rule Asiatics take only two meals a day. The main dish at each meal is one of rice or sometimes of maize, millet or barley, with which they eat cooked vegetables, hot sauces like curry, and fruit. By the higher caste Hindus a rigid vegetarianism is practised, but Mahomedans eat meat when they can afford it. Salted and dried fish is much liked and fruits, such as melons and pumpkins, are very popular.

Tibetans and other Mongols, however, fare quite differently. The basis of their diet is the never-ending cup of tea, but it is a fearsome brew, being mixed

with butter and salt. The chief meal is taken in the evening and consists of meat that has been dried and then cooked in milk, eaten with tea and cheese. Of late years they have begun to grow rye and barley and to make cakes and a sort of bread, but tea and meat are their chief articles of diet.

Most native peoples have sufficient forethought to provide themselves with food against a time of scarcity by drying fish or meat in the sun, and, where salt is known, by curing it. People who live on islands depend very much on what the sea yields them, and although they may not appear to be guided by any good reason, it is nevertheless true that a native will often discover a source of food by intuition in circumstances in which a white man would starve. But some races eat things that would be most repulsive to us. There is the blubber—raw seals' fat—that the Eskimo crams into his mouth; and there are the tadpoles and water-beetles, moths and locusts, spiders and caterpillars with which the folk of Madagascar flavour their rice.



YOUNG AND OLD DEFTLY USE CHOPSTICKS IN CHINA

In China, Japan and Korea, food is conveyed to the mouth by means of chopsticks, which may be made of wood, bone or ivory. We should need a great deal of practice before we could manipulate them successfully. Of course, the meat, fish and vegetables have to be cut up into small pieces before appearing at the table.

Through Tropic Fairylands

THE MALAYS OF THE DUTCH EAST INDIES

Java, Sumatra, Celebes—to mention but a few of the islands in that huge group known as the Dutch East Indies—what a fascination even these names seem to hold for everybody! These islands possess all the glamour of the East—magnificent princes, wonderful palaces, ancient temples, dark and silent forests, impenetrable and dangerous jungles—and though Java has become one of the chief sugar, rice and rubber producing centres of the world, large portions of the other islands remain unexplored. Most of the people are of Malayan stock, living peacefully side by side with their Dutch conquerors, but some of the tribes still remain unsubdued and comparatively unknown. We shall read about the islands of Java, Bali, Sumatra, Madura and Celebes in this chapter; the people of Borneo have been dealt with in the chapter "The Men of the Blow-pipe."

THE isles of the Dutch East Indies, wonderful fairylands of colour lying between the Malay Peninsula and Australia, are really the highest peaks of a vast, partly-submerged volcanic mountain range. They consist of Java and Madura, Sumatra, Borneo, which is dealt with elsewhere, Celebes and innumerable smaller islands. In these lovely islands we shall find many different peoples, some wearing gorgeous clothes stiff with jewels and others wearing the simplest cotton garments or hardly anything at all.

Brilliant flowers, wonderfully coloured birds and graceful trees and magnificent plantations make the East Indies almost indescribably beautiful. The greater part of these islands belongs to the Netherlands; the most important of them is Java, which contains nearly four-fifths of the entire population. The governor-general resides at its capital, Batavia.

Although Java does not look very big on a map and is much smaller than many of the other islands, it is more than four times the size of the Netherlands. The population consists mainly of Javanese, though there are many Europeans, mostly Dutch, and Chinese, who are the traders.

A Naturalists' Paradise

The Dutch officials regard the East Indies as their home, even when they retire. They do not go back to the Netherlands except on leave, so that they take a personal, as well as a political, interest in the administration of the

islands. They understand the natives very well and help them to get the best out of their land.

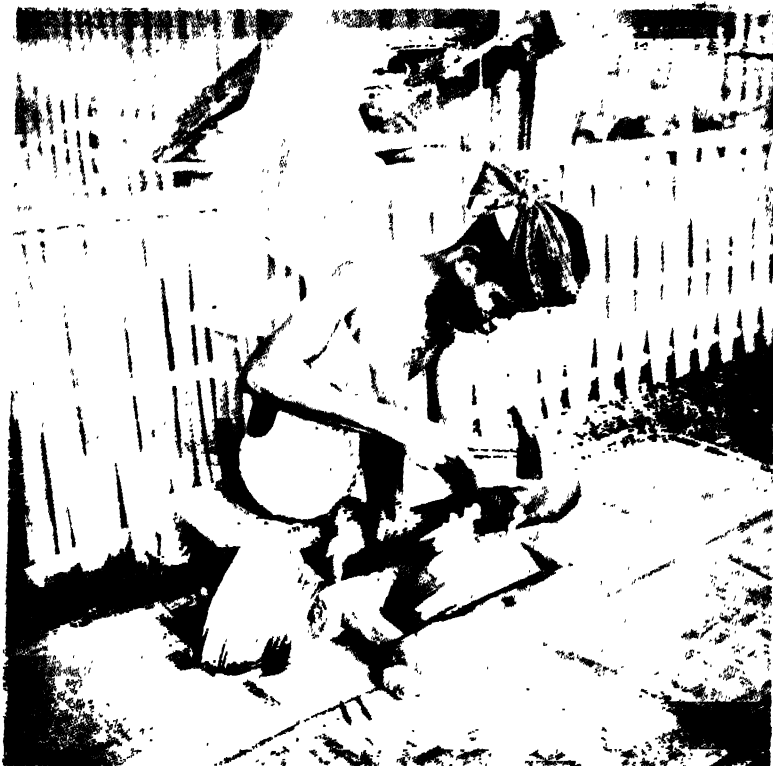
The most striking feature about Java is the beautiful scenery. The trees and shrubs grow to immense size, and the flowers and birds are of dazzling and diverse colours. More than four hundred different kinds of brightly-hued birds, including the peacock, are found in the island. Java is a paradise for the naturalist; some of the strange reptiles, insects, birds and flowers have yet to be given names, and, no doubt, there are many still to be discovered.

Horses Fed on Bananas

Many kinds of fruit grow plentifully; there are, for instance, over seven hundred different kinds of banana to be found in Java. These range from little ones the size of a finger to those as long as a man's arm. The Javanese feed their horses upon the big ones in order to give them glossy coats.

Everywhere wonderful plantations are to be seen, cultivated and harvested under Dutch supervision. Mangoes, coconuts, pineapples, pears and many other kinds of delicious fruits grow at their best here, and Javanese tea, coffee and cocoa have a beautiful fragrance and taste that they seem to lose when they are exported. Strange, sweet-smelling spices, of which the natives are very fond, scent the air.

A network of splendid railways, which has been made by European engineers, links up the plantations and towns.



ARTISTIC WORKER IN BRASS IN THE TOWN OF SURABAYA

The Javanese are skilful workers in metal and produce very beautiful objects with their simple tools. This man, who dwells in the chief town of east Java, is chiselling an intricate pattern on a brass bowl, which he steadies with his bare foot. We have only to look at page 1809 to see what marvels his kinsmen can fashion in gold.

Wide roads, such as are very seldom found in the East, make motoring through the delightful scenery very pleasant.

The natives, although rather small, are very graceful, strong and well-built people. They are a branch of the Malay race and are intelligent, kind and extremely polite. As the cultivated part of Java, which occupies more than one-third of the whole island, is covered with vast plantations of rice, coffee, sugar-cane, etc., the natives are nearly all agriculturists. They live in villages, or "kampongs" as they are called, and each village may contain from thirty to five hundred inhabitants, who live happily and peacefully tilling

the land. They are generally paid a small but sufficient wage by the Dutch. Even the little villages are very beautiful and are often surrounded by groves of palms, which sometimes quite hide the low, one-storey huts.

The houses are built of teak or bamboo, with thatched roofs, so that the native has nothing to fear from earthquakes, which in these volcanic regions are frequent. If his house gets shaken down he soon builds a new one. Very often each hut has a flower-garden in front of it, which adds considerably to its picturesque appearance. Sometimes there are Chinese coolies in the villages, too, but they live

THROUGH TROPIC FAIRYLANDS

apart by themselves. The beat of a drum marks the passing hours, or warns the folk in case of an alarm.

The house of the better class native is made up of three separate structures which are often joined by corridors. There is the "oman," which contains the quarters of the family; then comes the "pandopo," where guests are received; and lastly the "pringitan," in which are the guests' sleeping quarters. These houses have no windows and no chimneys, but this does not really inconvenience the owners, as the Javanese pass a great deal of their time outdoors.

The poorer people live in huts made of bamboo, wood and rushes, bound together with rattans. In western Java the floor is built some distance above the ground, so that cattle can be stabled underneath.

One of the best characteristics of the Javanese is his extreme affection for his family, which is generally a very large one. The children have a very happy time, as their fathers and mothers make much of them and seldom correct or punish them. Little boys, with only a necklace for clothing, drive the tame buffaloes to their daily mud bath, or hunt for crickets, which they train to fight, in imitation of their father's highly-prized fighting cocks.

The Javanese marry at a very early age, but only members of the rich or the upper classes have more than one wife. A wedding, as amongst most simple peoples, is an excuse for holding a feast, nearly everyone in the village giving some small gift of food. The dancing, feasting and merry-making sometimes continue for several days, or even longer



BEAUTIFUL HANDICRAFT WE HAVE LEARNED FROM THE JAVANESE

In artistic production the women of Java are the equals of the men. They weave the cloth to make their "sarongs," and then dye it in a manner all their own by a slow hand process requiring infinite patience. The results are so beautiful that in recent years this method of dyeing, called "batik" work, has been introduced into Britain.



MADURESE WOMEN WHO HAVE COME TO JAVA TO WORK IN A COFFEE WAREHOUSE

Little Madura, Island, off the north-east coast of Java, is not very productive, but its inhabitants are very hard workers. They go over to Java to help in the plantations and to sort the coffee berries. The fruit of the coffee tree is rather like a cherry, so that is what it is called. But inside it there is not one stone, but two seeds—coffee "beans." The "cherry" growing at the tip of a twig sometimes has only one seed, which is then round, and so is called a "peaberry." These Madurese coolies are sorting the beans, examining each one separately.



COCOA BEANS SPREAD ON BAMBOO TRESTLES SOON DRY IN THE RAYS OF TROPICAL JAVA'S SUN

In the district of south-west Java known as the Preanger Regency we may see many a scene like this—gaily-dressed coolies turning the rubber, coffee, tobacco and cocoa, to name but a few, are among the products of the "Garden of the East," but though so much land is cultivated, there is much unexplored forest in the interior.



TO HARVEST THE RICE, THEIR CHIEF FOOD, OLD AND YOUNG SPEND LONG DAYS IN THE PADDY FIELDS

Growing rice in Java, where it is summer all the year round, is very sown; in another the paddy stands half grown, and in yet a fourth different from growing corn in temperate lands. Ploughing and oxen wade knee-deep in watery mud, drawing queer, wooden ploughs. sowing and reaping have not each its season, but are done at any Then every field yields not one crop, but two or even three, so that a time of the year. One field is being harvested while the next is being family in possession of wide paddy fields must needs be hardworking.



NEARING THE END OF THEIR WORK: COOLIES CARRYING THE DAY'S YIELD OF RUBBER TO THE FACTORY
 Rubber trees are grown in Java as in Malaya, and the precious latex, the milky sap of the trees, is obtained in the way that we see employed in page 1057. The Javanese, however, do not import Indian coolies to do the work as do the lazy Malays, for although they are of the same race, they are busy, industrious little people. This procession wending its way among the young trees is bringing to the factory brimming pails of latex. The women carry them upon their heads, but the men hang one at either end of a pole across their shoulders.

THROUGH TROPIC FAIRYLANDS

The chief food of the Javanese is rice, the cultivation of which is a laborious undertaking, though the climatic conditions are very favourable. The people often work all day knee-deep in mud, which gives off evil gases and is the home of fierce insects. When they gather the harvest they are forced to work for days in a stooping position, cutting off the ears by hand one by one, such an implement as a scythe being unknown.

Tigers as Friends and Enemies

The Javanese love hunting and fishing. Sometimes a hunter may be so fortunate as to kill a tiger, for which he will receive a government bounty. He may sell the skin, but first of all he will pull out the teeth; claws and whiskers, which are considered to be very powerful aids against evil spirits.

Some tigers may not be killed, because the people believe them to be powerful friends who watch over their interests and frighten away other tigers. They think that the spirit of an ancestor is in such a tiger. Wild pigs and deer are often to be seen; reptiles, including crocodiles, infest the dark swamps; and edible fishes swarm in the rivers and coastal waters. With these sources of food at their disposal, the Javanese need not work very hard to obtain a living, although the Dutch are gradually teaching them to obtain the best from their land.

A Race of Spendthrifts

They cling to their old, slow methods of agriculture, and the Dutch do not mind them doing so, as it gives work to everyone and keeps them happily employed. The Javanese never save any money, for they squander it on festivals and feasts, which they hold at every opportunity.

They are Mahomedans, but they still observe some of the old Hindu rites. The women and children are especially devout, and frequently go to the temples to pray and to take offerings to the priests.

Batavia is by far the most important town in the East Indies and is situated in one of the biggest sugar, rice and rubber

producing centres of the world. The city is quite modern; there are excellent railways running hence to all parts of the island, and a telegraph system has been in use since 1858. Native police direct the passage of motor cars, and there are many excellent schools where the wonderfully polite children are educated by European and native teachers.

Before the glittering harbour of Batavia is reached, we can smell the almost overpowering scent of spices that is wafted from the island. A train takes us from the harbour to the best part of the town, where there are good hotels, telephones and other European comforts. Fine houses and offices, built in the Dutch style, are to be seen. There are well laid out squares and gardens, and wide roads where Europeans in white, and Chinese, Malays and Javanese, in their coloured clothes, are to be seen.

How the Javanese Dress

Many of the Javanese women living in the larger towns wear European clothes; so do some of the men. The usual garment of the women, however, is the sarong—a wide piece of cloth fastened under the armpits and reaching nearly to the ground. When in public they also wear a short coat, with a scarf draped over the shoulders or tied round the waist. The women fasten their hair in a tight knot with pins; the men wear a little turban. Rings and bracelets are worn by men and women, and the children frequently have anklets. The native costumes make the streets of Batavia scenes of colourful animation.

The old Dutch buildings, some of which were built in the seventeenth century, are well worth seeing. The city church is over two hundred years old, and has a fine pulpit and carvings. The imposing town-hall dates from 1710. By the Tiger Canal is the Chinese quarter, where live some thirty thousand Chinese—shopkeepers, hawkers and labourers—and here the buildings and bazaars are Chinese. Gaudy joss houses, or temples, with their idols, make quite a different scene.



THIS YOUNG DANCER, a member of the theatrical troupe of some native chieftain of Bali Island, is sumptuously clad. Collar, belt, armlets, rings, earrings and wonderful head-dress are of beaten gold, richly jewelled. The rest of her costume is of heavy, brocaded silks. Around her neck she wears a chain hung with English sovereigns, favourite articles of adornment in the East Indies. Most of the native rulers of these islands keep their dancers and actors, sometimes all the performers are members of the royal family.



Smithsonian Institute

WINDOWLESS DWELLING OF THE HEADMAN OF A PAGET VILLAGE

South Paget, or Nassau, Island is the most southerly of an archipelago that lies off the south-west coast of Sumatra. The people who dwell here are very primitive and are believed to be not Malays, but descendants of aboriginal Polynesians. The jungle lies at the very doors of this pile-supported dwelling. A causeway leads to the door.

After Batavia, Semarang and Surabaya are the chief towns. Surabaya is linked up east and west by good railways, and is the headquarters of the military authorities. Here are the old, half-ruined fortifications which were built years ago by the Dutch.

In the centre of Java are two strange states which are called Jokja and Solo—short for Jokjokarta and Soerakarta. These are governed by a sultan and king respectively, and the old medieval forms of courtesy and court etiquette are still practised as they were hundreds of years ago. Time seems to have stood still here. The court nobles still wear their gorgeous uniforms and state trappings, and the palaces and buildings look like those described in fairy tales.

Although the king and sultan still reign, they themselves have to obey the Dutch officials and are rulers more in name than in reality.

At Jokja there are over a thousand temples, and strangely carved ruins add to the general picturesqueness. Here the chief industry is the weaving and dyeing of the beautiful cloth that is famous in

Java. The cloth is woven without a loom and the wonderful patterns are made very tediously by dyeing the cloth after the patterns have been covered with a wax that keeps out the dye. The work is known as batik.

At Boro Budur, in the centre of the island, are marvellous ruins dating back to the ninth century. They are relics of an ancient Hindu-Buddhist civilization that existed before the Arabs swept through the land in the fifteenth century. The ruins cover a small hill and are pyramidal in shape, mounting up the hillside in a series of terraces. There are five terraces and on them are the marvellous carvings that have made Boro Budur so famous. It has been estimated that there are three miles of carvings. The building of the temple must have been an even more stupendous task than the erection of the Great Pyramid in Egypt.

To the east of Java is a chain of islands, of which each one is beautiful and possesses strange and wonderful scenery. The largest and most important is the volcanic island of Bali, which is peopled by natives similar to those of Java, but



HOMES OF A FIERCE MAHOMEDAN PEOPLE OF NORTH SUMATRA

The Achinese, who built these tall houses of two storeys, are yet another tribe dwelling in the huge island of Sumatra. They are Malays with a considerable admixture of Arab blood. Now Arabs are, above all, fighting men, so it is not surprising to learn that the Achinese give far more trouble to their Dutch suzerains than do the Javanese.



Keystone View Co.

MARVELLOUS CRAFTSMANSHIP OF A SUMATRAN CANNIBAL TRIBE

The Bataks, or Battas, of north-central Sumatra are neither Malays nor Polynesians; they are Indonesians. Their life is a curious mixture of savagery and culture, for though they can fashion a dwelling as wonderful as this, though they are metal-workers and agriculturalists and can even read and write, yet many are still cannibals.



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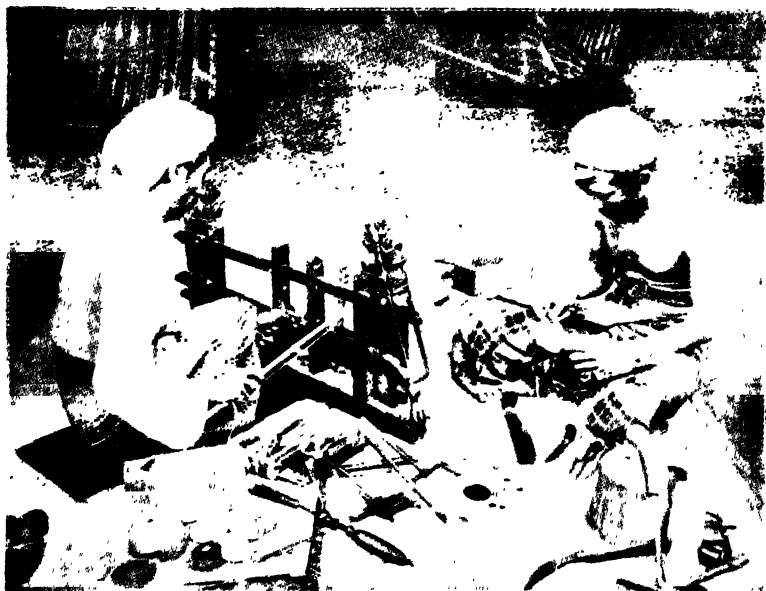
A. YOUNG BALINESE WOMAN is usually very attractive, with her shapely figure, clear, golden skin, black hair and round comely face. When she is a member of a royal family these attractions are enhanced by jewelled combs and earrings and clothes of silk brocade. Like a Chinese aristocrat, she does not cut the nails of her left hand.



A CONSIDERABLE PERSONAGE on Bali, a little island to the east of Java, this chieftain shows his knowledge of that fact in the pride of his bearing. Clothes and hangings denote wealth as well as rank. Over his right shoulder we can see the jewelled hilt of his kris, a Malayan dagger, that he wears in the back of his sash.



A BUGI CHILD OF BUTON ISLAND HAS NO CLOTHES TO SOIL OR TEAR
The Bugis of south Celebes and the islands nearby are among the best of the Malay peoples, being peace-loving traders and seamen with a high reputation for honesty. They are Mahomedans, but, like other East Indians, are not very strict ones. The women go about unveiled, but usually clothe themselves more completely than their husbands and sons.



KURUPJAN

CRAFTSMEN TURNING WOOD IN AN OPEN-AIR JAVANESE WORKSHOP

These busy workmen are making wooden knobs and handles like the one in the centre foreground. The man at the wooden lathe holds in his right hand a bow, the string of which is twisted round a piece of wood. By drawing the bow backwards and forwards, he makes the wood revolve, and he shapes one end with the tool in his left hand.

bigger and stronger, and also more primitive. Here the natives, who are Hindus, not Mahomedans, are more religious, especially the women and children, who spend a great deal of their time praying and making offerings of spice, scent and flowers at the little temple courts which are to be seen all over the island.

It is a wonderful sight to see the stately women, in their bright clothes, going to the temple with baskets of flowers balanced on their heads. Everything is peaceful and quiet; the men and women walk slowly and calmly, the latter generally carrying the burdens while the men, in elaborate clothes and with flowers in their hair, bear only their fighting-cocks against their chests or in ornate gold cages.

The villages of Bali, unlike those of Java, are enclosed by long, low mud walls, inside which the children play happily all day long. In the south are beautiful rice fields which rise up the hillsides in terraces. These terraces are very beautiful

in Java, but in Bali they are even more wonderful. Among the most interesting sights to be seen in the island are the graceful dances performed by the young girls. The dancers are dressed like little goddesses and go through many elaborate poses and steps, probably depicting the story of some Hindu god, before large audiences.

Bali is separated by quite a narrow but very deep channel from the neighbouring island of Lombok, yet the animal and vegetable life of the two islands is entirely different. The wild life of Bali is like that of Asia, but Lombok, with its marsupials and white cockatoos, is like Australia. It really seems that the narrow channel between these two islands definitely divides one continent from the other.

Three times as large as Java and thirteen times the size of the Netherlands is the island of Sumatra, but as it is composed largely of unexplored jungles and



BRILLIANT COLOURS delight the village folk of Bali as much as they please the people of high caste. In Java, which is separated from Bali by only a narrow strait, "caste" is not considered, but then the Javanese are Mahomedans. The people of Bali have retained the older religion of the Hindus, and so "caste" is to them of great importance.

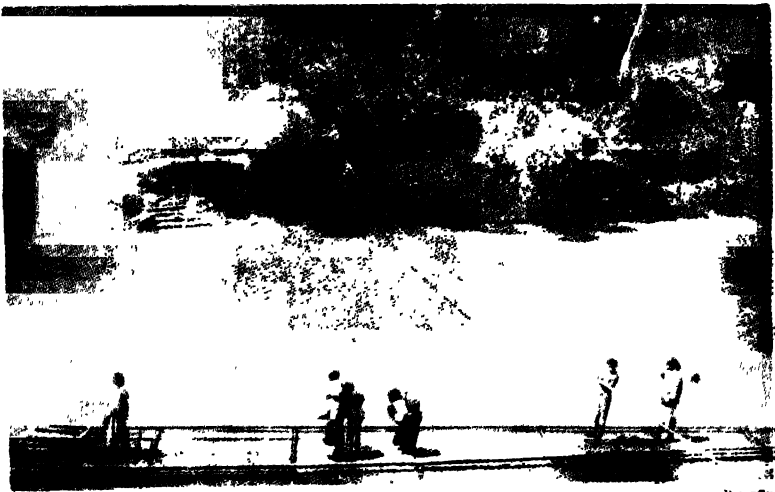


THIS JAVANESE COUPLE comes from the east end of the island and is typical of the East Indian branch of the Malay race, an amiable, agricultural people, unlike the indolent natives of Malaya in their capacity for hard work. The woman wears the native "sarong" and a sash; the man has also a jacket and a strip of cloth worn turbanwise.



A PIECE OF SUMATRAN WILDERNESS SOON TO BE TAMED

Sumatra, the fourth largest island in the world, is by no means so well developed as Java, and its mountain slopes and coastal plains are still covered with impenetrable, primeval forests. It has great possibilities, however, and in time will probably yield as much wealth as Java. This tangle of tree and shrub, for instance, will soon be a tobacco estate.



Peterffy

JAVANESE INGENUITY INVENTED THIS BAMBOO FERRY BOAT

Java's many rivers are too shallow to be of much use for navigation, but some of them are wide and there are few bridges. So two ropes of twisted cane are slung across from shore to shore, and by hauling upon these a couple of men soon draw their bamboo raft across the stream. The Spanish ferry boat in page 830 is worked the same way.



WONDERFUL STONE CARVINGS OF AN OLD HINDU TEMPLE

Not far from Buleleng, chief town of Bali Island, we shall find this magnificently carved Hindu temple, which was built many years ago. At Boro Budur in Java, which was once a Hindu-Buddhist island, an amazing temple, centuries old, has been discovered; it is a more stupendous piece of work than even the Great Pyramid of Egypt.



A SULTAN OF THE EAST is expected to dress gorgeously and travel with pomp, but the native sultan of Goa, or Gowa, on the island of Celebes, is content with semi-European clothes and a retinue of three. One of his bodyguard shelters him beneath the "pyong," or state umbrella, another, in a rather nautical uniform, protects him with a drawn sword.



THE UNGAINLY CARABAO, or water buffalo, is the chief domestic animal of the Dutch East Indies, as it is of the Philippines. This one, snatching a mouthful of grass from the roadside as it goes, carries the son of its master upon its back. Its master carries the plough—a very curious plough indeed, quaintly carved and painted.



HOW JUSTICE IS ADMINISTERED IN JOKJOKARTA, A CURIOUS NATIVE SULTANATE OF SOUTHERN JAVA
The Sultan of Jokjokarta dwells in great pomp in a wonderful palace, not much power even over the million souls who dwell in the fifty-six or "kraton," reached by underground passages. He is held in great square miles of his domain, because he is under the guidance of a veneration by his subjects, and wherever he goes or whatever he does Dutch resident. The courts of justice are presided over chiefly by is attended with the most elaborate ceremonial. Nevertheless, he has natives, but, as we see here, white men sometimes supervise them.



Keystone View Co.

MEN OF JOKJOKARTA ARRAYED IN THEIR HOLIDAY CLOTHES

The best clothes of these men, probably officials of the sultan's court, are indeed queer, consisting of gay, draped sarongs short enough to show embroidered breeches, dark coats which are pulled aside to display white shirts, and strange, pointed hats. The average Javanese loves to wear uniform because it gives him a feeling of importance.

swamps, it is not nearly so important. A huge range of mountains called the Barisans runs down its entire length like a spine. Although there are many rivers, they are too small or too rapid to be of any use. Huge lakes and swamps, containing crocodiles and crabs; dangerous and unexplored jungles, inhabited by tigers and other wild animals and savages, all combine to make Sumatra a fascinating and mysterious land.

The climate is very similar to that of Java, but perhaps a little hotter. The inhabitants, the Achinese as they are called, are not very like the Javanese in nature; they are violent, fierce, cruel and quick to revenge an insult, while the Javanese are an amiable and polite people. The Achinese work much better than the Javanese, but they give the Dutch a great deal of trouble and have never really been subdued. They are Mahomedans, but much stricter ones than the Javanese, this being due to their Arab blood. Some of them

make the long journey to Mecca and on their return they are greatly honoured by their relatives and friends.

Like the Javanese, the Achinese have no idea of the value of money and squander their earnings on gambling, cock-fighting and other amusements. They are also addicted to the smoking of hemp, a deadly drug which sometimes produces madness; then the smoker seizes a native sword and runs "amok," killing anyone in his path. When this happens, the frightened people shut themselves up in their houses, while the braver men hunt down the madman.

Padang, the capital, is the chief town. Here we may see the results of European occupation, though most of the island is still undeveloped. Medan is a new town, with cool, white buildings, and is surrounded by plantations where the natives and Chinese coolies work under the direction of Dutch overseers.

The rubber plantations are very interesting. The rubber is procured from a



AN AIR OF REFINEMENT is one of the most notable characteristics of the cultured Javanese, and is, perhaps, especially well marked in the women. Their culture is not of new growth. When, about 1475, Mahomedanism became the religion of Java and ultimately of all the other East Indian islands except Bali and Lombok, it superseded a Hindu-Buddhist culture of unknown antiquity. That the old civilization was higher than the one that followed is proved by the amazing ruins of long-forgotten temples, tombs and cities that lie buried in the jungle.

THROUGH TROPIC FAIRYLANDS

beautiful tree, with strong, shiny leaves, and the trees stand in rows in gloomy forests where the sun can hardly penetrate. When the latex, or sap, is rising the trunks are notched, and cups are hung round the trunks in order to catch the thick, milky juice that oozes out. This is poured into cans and taken away to be prepared.

South of Achin, the northern part of Sumatra, live other Malay tribes, such as the Bataks, Korinchis, Jambis and many others. The Bataks are a race apart and are despised by the Mahomedans, especially the Javanese, for they worship the souls of their ancestors. Their priests and priestesses dance with snakes and practise witchcraft.

The Bataks have the reputation of being cannibals, and until quite recently they sold human flesh in the market-places. This has gradually been stopped, partly by the missionaries of various nations. Some of these unfortunate people are lepers and are confined to their own compounds and villages, never being allowed to pass beyond a certain boundary. These poor people live in a far better way than do the healthy Bataks, who are often very dirty. The lepers wash their clothes frequently, and all rubbish is burnt.

Many Families but One Fire

The houses of the Bataks are rather curious, being built on poles, with high roofs, and sometimes having carved snakes over them to guard the owners. Little wooden staircases serve as entrances to the houses. The buildings are quite big, and often as many as eight families live together. One fire, which is never allowed to go out, is used for cooking by all of them, but each family has its own room.

The men and women wear cloth dyed with the indigo plant, and their fingers are always stained with this dye. Dogs and pigs run about in the village and act as scavengers. The pigs especially show that the people are not Mahomedans, as these animals are considered unclean by the members of that religion. Here, as in Java and other parts of Sumatra, the people are fond of dancing and give

numerous displays. Nearly all the Bataks, as well as most of the other peoples of Sumatra, are farmers. The harrowing and ploughing are done by buffaloes, who seem to understand the work. They pull the harrow between the young rice plants and never trample one underfoot.

Island Shaped Like a Starfish

Little bamboo houses on poles may be seen under a palm or a banana grove near the fields. From these shelters lines, to which black tassels or bits of tin are attached, are stretched over the fields. The children manipulate the lines from the little look-out huts, and so keep the beautiful but destructive paddy-bird away from their father's rice fields.

One of the four large Sunda Islands is Celebes, which is separated from the island of Borneo by the famous Strait of Macassar. Its outline is irregular and it looks something like a starfish with the arm torn off the side that corresponds to the west coast of the island.

Here, perhaps, the scenery of the East Indies is to be seen at its best. Gorges and precipices frequently occur in the south, and, when the walls of these project, a wonderful mass of vegetation, starred with gorgeous flowers, hangs down like a natural curtain. Most of the country is covered by almost impenetrable forests, which we can only cross by the hardly-noticeable paths leading to tiny villages.

Animals Peculiar to Celebes

A curious feature about Celebes is that it possesses animals and birds which are not found on any of the other islands, although it has not nearly so many species as have Java and Sumatra. Only one hundred and sixty kinds of birds are found, but ninety of these do not exist anywhere else in the East Indies. The different kinds of animals are not numerous, but they also are peculiar to the island, and this feature of Celebes even extends to its butterflies, several varieties being confined to the island.

Round the coast the natives dive for pearls and catch turtles for a living, but



↑THEIR TRAILING SARONGS of silk show that these two young people of Bali are of high caste—that they are the aristocrats of their island. They live a somewhat idle and very luxurious life in their richly decorated dwelling, waited upon by large retinues. The Balinese are of the same race as the Javanese, but are of finer physique and taller.



ON THE ISLAND OF BALI most of the cultivable land is planted with rice. By the roadsides stand paddy-holders in which the grain is stored, they are made of painted wood and thatch and stand on beautifully carven pedestals of basalt. The woman is carrying rice in the curiously-shaped basket that she bears upon her head.



SEMI-DETACHED NATIVE DWELLINGS ON THE FRINGE of Macassar, the chief town of the Celebes and one of the principal settlements in the East Indies, is spotlessly clean—as we might expect of a Dutch town—not only in the European quarter round the harbour, but also in the native quarter further inland. The bamboo houses are

neatly built and well thatched, and before each is a trim compound shaded by trees. However, as in the rainy season strong winds blow continuously from the west, it is not uncommon in south Celebes to find a native-built village in which not one house stands up straight.



FISHERMAN OF CERAM SHOWS US HOW HE USES HIS WEAPON WHEN GLIDING OVER THE TROPIC SEA
 In the village of Teluti, on the south coast of the island of Ceram, the people live almost entirely on sago, the produce of a palm tree, and like the one from neighbouring New Guinea, shown in page 903. In deeper water, when the sea is calm, they fish with bows and arrows. This man is just showing us how he stands when aiming at his prey.



IN THE PADDY FIELDS there is always work to be done—ploughing, sowing, planting out and reaping. This Javanese woman has come to that last stage in the year's work, but her labour is more exacting than the harvesting of more civilized people, for she cuts every stem separately with her knife. Now she is carrying the sheaves home for storage.



BY AN OLD TEMPLE, time-worn and overgrown, two men of Bali talk together, but not as equal to equal, for he of the trailing sarong is of high caste, the other of low. Bali and its neighbour Lombok are alike in many ways, but their animal life is totally different--that of the former being Asian, that of the latter Australasian.



STRANGE PRODUCT OF A BATAVIAN FACTORY

This little Madurese coohe is carrying a basket of kapok fibre from the drying ground to the packing shed. The soft white fluff is obtained from the seeds of the tall kapok tree, and is used to stuff pillows and cushions.

the products which come from the forests are the most important. The three principal Malayan tribes are the Macassars, the Mandars and the Bugis. The Macassars are fine men, well-built and very strong, and they love all forms of sport, such as running, wrestling and hunting.

Mahomedanism is supposed to be their religion, but they are really pagans, worshipping certain animals and a god of health. The Dutch are trying to teach them to work, but they do not take to the idea very kindly, as a very little farming enables them to live quite comfortably. The

women make beautiful cotton cloth for their sarongs, but it is very slow, hard work, as they use such ancient methods of weaving. Like the people of Sumatra and Java, they build huts and houses of wood, but as they do not understand how to strengthen the walls with struts, their homes sometimes collapse.

The Bugis, who live in the south of the island, are mostly peaceful traders and sailors, and have earned for themselves a reputation for great honesty. Like the Macassars, they are thought to have a little negroid blood in their veins.

To the east of Celebes is that archipelago known as the Moluccas, which contains several large islands; one of them, Buru, is 3,400 square miles in area. There are Malay settlements around the coast of Buru, but the interior, which is largely dense forest, is peopled by strange tribes, which, though they are possibly of Papuan origin, are different from the Papuans in many ways. They are a yellowish-brown in colour, of slight build and usually below medium height. They live in scattered communities and are almost untouched by civilization.

Ceram, to the east of Buru, is a larger and more densely populated island, with Malay tribes on the coast and savage head-hunters further inland.

We shall leave the Dutch East Indies with reluctance. Europeans who have dwelt there never forget the dignified inhabitants, with their fine faces which still bear the signs of the ancient culture that was theirs hundreds of years before the Arab or European conquests. Neither can they ever forget the beauty of the islands, which are lovely beyond the description of words or even pictures.